

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY ART IN AMERICA AND ABROAD, WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES.

THE REVENUES OF THE SALON.

The difficulty of establishing art upon a sound financial basis is instanced by the fact that the association which manages the most famous of all picture exhibitions has for the last seven years had an annual deficit. The Société Nationale, which conducts the Salon of the Champs Elysées—the older and larger of the two great Paris

displays—made a profit of some \$12,000 in 1888, but has never since succeeded in clearing its expenses, its total loss having been nearly \$60,000. It is not an encouraging state of things, and it has been made the text for some doleful sermons upon the present status of art in what is usually regarded as the most artistic country in the world. If the Champs Elysées Salon, with



"In a Dutch Parlor."

From the painting by Arts



Bianca Capello.

From the painting by Juana Romani.

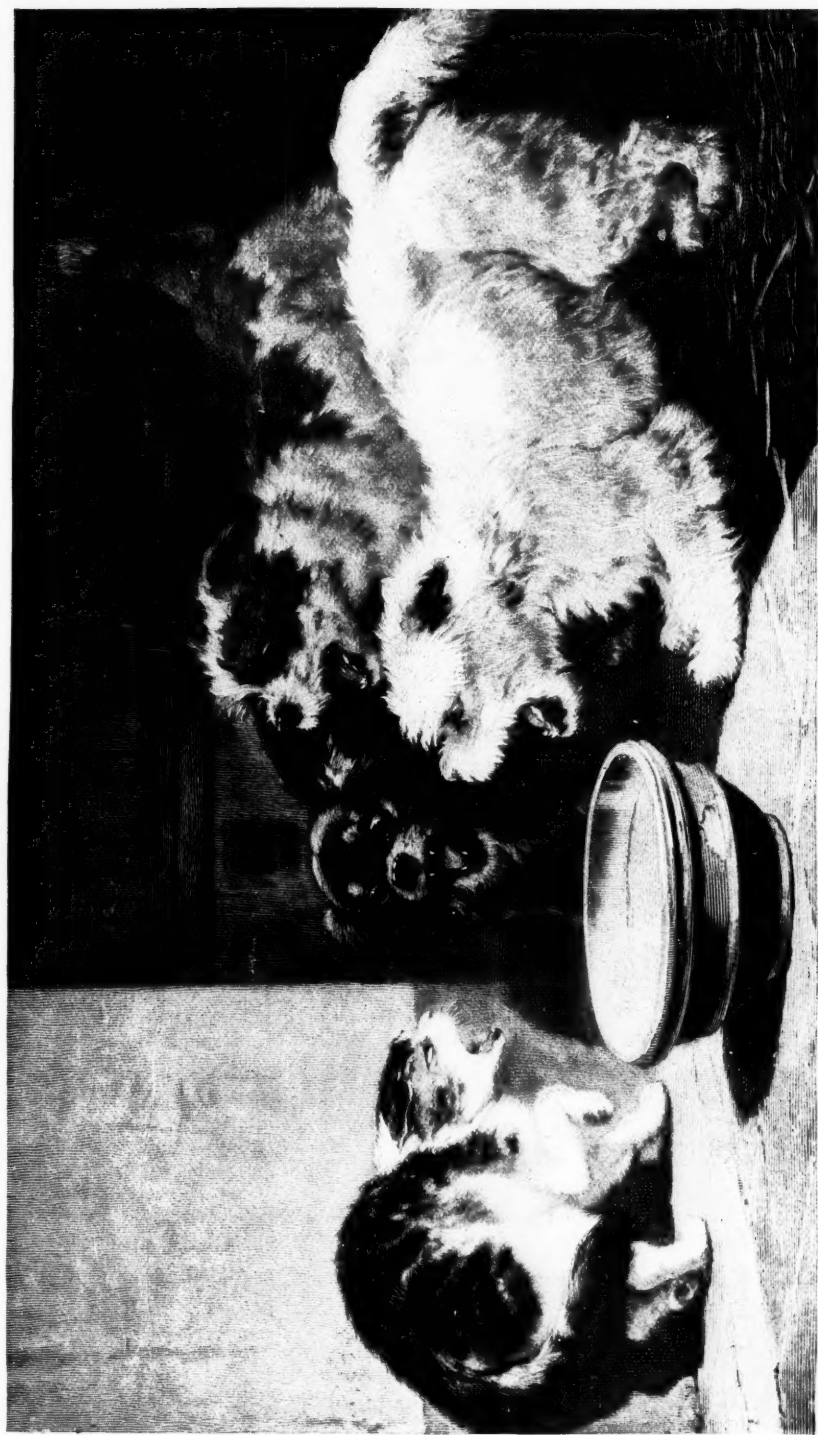
all its celebrated names, with its historic prestige, with its great popular following, is financially on the down grade, for its lesser fellows the prospect is gloomy indeed.

THREE WOMEN PAINTERS.

Juana Romani, a specimen of whose work is given on this page, is one of the younger women who are claiming a place with such well known artists of their sex in France as Madeleine Lemaire and Louise Abbema. She won a silver medal at the exposition of

1889, and the government bought one of her canvases for the official collection in the Luxembourg. At the Champs Elysées Salon, last spring, her "Desdemona" was one of the pictures that attracted a crowd, besides earning praise from the critics. Mlle. Romani's strong points are her mastery of figure drawing and her command of color.

The elder generation of women painters is represented here by the engravings on pages 5 and 12. Mmes. Ronner and Salles-Wagner are still living, or were so at a re-



"A Pitched Battle."

From the painting by Henriette Renner



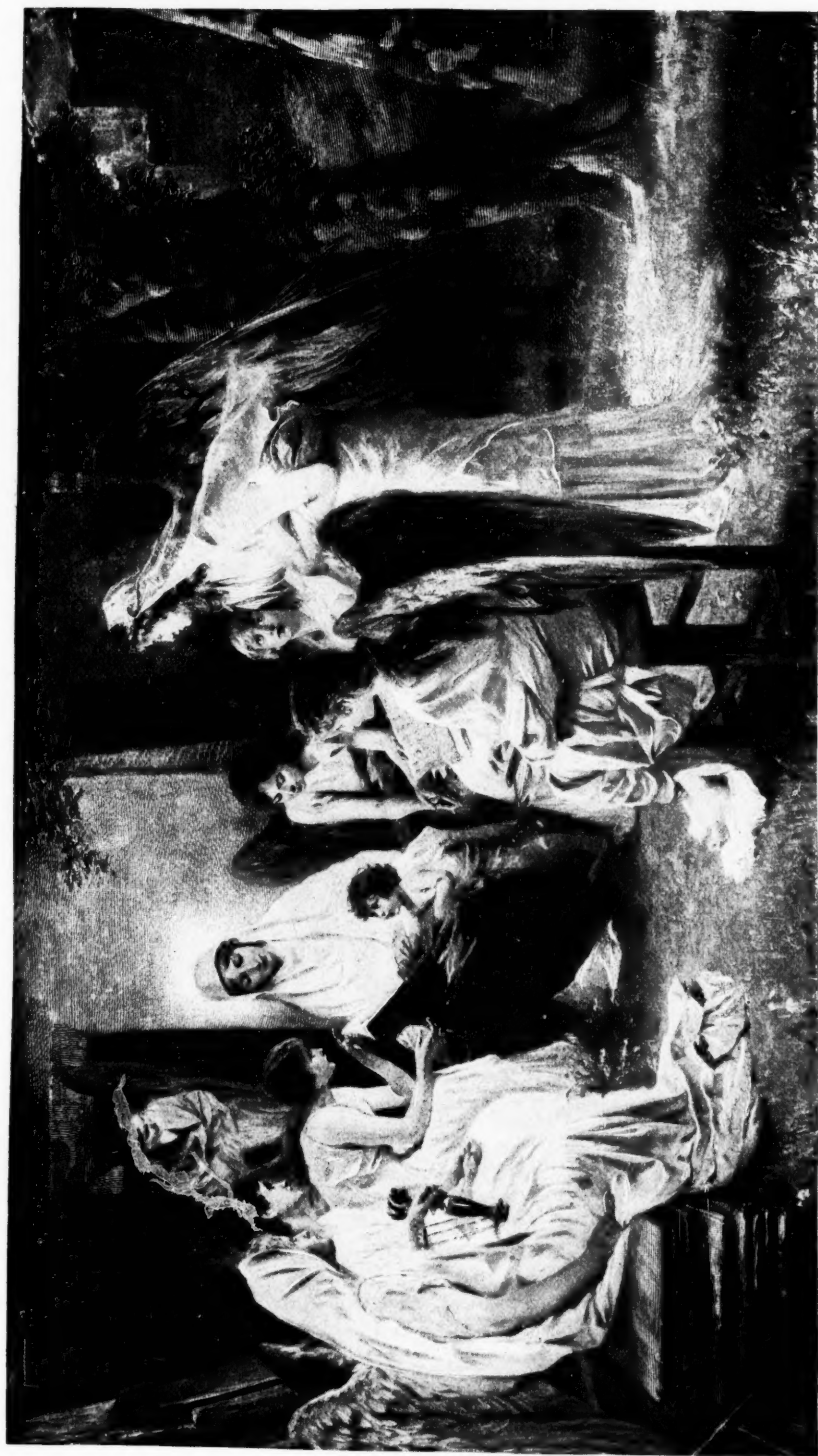
"The Discouragements of Genius."

From the painting by E. Carteron.

cent date, but their work may be said to be done. The latter was a Fräulein Adelheid Wagner, of Dresden, before her marriage to the artist Jules Salles. It is about forty years since her portraits and historical pictures brought her into notice.

Henriette Ronner is one of the most interesting of the minor figures of nineteenth century art. Her father, Josephus Knip,

was a Dutch painter of only local repute, and when the misfortune of blindness fell upon him he sank into poverty. His daughter, a mere child, with a precocious talent for painting animals, bravely set to work to earn a living for herself and her father. She was only sixteen when her first picture was hung in an exhibition at Düsseldorf. She had ten years of struggle;



"And the Angels Taught Him."

From the painting by Fritz Richter. By permission of the Eberle Photographic Company, 14 East 33d St., New York

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"Slumber"

From the painting by Chabellard.

then her father died, and she married Fieco Ronner, of Amsterdam.

She is now a widow, and lives in Brussels. It is her pictures of cat life that have made her famous, winning her a popularity that she could scarcely have reached with more ambitious compositions

AMERICAN INTEREST IN MURAL PAINTING.

We have already spoken of the new governmental library at Washington as being

likely to take rank as the best example of architectural decoration in America, not even excepting the Boston Public Library. Some of the mural paintings are already in place, and others are well forward. W. L. Dodge's ceiling, "Ambition," was shown at the Champ de Mars Salon. Robert Reid has finished his four panels for the wall of the vestibule, and five for the ceiling of the gallery above the main staircase. These latter represent the five senses—a subject so



"Through Storm on Earth to Peace in Heaven."
From a photograph by *Manfred* after the painting by *Wilhelm Kroy*



"The Trysting Place."

From a photograph by Block after the painting by Eugene Lejeune.

familiar that it was not easy to find an original conception. Mr. Reid has departed from convention by impersonating the senses with figures that are *fin de siècle* rather than classical—five beautiful and graceful modern maidens, richly colored and deftly painted.

We are glad to note that the West shares the newly aroused interest in good mural painting. The new public library in Pe-

oria—a city hitherto famed chiefly for its distilleries—is being decorated by two Chicago artists—Frank C. Peyraud and H. G. Maratta, whose designs are praised by those who have seen them. Mr. Peyraud is of Swiss birth and a pupil of the Beaux Arts in Paris. Though still a young man, he has been settled in Chicago for a good many years, and his work has frequently attracted favorable notice at exhibitions both in the



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"Esther Appearing Before King Ahasuerus."

From the painting by J. Barrias.



"Hebe."

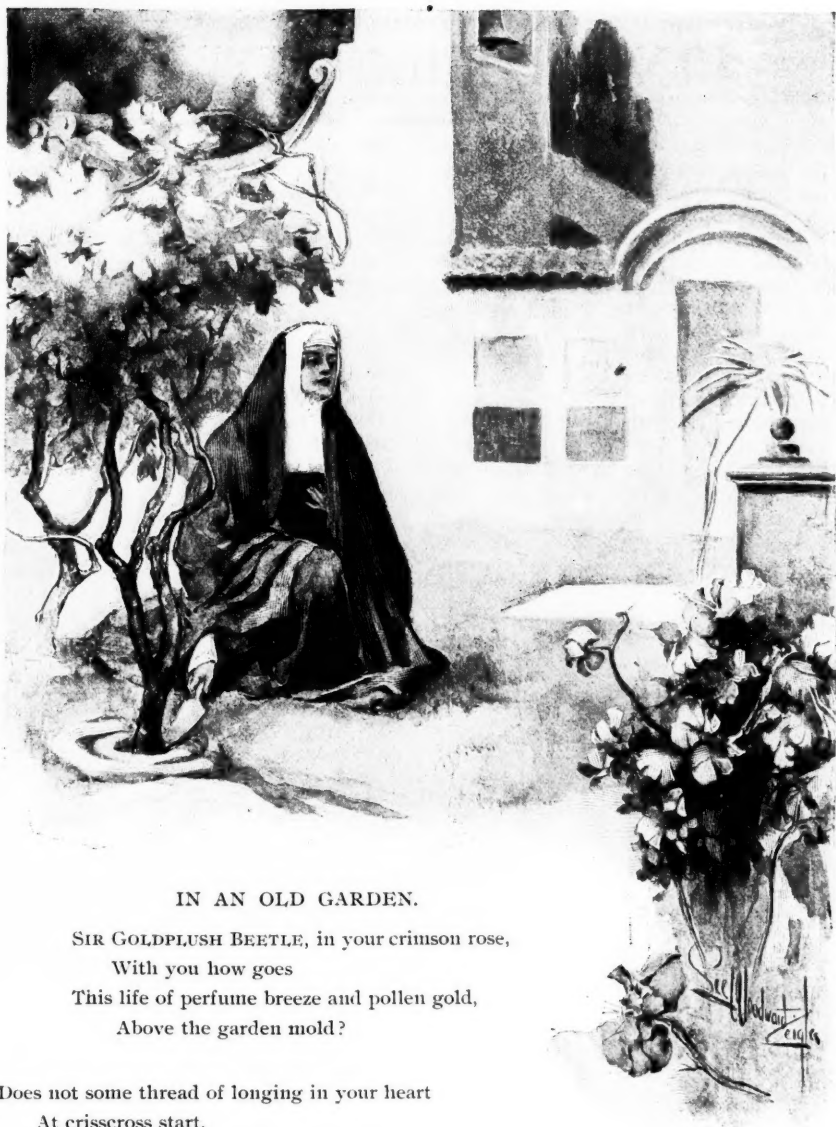
From a photograph by Block after the painting by Mme. Salles-Wagner.

West and in the East. Mr. Maratta's name is new to us.

A YOUNG AMERICAN GENIUS.

A statue that was not very long ago added to the Metropolitan Museum's collection is "The Bather," by Edmund Stewardson. Stewardson was a young Philadelphian, who would probably have gained a high place in the world of Ameri-

can art had not his career been prematurely cut off by death. His genius for sculpture was innate, and in spite of limited opportunities his early work was remarkably promising. "The Bather" was his best achievement, and it had only just received the finishing touches when he was drowned at Newport, four years ago. His father presented the statue to the Metropolitan as a memorial of his son's talent.



IN AN OLD GARDEN.

SIR GOLDPLUSH BEETLE, in your crimson rose,
 With you how goes
 This life of perfume breeze and pollen gold,
 Above the garden mold?

Does not some thread of longing in your heart
 At crisscross start,
 When some strange, wandering, bourneless thing goes by,
 Beyond, against the sky?

A wide winged moth, some twilight weaving bat ;
 But what of that?
 Perhaps it set some wild, quick chord athrill,
 Only the stars can still.

William Carman Roberts.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

NEW POLITICAL LEADERS.

The present year will be a memorable one in the history of American politics. It has often been said that our two great parties have been divided by the fact that one held the offices and the other wanted them, rather than by any great question of public policy or principle. In the Presidential campaign of 1896, however, a clearly cut issue has not been lacking. The contest has turned upon the most keenly debated question that has arisen since the civil war. With the readjustment of party positions,

new leaders have come to the front. History is made rapidly in America. In this democratic land, men suddenly emerge from the ranks and are called to high commands. Except Mr. McKinley, nearly all the prominent figures in the present political struggle are new men. Look back a few years—say half a dozen. Six years ago Mr. Bryan was a very young lawyer in a prairie city, with a limited practice; he had never held office, and was then seeking the election to Congress that was to give him his first opportunity of attracting attention.



William Jennings Bryan.

From a photograph by Ell, Washington.

Mr. Sewall was also a private citizen, a ship builder of local repute in a little town "way down East." On the other side, Mr. Hanna, now famed as the modern Warwick, was known merely as a Cleveland business man, who had dabbled, for

called a typical American. Partisan detraction apart—for MUNSEY's has no party bias—each of them is a capital type, a creditable product of present day civilization. Mr. Bryan is undoubtedly the genius of the group. His career seems to contra-



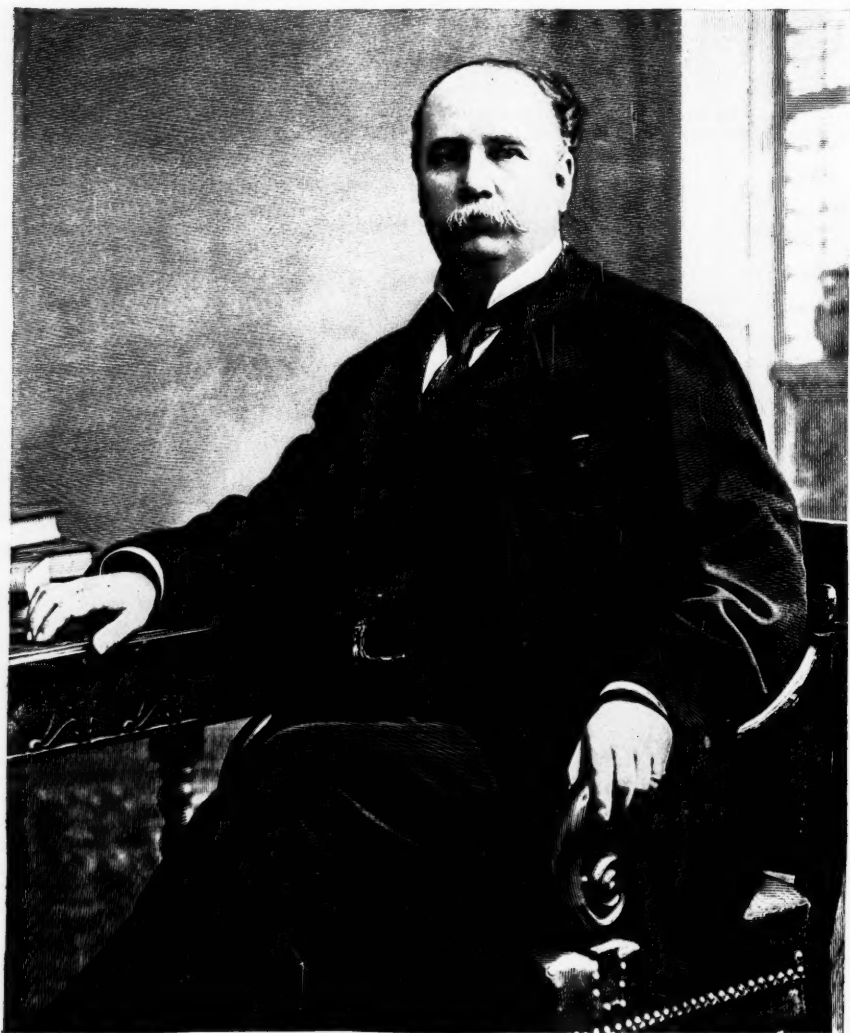
Arthur Sewall.

From a photograph by Hatch, Bath, Maine.

amusement, in the politics of his State. Of Mr. Hobart the country at large had never heard, or had heard only as the New Jersey member of the Republican national committee. Today, these men are prominent factors in a contest on which hang issues of vital moment to the destiny of this country and of the world at large. They are making American history. Their personalities have the interest that attaches to leaders of men and champions of great political causes.

Unlike one another in many respects, these four men might any one of them be

dict the oft stated theory that in these days of much printing oratory is moribund both as an art and as a political force. His rapid rise has been achieved wholly by his power over audiences. As a candidate for Congress, he succeeded, by "stumping" his district, in overcoming an adverse majority of nearly seven thousand at the previous election and winning by more than three thousand. He was the youngest member of the House when he caught the speaker's eye and the public's ear with his speech on tariff reform—a speech which Congressional



Garret A. Hobart.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Davis & Sanford, New York.

critics regarded as one of the most effective they had ever heard. He must have been the youngest "Presidential possibility" on record when his fervid eloquence captured the Chicago convention last July. Should he be inaugurated at Washington on the 4th of next March, he will be thirty six years old—just one year above the minimum "age of discretion" fixed by the constitution as a necessary qualification for the Presidency.

Mr. Sewall is so much older than Mr. Bryan that he was married two years before

his colleague was born. He is a typical New England business man, a representative of a long established industry in a long settled State. He has always lived in the city where he was born, and where his father opened a shipyard early in the present century, on land that had belonged to the family for generations. He is a man of property—a railroad director and bank president, who has shown courage in declaring for free silver coinage when the financial world condemned it. He has led a quiet, uneventful life, his interests being



Roger Wolcott, Governor of Massachusetts.
From a photograph—Copyright by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

those of his home and his business office. It is said that he is a practical shipbuilder himself, and can pick up tools and show any man in the Sewall yards how his work ought to be done.

Mr. Hobart describes himself as "a business man who engages in politics for

Of Mr. McKinley we do not speak here for the reason that his portrait was given in our August number.

The personality of none of the Presidential candidates has been more discussed, during the campaign, than that of the chairman of the national Republican com-

mittee. Even his enemies—he is a man who has both friends and enemies—admit that Mr. Hanna is one of the remarkable men of the day. If it be true that the great American quality of "get there" is specially developed in the Buckeye State, then this Cleveland business man is assuredly the typical son of Ohio. He has evidenced a marvelous power of carrying difficult undertakings to success. Beginning life as a clerk in a wholesale grocery in which his father was a partner, he has been an organizer and a manager of many great enterprises. His steamers bear eastward the ore from his Lake Superior mines; his foundries smelt it and roll it into rails for his railroads, which bring coal from his own pits.

With all this, Mr. Hanna has for years been deeply and actively interested in politics. He has seconded John Sherman's political progress no less energetically than his friend William McKinley's, though with

less notable result. His opponents have suggested ulterior motives for his devotion to Major McKinley's interests, but the insinuation is unnecessary. Where in the world could a man of Mr. Hanna's Napoleonic temperament find so congenial and so absorbing a pastime as in the matchless and historic arena of an American Presidential campaign?

A NEW ENGLAND GOVERNOR.

The Governor of Massachusetts is the only American citizen who possesses, by legal enactment, an official title of honor. The head of the United States government



Mark A. Hanna.

From a photograph by Ryder, Cleveland.

recreation." His avocation, however, seems latterly to have thrust his vocation aside. He has long been a power in his own State, and it was owing to him, more than to any other man, that New Jersey Republicanism has been lifted out of its deep rut of defeat and raised to its present position of well intrenched supremacy. Yet as a corporation lawyer, and a remarkably able and successful one, his private interests have grown under his hand until he is, in ordinary parlance, a rich man. He has an unusual degree of personal popularity among those who have come in contact with him.

is simply "Mr. President," but the chief magistrate of the Bay State is "His Excellency" before all men.

Roger Wolcott, who was raised to this dignified office by the death of Governor Greenhalge, and who may hold it by direct commission after the approaching election,

to four terms as lieutenant governor. In spite of his active Republicanism, he has never subordinated principle to partisanship. In 1884 he dared to join the "mugwump" secession, and later, as president of the Republican Club of Boston, he publicly condemned the methods of Messrs.



Charles H. Grosvenor

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

represents a type of politician that is commoner in Boston than in New York—fortunately for Boston. He is a gentleman of culture and inherited wealth, a Harvard graduate, and a scion of a historic New England family. Roger Wolcott, second in command at the siege of Louisburg, and Oliver Wolcott, signer of the Declaration of Independence and Governor of Connecticut, were his ancestors. Though scarcely a young man, he is the leader of the "young Republican" element in Massachusetts politics. His progress in public life has been from the Boston common council to the State Legislature, and thence

Quay and Dudley. That such outspoken independence has not weakened him as a party leader is a testimonial to the respect in which Massachusetts voters hold him.

Mr. Wolcott has often been called the handsomest man in Boston. He is a little more than six feet tall, with a ruddy complexion and grayish hair and mustache. Few figures are better known on the narrow thoroughfares of the modern Athens.

AN OHIO CONGRESSMAN.

Charles Henry Grosvenor of Ohio is one of the "war horses" of his party. He has made as many campaign speeches, and as

effective ones, as almost any Republican orator, and has carried his political artillery into nearly every State of the Union. Like Garfield and many other public men, especially in the West, he worked his way up from teaching in a country school to the study of law, and from the bar to official life. He was especially conspicuous last spring as a supporter of Mr. McKinley's

a glance at his portrait. Should his friend and fellow citizen of Ohio win the Presidency in November, Mr. Grosvenor may find something in his own stocking this Christmas—the pension commissionership or some other good appointment.

A MAN OF MAINE.

Thirty five years ago, when Llewellyn Powers went to Houlton, Maine, and put out his sign as a lawyer, the old residents looked at his boyish face, and said he would better go back home to his mother and grow a few years before attempting to expound the law to what was then little more than a backwoods community. But the young lawyer knew more, and had seen more of the world, than his outward appearance indicated. Though born in a log house, with few advantages, outside of good health and the ambition that is common to all American boys, this youth of twenty two had already graduated from Waterville College and the Albany Law School, paying his way by teaching. When he selected Houlton as the scene of his entry into practical life, he did so in the studied belief that Aroostook County offered better opportunities for a poor young man than any other part of Maine. Time has justified his judgment, and "Lew" Powers has prospered together with the far northern community.



Llewellyn Powers.

From a photograph by True, Augusta, Maine.

claim to the Presidential nomination. At the suggestion of a newspaper correspondent in Washington, he one day gave out a statement of the number of McKinley delegates then elected. Its publication attracted so much attention that a new bulletin was issued each week. Friends of other candidates impugned the accuracy of Mr. Grosvenor's figures, but the sequel proved that he was a better arithmetician than they.

Mr. Grosvenor is an Ohioan by long residence, a Connecticut Yankee by birth. He comes of fighting stock. His grandfather was a colonel in the Revolutionary army, his father fought as a major in 1812, and he himself won a brevet as brigadier general of volunteers in the civil war. At Washington he is familiarly known as "Santa Claus," for reasons that will be revealed by

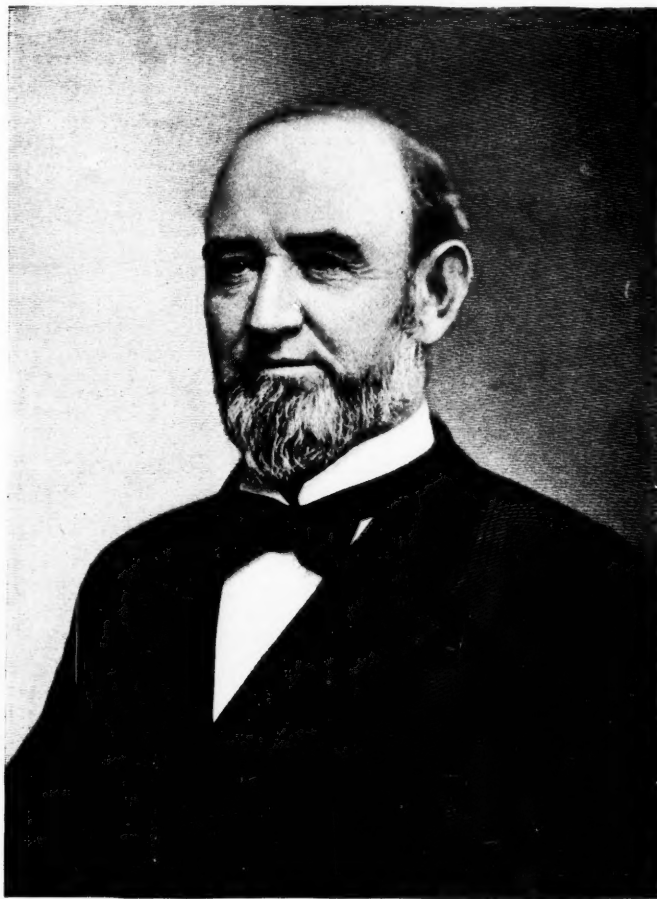
community. He now owns whole townships of valuable woodland, and is counted one of the wealthiest men in the State.

When Houlton was made a port of entry, in 1869, President Grant appointed Mr. Powers as the first collector of customs. He has also served as county attorney, as a member of the Legislature, and for a single term in Congress. When this magazine appears, if the Republicans carry the State as usual in September, he will be elected to Maine's chief magistracy.

Seen on the street in any city, Mr. Powers would be sure to attract notice. He is both tall and broad shouldered, and his massive head, covered with a sweeping growth of long black hair, gives evidence of mental and physical strength. Though rich beyond his boyhood dreams, he holds to the most

democratic simplicity of living. Everybody in Houlton knows and likes him. When he goes to Augusta next January—assuming that he is successful at the polls—Maine will have the most approachable governor

pleting the necessary studies he felt more strongly impelled to the ministry. Successively stationed in four Ohio cities, and then further west at Evansville, Winona, and finally Denver, he became recognized



Bishop Cranston.

From a photograph by Cope, Cincinnati.

that has sat in the chair since the days of Hannibal Hamlin.

A METHODIST BISHOP.

It was noteworthy that two of the clergymen whom this year's Methodist conference raised to the episcopacy were veterans of the civil war. One was Chaplain McCabe, whose portrait we published last month. The other, Bishop Cranston, fought with Fremont and McClellan in West Virginia, and with the Army of the Potomac under Grant. Returning to civil life, his first choice of a profession was the law; but before com-

as a leader of Methodism. He was one of the founders of Denver University, was active in the work of the Freedman's Aid Society, and has long been a manager of the Western Methodist Book Concern.

Speaking of Dr. Cranston's recent promotion, a church paper notes that he was elected a bishop by the largest vote ever recorded in favor of any candidate, and characterizes him as a deliberate, careful, fair minded, and resolute man, possessed of high oratorical and literary powers. For the next four years, at least, his official residence will be in Portland, Oregon.

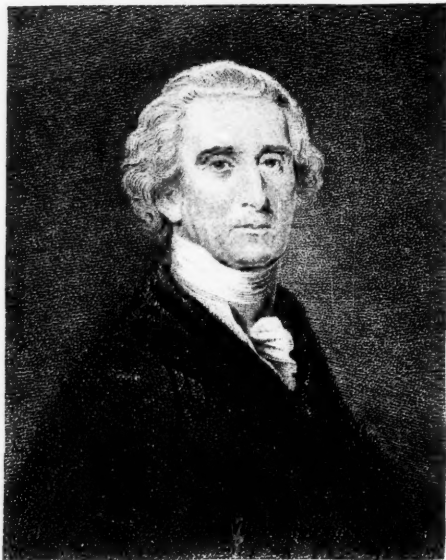


The Carroll Mansion at Doughty Manor

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

VI.—THE CARROLLS.

A FIRST FAMILY OF MARYLAND—CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON, THE ONLY CATHOLIC WHO SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—HIS DESCENDANTS, AND THEIR HEREDITARY PROMINENCE IN THE ANNALS OF THE SOUTH.



Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

From an engraving by J. E. Longacre after the portrait by Field.

OF the fifty six signers of the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll of Carrollton is noted as having been the wealthiest man, the only Catholic, and the last survivor of the immortal band of patriots who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor for the support of the American cause.

Charles Carroll's grandfather and namesake, the first of the name in America, came to Maryland from Ireland in 1688, after the dethronement of James II of England destroyed the hopes of the Catholic party in Great Britain. Three years after his arrival, Mr. Carroll was appointed Lord Baltimore's chief agent in the colony, and received from the lord proprietor of Maryland grants of land amounting to sixty thousand acres. A considerable part of this domain has descended from father to son, through six generations, to the present time. In 1702, he purchased a large tract on both sides of Jones' Falls, which is now in the heart

of Baltimore, east of Calvert Street, and south of Madison Street. He died in 1720, leaving two sons. Charles, the elder brother, inherited most of the family estate, according to the law of primogeniture then prevailing in the colony of Maryland.

of a century the place contained only twenty five houses, with a population of two hundred souls.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the third and most illustrious of his name, and perhaps the most distinguished man that



Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr. (Harriet Chew).

From the portrait by John Trumbull.

In 1729 the Maryland Assembly passed an act for the formation of a town on the north bank of the Patapsco River, in Baltimore County, and sixty acres of land were bought from Charles Carroll as the nucleus of the future metropolis of the South. The price paid was forty shillings per acre; the same land is now probably worth \$400,000 an acre. In the following year, the commissioners commenced laying off the town; but its growth was slow, and at the end of a quarter

Maryland has ever produced, was born at Annapolis in 1737. At the age of eight he was sent to Europe to be educated. He passed twelve years in France—six at the college of the English Jesuits at St. Omer, one with the French Jesuits at Rheims, two at the college of Louis le Grand in Paris, a year at Bourges, to study the civil law, and two more at the college of Louis le Grand. During these twelve studious years, he became a perfect master of the French lan-

guage, of French history, and of French literature. In 1757 he went to London, and became a student of the Inner Temple. The next seven years were devoted chiefly to study, legal and literary ; but study did not engross his entire time, for we find him

government. In the following year the embers of political disquietude were fanned into flame by the passage of the Stamp Act. His long absence abroad had not lessened Mr. Carroll's love for his native land, and he threw himself heart and soul into the



Mrs. Richard Caton (Polly Carroll).

From the portrait by R. E. Pine.

mingling in the fashionable life at Tunbridge Wells, and occasionally running over to Paris, and enjoying the gay world. The young man was liberally supplied with money, and his high social position at home opened to him the best society abroad.

After an absence of nineteen years, Charles Carroll returned to Maryland in 1764, and found the colonies in a condition of growing discontent under the exactions of the home

arena, to fight for American rights. The spirit that animated him is evidenced by his letters, written soon after his return home, to a friend in London. In one of these he says :

Nothing can overcome the aversion of the people to the Stamp Act, and their love of liberty, but an armed force, and that, too, not a contemptible one. To judge from the spirit the colonies have already shown, and which I hope to God will never fail them on the day of

trial, twenty thousand men would find it difficult to enforce the law; or, more properly speaking, to ram it down our throats.

The repeal of the Stamp Act gave a temporary lull to the political excitement, but it was soon rekindled. In the war of pamphlets that preceded the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll took a leading part, and was recognized as one of the ablest writers on the patriot side. Although he had more at stake than any other man in Maryland, or perhaps in the whole country, he advocated the boldest measures. It was he who advised the burning of the *Peggy Stewart*, in broad daylight, in Annapolis harbor, when that vessel arrived there with a cargo of the obnoxious tea. It was owing to his indefatigable exertions that the Maryland delegates in Congress were instructed to vote for independence. From the commencement of the controversy—as he wrote to his correspondent, Mr. Graves, a member of the British Parliament—he looked “to the bayonet as the solution of the difficulties between the mother country and her colonies, confident that, though the British troops might march from one end of the country to the other, they would, nevertheless, be masters only of the spot on which they encamped.”

Soon after his return to America, his father gave him Carrollton Manor, in Ann Arundel County; and from that time he was known as Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The story that he first used the addition to his signature when he signed the Declaration of Independence is a fiction.

Charles Carroll was married, in 1768, to Mary Darnall, daughter of Henry Darnall, the surveyor general of the colony. The groom wore “a silk lined wedding suit,” made in London. The marriage was followed by splendid festivities at Annapolis, and at Doughoregan Manor, in Howard County. The bride was described in the chronicles of the time as “an agreeable young lady, and endowed with every accomplishment necessary to render the conjugal state happy.” And they were happy,

although she was not her husband's first flame. He had loved a Miss Cooke, who died two years before.

Charles Carroll was among the first to sign the famous document which John Quincy Adams described as “unparalleled in the annals of mankind.” John Han-



Marianne Caton, Marchioness of Wellesley.

From a miniature by Robertson.

cock, in conversation with the Maryland delegate, asked him if he was prepared to put his name to the bold declaration. “Most willingly,” was the reply, and Mr. Carroll took up the pen and signed it there and then. “There go a few millions,” said a bystander, and all who were present agreed that in point of fortune, none had more to risk.

For twenty five years after signing the Declaration of Independence, the life of Charles Carroll was one of entire devotion to his State and country. His public career may be thus summed up: member of the first committee of observation, twice in the convention of Maryland, twice a delegate to

Congress, once chosen United States Senator, and four times a State Senator.

Doughoregan Manor, his favorite country seat and ancestral home, was built in 1717. Workmen were brought over from England for this purpose, and returned after the house was completed. It is a typical

formed by study of the English classics, which Charles Lamb loved and praised.

On the walls of the library hang the portraits of five generations of Carrolls. The furniture is solid and substantial rather than showy. Across the hall is the dining room, around whose hospitable board Mr.



Elizabeth Caton, Lady Stafford.

Southern colonial mansion, only two stories in height, but three hundred feet long. The wide hall, magnificently paneled, is embellished with English hunting scenes and other pictures. On the right of the hall are the library and morning room. In the former, the venerable statesman passed most of his time, reading, writing, and thinking. He was a fine classical scholar, his favorite work being Cicero's "De Senectute." He also read the old English authors, Addison, Swift, Pope, Johnson, and Shakspeare. For the light literature of the day he did not care, his taste having been

Carroll loved to gather the heroes and patriots of the Revolution—Washington, Lafayette, John Eager Howard, and other famous men. Hospitality at the manor was profuse, generous, almost prodigal, but the master of the house lived in patriarchal simplicity.

His eldest daughter, Polly, married Richard Caton, an Englishman who came to this country soon after Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States, and settled in Baltimore. When he fell in love with Miss Carroll, and proposed for her hand, her father objected to

the young man's lack of fortune. He reasoned with his daughter upon the imprudence of such a marriage, but found that his arguments had no effect.

"If he gets in jail," urged Mr. Carroll, "who will take him out?"

His daughter raised her beautiful hands, and exclaimed, "These hands will take him out."

Seeing her so determined, her father made no further opposition, and gave his daughter a princely dower.

Mrs. Caton was one of the most elegant women of the day. Her charming manners and amiable disposition won all hearts. George Washington was among those who admired her many graceful accomplishments, and she was a great favorite at the first President's republican court. She had four daughters, all of whom married foreigners, three of them becoming members of the English peerage.

The story of the Caton girls is full of interest, and not a little romantic. The eldest, Mary, who was the most beautiful of the sisters, took for her first husband Robert Patterson, the brother of the Elizabeth Patterson who married Napoleon's brother Jerome. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson sailed for England a few weeks after their marriage, accompanied by the bride's two sisters. Their letters of introduction from the British minister at Washington opened to them the best society of England, and the remarkable beauty of the three sisters won them the title of "the American Graces." Among their English acquaintances was the Duke of Wellington, and it was he who presented them at the court of the prince regent. At sight of the fair Americans, the "first gentleman of Europe" is said to have complimented them with, "Is it possible that the world can produce such beautiful women?"

Louisa Caton, the youngest of the "American Graces," was the first to marry abroad. In 1817, she became the wife of Colonel Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, who was the Duke of Wellington's aide de camp at Waterloo. After their marriage, the Iron Duke enter-



Louisa Caton, Duchess of Leeds.

tained the young couple for several weeks at Walmer Castle, while dinners and balls were given in their honor by the leading members of the aristocracy of England. Mrs. Patterson returned to America soon after her sister's marriage, but Elizabeth Caton remained in England with Lady Hervey.

Sir Felton Hervey died in 1819, after which the two sisters made an extensive tour on the continent. Three years later Robert Patterson died, and the next year his widow joined her sisters in England. Soon after her arrival, the Duke of Wellington invited the three sisters to his country seat. During their stay there, his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, visited the castle, and was captivated by the beauty and grace of Mrs. Patterson. He was at the time lord lieutenant of Ireland. Although past three score, he retained much of the fine figure of his early manhood. He had been distinguished as an orator, statesman, and soldier, when his younger brother, the future hero of Assaye, Vittoria, and Waterloo, was only a young and not especially promising soldier. Mrs. Patterson was

married to the marquis in October, 1825, and thus it happened that an American became the sovereign lady of Ireland.

While the Marchioness of Wellesley was presiding over Dublin Castle, the attention of the whole American people was directed to her venerable grandfather, who by the death of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams,

survived him fifteen years, passing away at St. Leonard's-on-Sea in her eighty third year.

Elizabeth, the third Miss Caton, married Baron Stafford in 1836, and died in 1862. None of the "American Graces" had children.

Turning from the romantic experience of



Miss Emily McTavish, Great Granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

on the 4th of July, 1826, was left the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Upon the next anniversary of the day, a dinner was given at Charleston, at which Bishop England proposed as a toast:

"Charles Carroll of Carrollton—in the land from which his grandfather fled in terror, his granddaughter now reigns a queen!"

In 1828, Lady Hervey married the Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of the sixth Duke of Leeds. Ten years later he succeeded to his father's title, and Louisa Caton reached the highest rank in the British peerage. He died in 1859, but the duchess

the three granddaughters of Charles Carroll in Europe, we resume the story of the family in America. His second daughter, Catharine, in 1802, married Robert Goodloe Harper, receiving from her father a house on Gay Street, which was at that time a fashionable locality for private residences. General Harper was a native of South Carolina, but removed to Maryland, where he was elected to the United States Senate. He soon resigned his seat in order to devote himself to the practice of the law, in which he ranked with Taney, Wirt, Winder, Pinkney, and other distinguished names of the golden days of the Maryland bar. In 1814 he was appointed a major general of

militia, and led the grand military display when Lafayette was received in Baltimore in 1824. He died suddenly at his home in Baltimore, and was buried with civil and military honors, in January, 1825.

General Harper's son, Charles Carroll Harper, married Charlotte Hutchinson Chiffelle, of Charleston, in 1827. Their only

Cardinal Gibbons and the prelates attending the Third Plenary Council, in 1884.

It is said that Charles Carroll, Jr., the only son of the Signer, first courted Nellie Custis, the adopted granddaughter of Washington; but the fair young Virginian, with characteristic devotion to her native State, declined to accept a husband from beyond



Miss Emily L. Harper, Granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

surviving child, Emily Louisa, married William Clapham Pennington of Baltimore, in 1853, and her children are Robert Goodloe Harper Pennington and Clapham Pennington, both of whom are married and have children.

Miss Emily L. Harper, General Harper's daughter, was long one of Baltimore's most honored and distinguished ladies. The highest society in Europe and America was graced by her presence, but she was as well known in the hovels of the poor as in the palaces of the wealthy. One of the most notable gatherings that ever took place in Baltimore was Miss Harper's reception to

the Old Dominion, and married Lawrence Lewis, the son of Washington's favorite sister, Betty. Mr. Carroll found a more appreciative maid, and as fair a bride, in Harriet Chew, daughter of Benjamin Chew, chief justice of Pennsylvania. They were married at Clifden, Judge Chew's seat, near Germantown, in 1799. Young Mr. Carroll's residence was Homewood, near Baltimore, and after the style of his family, he was known as Charles Carroll of Homewood. Mrs. Carroll, like her sister in law, Mrs. Caton, was one of the greatest beauties of the official society of her day. She was much admired by Washington, who, when

he sat for his portrait by Gilbert Stuart, asked her to accompany him, because, as he said, "her conversation gave his face its most agreeable expression."

Charles Carroll, Jr., died in 1825, eight years before his father. He took no part

scene around the death bed of the dying patriot and statesman, as described by his attending physician, the late Dr. Richard S. Stuart, founder of the Maryland Hospital for the Insane, was a most impressive one. Surrounded by his daughters and grandchildren, the old gentleman passed away as calmly and quietly as a child falling asleep. A short time before he expired, Dr. Stuart lifted him to a more comfortable position than that into which he had sunk. Polite to the last, like Lord Chesterfield, he said, seeing who it was:

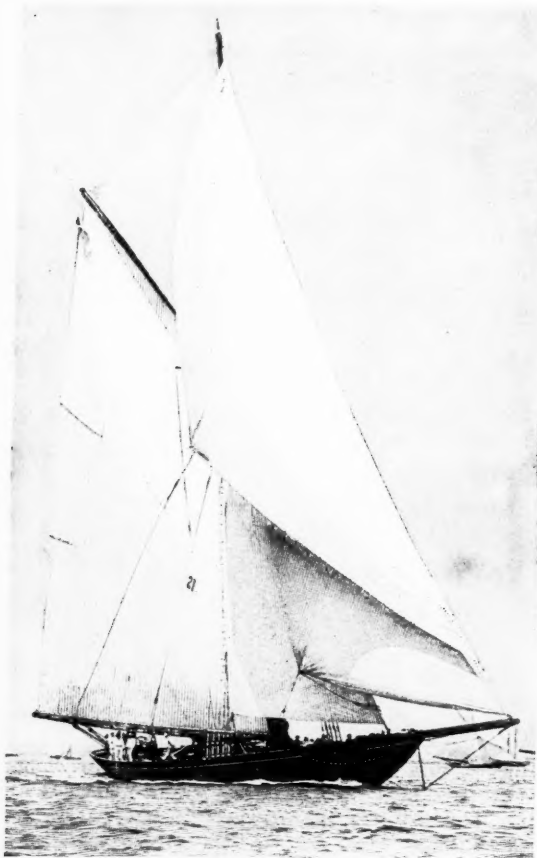
"Thank you, doctor."

These were his last words. Dr. John C. Chaunce, president of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, administered the last rites of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., had five children, one son and four daughters. The son, Colonel Charles Carroll, inherited the family estate, Doughoregan Manor, upon the death of his grandfather. He married Mary Digges Lee, in October, 1825, and many children were born to them. The eldest son, Charles, died without issue, leaving his brother, John Lee Carroll, the present head of the family.

John Lee Carroll was born in Baltimore, in 1830, and was three years old when his father came into possession of Doughoregan Manor. He was educated at Georgetown College, at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and in the law department of Harvard University. Admitted to the bar in 1851, he practised for

several years in Baltimore; but after marrying Miss Anita Phelps, daughter of Royal Phelps, of New York, he removed to that city. In 1861, the disturbed condition of Maryland, and the declining health of his father, required his presence at the Manor. In the following year Colonel Carroll died, leaving him sole executor of the family estate, which was settled and distributed, as directed by his father's will, within three years. Shortly afterward, John Lee Carroll purchased Doughoregan Manor from his eldest brother, and has since resided



The Navahoe, Royal Phelps Carroll's Yacht.

From a photograph by Johnston, New York.

in public affairs, but was a conspicuous figure in the social life of his time. His wife survived him for more than a quarter of a century, and with Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. William Bradford of Pennsylvania, was among the last survivors of President Washington's "republican court."

Charles Carroll of Carrollton died on the 10th of November, 1832, in the ninety-sixth year of his age, at the city residence of the family, which stood at the corner of Lombard and Front Streets, Baltimore. The



Mrs. John Lee Carroll.

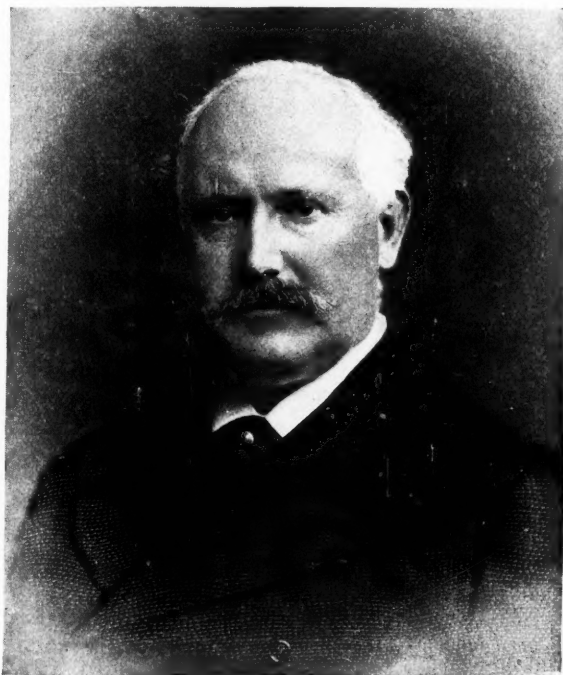
borne for six generations—died in infancy, but the traditional name was given to a younger brother. The eldest surviving son, Royal Phelps Carroll, is well known as a yachtsman, his *Navahoe* being one of the speediest of racers and cruisers. His wife was Miss Marion Langdon, of New York. Two of his sisters married French noblemen, Miss Mary Louisa Carroll becoming the Comtesse de Kergolay, and Miss Anita Carroll the Baronne de Lagrange. Both have made their home in Paris.

Governor Carroll's second wife, whom he married in 1877, was Miss Mary Carter Thompson, daughter of the late Judge Lucas Thompson of Staunton, Virginia. The two families are firmly cemented by matrimonial ties, for Governor Carroll's brothers, Charles and Robert Goodloe Harper Carroll, married sisters of Miss Thompson.

Nothing has hitherto been

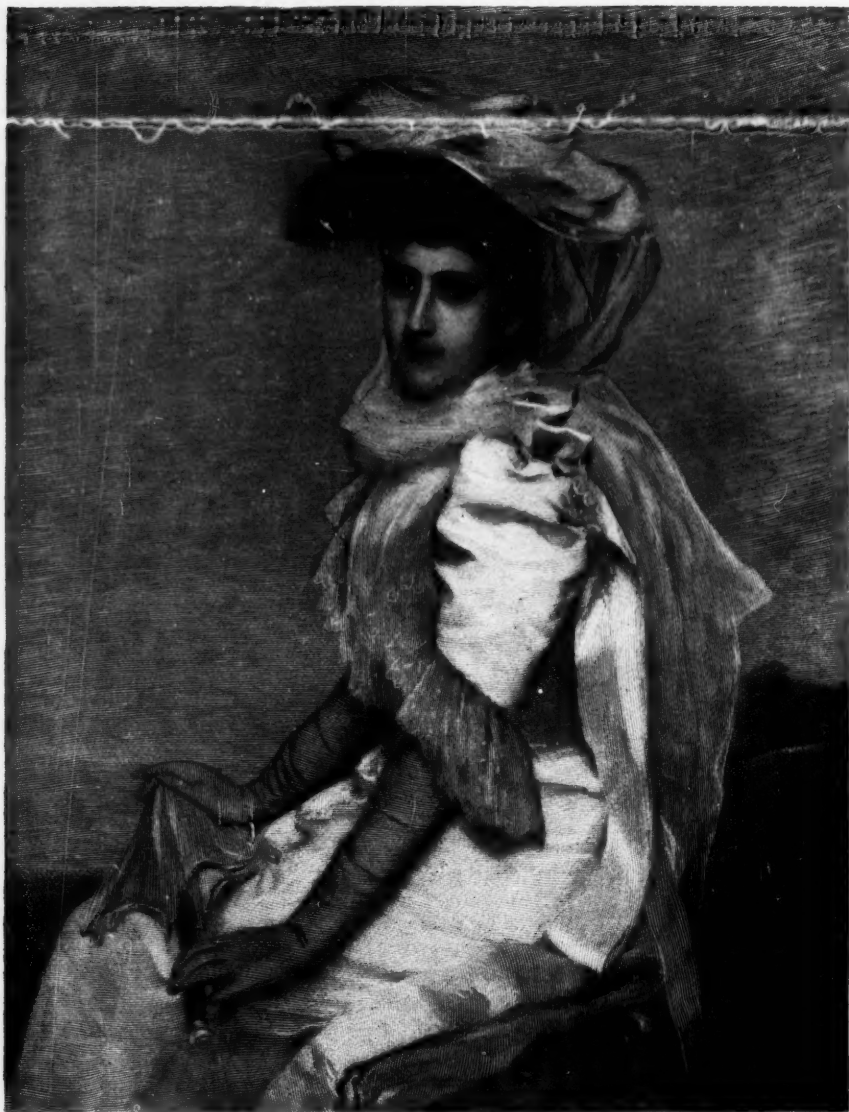
there, except during the winter season, which he generally spends in Washington. He has always taken a great interest in politics, has served several terms in the Maryland Senate, and in 1875 was elected to the governorship. An interesting incident of his tenure of the office occurred on the 4th of July, 1876, when he visited the Centennial Exposition as the chief magistrate of one of the original thirteen States, and was received with distinguished honor, as the great grandson of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He has not been in public life since the expiration of his term as governor.

By his first wife, who died in 1873, Governor Carroll had nine children, five of whom are living. His eldest son, Charles—the name which the eldest son of the house has



John Lee Carroll, Ex Governor of Maryland.

From a photograph by Kurtz, New York.



Miss Mary Helen Carroll, Daughter of John Lee Carroll.

From the portrait by Emile Wauters.

said of the sister of the "American Graces," the fourth daughter of Richard Caton and his wife Polly Carroll. This lady, Miss Emily Rachel Lee Caton, married John McTavish, in 1815. Their eldest son, Charles Carroll McTavish, married Marcella, daughter of General Winfield Scott. Of the four surviving children of this union, none is

married, while two have entered convents. One, Miss Emily McTavish, was one of the brightest ornaments of Baltimore society when, a few years ago, in the bloom of beauty, and with everything to make the world attractive, she left friends, family, and fortune to become an inmate of the Visitation Convent, at Catonsville.

Eugene L. Didier.

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.*

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XIII.

BORIS, the young king of Carpathia, a little state in southeastern Europe, is suspected of desiring to hand his domains over to Russia, of whose royal house he is a morganatic scion; in consequence, a number of Carpathians, led by Count Lubona, conspire to overthrow him. An attempt is made to assassinate the king while he is riding through a wooded ravine near Carpath, the capital, and he receives painful though not serious injuries. Lubona has the wounded monarch conveyed to his own ancestral castle, now occupied by a wealthy American, John Marr, and his daughter Elinor, whose sympathies Lubona has enlisted. He orders the king detained until the conspirators' plans are matured; but when Boris has recovered somewhat from his injuries, Beverly, a New York *Herald* correspondent, who has been sent out to investigate the political situation, as well as the transactions of John Marr, aids the king to escape. They flee towards Carpath, in company with Elinor Marr, whom Beverly has persuaded to come, believing her to be in danger. They elude their pursuers, but the exertion proves too much for the king, and he is unable to continue. Beverly leaves him at a peasant's hut in the care of Elinor Marr, and hastens toward Carpath, to seek aid. Learning from a young peasant, whom he has taken with him as guide, that the conspirators' rendezvous is close by, he suddenly resolves to seek Marr and place Elinor under his protection. He finds that Marr has not been there since early the previous day, and the men, evidently believing him to be a friend, eagerly inquire for news.

XIV.

CIVILIZATION has created a class of men who have an almost superstitious awe of circumstances. Their attitude probably comes to them from the primitive philosophers who bowed to the will of Fate, down through the earlier Christians, who had a sublime submission to the will of Providence. It is considered rather a high mark of breeding to "take your medicine" calmly, but Beverly had been loosening the bonds of civilization for several hours now. There burned in his soul a belief in his own power to conquer any physical ill, and in his ability to accept and carry any burden with dogged will. When he realized that Marr was in the hands of Lubona, as they themselves had been, he saw but one path before him, and that led to the rescue of Marr and his restoration to his daughter. Marr's daughter was the cen-

ter of the universe now. But first of all, help must come to the king.

Beverly's first impulse was to tell the men before him, these men of Marr's, that their leader was a prisoner, but he hesitated in time. He was learning that scattered confidences are dangerous, and that it is easier to be alone in a project unless you are quite sure of your allies.

"I expected to find Mr. Marr in this camp, but knew that he had other and important business which might detain him. He would go on to Carpath," he said. Then a sudden thought made him turn. "Do you know of a physician near here? I have a friend who was to have come here with me who is very ill up the mountain."

Beverly had made up his mind that if he could find a man of any skill nearer than Carpath, he would take him to Boris.

"I am strange to this part of the country," one of the men began, but the other spoke hastily. "There is Father Leo," he said in a low voice.

"Sh!" the first man said, but Beverly broke in anxiously:

"Where is this Father Leo? Who is he?"

"He is a sort of priest without a parish," the first man said. "He is a member of one of the oldest Carpathian families, but has long been cut off from his people by some estrangement—I do not know what; but his sympathies would be with—they would not be with Marr and his mines."

"Oh, I see," Beverly said. "But is he skilful?"

One man shrugged his shoulders. "The peasants he cares for would not exchange his healing herbs and care for all the doctors in Christendom."

"That is no way to speak. He has the gift," the other added seriously.

"Where can I find this man?" the American asked. "There is no necessity for him to know that it is any friend of Marr's

* This story began in the July number of MUNSEY'S.

whom he tends. Any chance traveler may be ill."

"If it's Father Leo you want," the boy said eagerly, in German, "I can take you to him. He can cure anything. He cured me of the throat swelling by just saying a word or two."

Beverly turned impatiently, but one of the men observed dryly, "And he gave you something as well. You will make no mistake in taking Father Leo to your friend. He cures with words, of course. He always lays on hands, but he gives medicines too. It matters little which cures."

"How far is it?"

"Only over yonder, beyond my mother's farm," said the boy eagerly. "I can run to him while you wait here or go back. I will bring him."

"No," Beverly said. "I will go." He had a vision of the boy stopping at his mother's farm, and of the news of the sick man traveling with the gossip of the pig owner. It was safer to take the boy along. "I will go. Come on," he said.

They found the home of Father Leo without much difficulty. It was the outbuilding of what had evidently been a manor house, whose blackened foundations and charred beams had fallen among the new growing bushes after some long extinguished fire. The house was made of rubble and stone, whitewashed, and in the narrow doorway sat a man whose face would have impressed a less imaginative person than the young American reporter. It was not hard, and yet it was not soft and gentle. Father Leo seemed to look upon the world as something apart, something which could bear no meanings for him. He wore the dress of the peasants, modified in ways that led toward comfort. This was no ascetic, wearing sackcloth and ashes for his soul's sake, but a man whom the emotions had ceased to charm. His hair was not long, nor was it cropped as short as is conventional. A black beard covered his lips and chin, and showed in relief a finely cut nose and black eyes. As he arose at Beverly's approach, the American wondered at the resemblance all these Carpathians of the upper class seemed to bear to Lubona. As in the face of the woman in the tree, he saw strong traces of the Carpathian who had become his enemy.

"What will you have?" Father Leo asked politely—in English, to Beverly's amazement. In a flash he saw that whatever the man was now, he had been an educated gentleman of the class which is taught to

address a stranger of any nationality in his own language, if it be possible; and Beverly was well bred enough to make no comment.

"My name is Beverly," he said, hat in hand. "I am an American traveler. I have a friend up here in the hills who had a hurt yesterday, and is very ill. Can you come to him? It would be an immense service."

"I am not a regular physician."

"But you may know what to do in this case. It appears to be one of exhaustion;" and he went on to recite Boris' injuries.

In ten minutes Father Leo was on his way up the hillside, his herbs and simples in a muslin bag in his hand. They had almost reached the byre when Beverly looked behind for the boy, and saw that he was gone. A crash in the underbrush gave a hint of the direction in which he had taken his departure, and with an exclamation of angry impatience, Beverly started after him.

"Come back here! Where are you going?" he cried.

But the boy went on. He knew these woods, and Beverly did not. The American's face was black as he reached the narrow wood path again. The hermit looked at him with an expression which was not wonder nor curiosity. It was too indifferent for either, but it called out an explanation from Beverly.

"I suppose he will bring all his kin to look on the sick stranger," he said with an uneasy laugh.

"The peasants are very sympathetic," the priest returned.

When they reached the hut they found Boris sleeping, and Elinor Marr sitting by him. She had rebanded his head, and had tried to make gruel of some grain she had discovered. The sick man could not be expected to eat the ham, which was about the only food the place afforded.

At the entrance of the priest, she looked up with an expression of absolute relief. It was not necessary to tell her why he had come. He bore the look of the healer in his face, and her woman's intuition recognized it. She arose at once, and gave him her place by the bedside. Into the man's eyes came the first look of interest Beverly had seen him evince. He would not have been half a lover had he not looked for every other man's opinion of his divinity. Although he was assuring himself that his passion was hopeless of any return, that she should never even hear in words that he loved her, he was quite unable to keep

from acting that lover's part which nature laid out for him who first saw and recognized the loveliness of a maid.

The beauty of Elinor was something to make a man stare whether he were hermit, herd boy, or priest. Her face was flushed by the fire now, but about her sweet eyes were the bister circles of fatigue, which gave her an air of languor. Her hair was loosened, ruffled by the night and her new duties. Curly "widow's locks" crisped themselves above the high collar of her blue gown. The little hat had been long cast aside, and the tight cuffs turned back from the strong, round wrists.

Beverly's heart ached as he looked at her. He humbly blamed himself for his inability to think out some solution of their difficulty which would not have subjected her to this. She was never intended for hardship. He mentally reviled her father for ever bringing her to this barbarous country, and then in the same breath he blessed the chance that had made it possible that he could be so near her as he was now.

He watched Father Leo as the priest first saw the face of the king. But if the healer knew him as the nation's sovereign, he gave no sign. He had the familiar ways of the doctor the world over. He put a hand on his patient's brow and a finger on his pulse, and looked at him with the impersonal regard which a cabinet maker gives to a chair. Then he went over to the fire, and ordered Miss Marr to attend to stewing and preparing some of the herbs in his muslin bag. Beverly followed him, and insisted upon taking up the work himself, letting Elinor rest.

"There is nothing more to do," the priest told him.

"You must let me make a couch for you. You must sleep," Beverly said anxiously.

They had walked to the door of the hut, and could look across the plummy tops of trees to the valley below. The evening was beginning to fall down there, and although the sun was with them the earth gave out its incense to the coming night. The air tasted warm and fragrant in the throat, with an aromatic flavor like some strange liquor.

"I do not want to lie down, Mr. Hardin. Where is my father? I am afraid for him."

Her eyes were troubled and her lip trembled like a child's. Fatigue was beginning to show even upon her strong physique. The fact that she turned to him with that quivering face stirred Beverly to the depths of his heart. He was divided in his impulses. He wanted to say to her, "Your father is in the hands of that double traitor

Lubona, and it shall be my mission in life to rescue him and restore him to you." He wanted to make sure that she understood Lubona and hated him; he wanted to have his armor for the coming fray braced by the knowledge that she, his lady, his queen, knew that it was for her that he was setting out to do battle. But he put down his boyish longings, his vain imaginings, laughed at himself for wishing to pose as a hero of romance, and took refuge in the blessed old American way, that of misleading a woman so that she shall never know how miserable she really is.

"Your father is doubtless back at your home again by this time," he said cheerfully. "I left a note on his table telling him that you had decided to go to Carpath as you had some fears about remaining."

"That was unnecessary. I also left a note," she replied indifferently, "telling him that I had learned of—" her face burned scarlet again—"of that man's treachery."

She spoke softly, and Beverly believed that she wished him to know himself forgiven; and then, after that flash of light, he felt his chances blacker than before. If she cared at all for him, if she did not look at him with just a womanly pity for the impetuous tactlessness of youth, would she have spoken to him at all in this way? Was it not because she was so much above him?

There must have been some such hungry inquiry in his face, for she turned away with a line between her brows, and looked into the conscious eyes of Boris.

She ran over to the reviving patient in a way which made Beverly envious, more particularly as he saw that the king fully appreciated her attention. He turned and went out on the hillside and sat down. He was mortally tired, and yet his work was scarcely begun. His brain seemed to have stopped; its machinery could act no longer. He saw the sun fall down behind the distant fringe of trees, and wondered what the next twenty four hours would bring, much as if he had been reading a story in which the characters had arrived at a crisis. He felt that he might put the book down for a time without any very serious consequences.

He must have dozed for a moment when he became conscious that he was not alone. Father Leo had come out and was sitting beside him.

"Do you wish me to stay any longer?" the priest asked.

"How is the king?" Beverly inquired

dully, and then sprang to his feet with an exclamation, wide awake, ready to tear his tongue out for his indiscretion.

"Sh!" the other man said calmly. "You need not be disturbed. I was at his coronation. I knew him. I have sat at his mother's table in Petersburg in other years. Young Prince Curt and I are old friends;" and he smiled as he looked down at his sheepskin bordered dress.

"Did he recognize you?"

"The memories of the young are not so long."

Beverly looked into the steady, changeless eyes of the man, and felt that he faced a gentleman. Whatever Leo said could be depended upon.

"What are you going to do?"

"Why should I do anything? The king has had a hunting accident, and I am doing what I can for him. There is in reality nothing the matter with him of a serious nature. He can ride tomorrow. He is worn out, exhausted, but he would have pulled through without me. He must have more nourishing food. I think we shall have that before long, however, as the woman who owns this land and the pigs about here, and whose son ran away, will come up with fowls and offers of assistance when her son tells her there is a sick man at one of her byres. She is a good soul, and rich travelers are not dependent upon her for food every day in the week. We can give the king some broth in an hour or two, unless I am mistaken. He will not feel the need of it until then."

"It was most fortunate we found you here. I confess I did not wish you to know that this was the king. I feared you might be against him."

"Why?" Evidently Father Leo had heard nothing of the revolutionary plans of Lubona.

"I don't know," Beverly said lamely. "You know I have only been here a short time, but it seemed to me that many of the Carpathians were—" Then he threw discretion to the winds. This man impressed him as he had impressed Elinor. Beverly was tired, and wanted the rest and relaxation of a confidant. "The truth is," he said, "that the king has just escaped a plot. He was injured purposely by the machinations of a Carpathian nobleman, was carried to that nobleman's home and made a prisoner."

Beverly was not looking at the priest, but he noticed a slight hoarseness in Father Leo's tone when he spoke again.

"And the beautiful young girl?"

"She was a tenant in Lubona's house, or rather her father was. He trapped the father as well as us. When we escaped we could not leave Miss Marr defenseless, so we brought her along."

The priest clutched at his arm. "Lubona!" he said. "Is he in this country again? Was it he who injured the king, from whom you are hiding?"

Beverly turned abruptly at the touch.

"It is Lubona. He appears to be unpopular, after all—hardly the man to start a popular uprising. Do you know him, too?"

"Yes."

"We were warned against him by a girl—a girl who climbed a tree by my window. She seemed to know him, too."

"When? Where?" The man was full of a fire of excitement now. "A tiny little girl, a pretty little girl?" The voice was pathetic in its change to tenderness, the break in its sternness.

"A little black eyed girl who looked like *you*—and like Lubona."

XV.

WHAT need was there of telling the story? Put with what the unhappy girl had told him, Beverly had enough. He looked at Father Leo pityingly, and held his tongue, which, under the circumstances, was the only thing possible.

Presently the priest looked up. His stern, calm features had undergone a change. They had lost their smooth outward form and were shriveled into a mask of piteous misery, the misery of a strong man.

"Where is Henri Lubona?" he asked, and in his tones Beverly heard the echo of a fixed determination. "He has been out of the country. I supposed, and so did all who knew him, that he had gone forever; that he would never touch the soil of his forefathers again."

"He has been here only a few weeks. He is chamberlain to the king."

"To betray him, as he has betrayed every trust ever put into his hands."

"Yes," Beverly said simply. To his mind that description of Lubona could not be improved upon.

The priest's face worked again. "Do you know where my daughter is?"

"I know, or I think I know, that she is not with Lubona. She knew that the king was in the house, and that he was in danger, but there appeared to be some break between her and Lubona." He would have added, "She was jealous of Miss

Marr," but he could not bring himself to tell that to her father.

"I have not seen her for four years. I have never spoken her name for two years. My little Linda!" There was inexpressible sorrow in his tones. "She was to have married, and I, sick, sent her cousin, my adopted son, to Petersburg, to bring her from the school. They never came back. He eloped with her, and married her himself, against all of our laws and customs."

"Married her?" Involuntarily Beverly's tone lightened. A change came over his mind concerning Lubona. After all, what was the prank of marrying one's cousin? Not a crime, surely. After all, the man might never have dreamed of Elinor Marr.

In the rush of feeling, he had a sudden sympathy for Lubona. His methods were mean and contemptible, but doubtless he considered himself a patriot. Beverly would ask Boris to forgive him, and would send him back to his wife.

"I am afraid we should hardly consider that so serious a crime," he said cheerfully. "If two young people find they are unhappy apart, we Americans who do not happen to be their near relatives find it in our hearts to forgive them. It is one of the customs of my country."

The other man's face did not relax.

"But it could never be a legal marriage here. He abandoned my daughter, telling her that she was not his wife. In this country she is not. He abandoned her in Paris. I followed them, but she had disappeared. I searched Europe for them, but they were not found. Then I came back here and hid my shamed face among these hills."

"Lubona has been in America," Beverly said.

"And she?"

"I do not know," Beverly replied hastily. "But she knew his plans. She knew his men."

"Like many a woman before her," the man said bitterly. "She cannot let him go. She seeks to win back, in some fashion, the life which she has given him. My——" he rose and walked hastily away.

"I will help you to hunt Lubona, and I do not believe the task will be difficult. He is probably in Carpath, making plans, or carrying them out, to seize the government. He has had all this day."

"The king could go on to Carpath tonight," Leo said. "He is strong enough. His weakness was only temporary. He only needs food. He can go if he desires to do so."

"Then he shall;" and Beverly started toward the house.

"But you?" Leo said. "You need rest. You have not slept."

"Oh, I am accustomed to living without sleep," the American answered lightly, although the edges of his eyelids were beginning to feel as if a drop of mucilage had strayed among the lashes.

Beverly went into the house and found Boris drinking something from a bowl which the young girl held. His refreshing sleep, the gruel, or perhaps some mental tonic, had awakened him to life again. Beverly could see in his eyes and cheeks almost the full tide of health flowing back through his mercurial temperament.

The king let Elinor hold the bowl to his lips, looking up at her now and then with an almost childlike confidence and gravity. The picture filled the man who looked at it with exasperation.

"Let me broil you some ham," Beverly said quietly. "The doctor says that you are quite able to travel tonight. I will bring the horses around, and the doctor will see you on your way to Carpath."

Boris sat up. His tunic had been taken off, and the fine linen shirt which he wore under it was loosened around his muscular neck.

"Oh, see here, Hardin," he said, "I am too sick to move. Not but what a piece of ham has a savory sound."

"We are going to move. It will not do to keep Miss Marr here any longer. She cannot sleep here."

"Certainly not," Boris said, and sprang to the floor. He turned a little giddy as he stood, but he recovered himself in a moment. "Miss Marr is a famous nurse," he went on. "She has brought me around very fit."

"Oh, I am afraid you should lie still," the girl said.

Beverly had cut a slice from a ham which hung from the low, smoky roof. It was evidently the herd boy's chief food, and he kept it here by the fire where it could be sliced with his clasp knife. In a second or two it was broiling over the coals, while Boris hungrily watched its progress. He had struggled into his tunic, and sat disheveled, handsome, like some rowdy boy on a camping expedition. Beverly hastily pushed into his hand the long skewer of wood he had been using for a fork.

"I will go and get the horses," he said. "You can take the meat up and eat it when it is ready."

As he looked back through the open

door, the scene was like a Rembrandt study. The door let out the firelight from the black hole of a hut, and showed before it the two young figures, the girl's auburn hair touched by the flames into molten gold, relieved against Boris' black head. The king was on his knees before her, the stick in his hand. Beverly went on with a heavy heart.

The horses had been tethered and allowed to crop the short, sweet mountain grass, and for an instant he had a deadly fear, for they were not in the place where he had left them. Had Lubona found them, after all? He started back, and saw, peeping from behind a great, bush grown boulder, the face of the German boy.

"The horses are here," the lad said. "I thought you would come to see after them, and I put them here. I was told to see you alone."

Beverly walked hastily around the rock, his hand on his revolver, and giving the edge a wide berth so that he could see if an enemy were concealed there. But the place was empty.

"Who told you to see me alone?" he asked sharply.

"A lady."

"What lady?"

"A lady down the mountain. She gave me some money, and told me to tell you to come to the wood over yonder and speak to her. She sent this." He pulled from his pocket the little red cap which Beverly had seen on the black hair of the girl in the tree; or if it was not that, it was one exactly like it.

"Where did you see her? What did you tell her?"

"I told my mother who was here—two gentlemen and a lady. The lady staying there asked me all I could tell. Then she came here. Oh, she *ran*! I am out of breath. She made me change the horses. She knew you would notice that at once. She is waiting."

"How do I know that you are not lying to me, that there are not other people over there?"

The moon was making the sky tender now, and the deep mountain wood was black.

"Because the lady is there," the boy said stolidly.

It was a chance, if she was there, which Beverly could not afford to miss. He walked hastily across the short slope, broken here and there by rocks and boulders, until he came into the shadow of the trees. Then there stepped out to meet him the

tiny woman whom he had last seen under his window at Lubona's castle.

XVI.

"You may put up your revolver," she said in her broken English. "There is nobody here to kill; and in any case you have done enough of that. It is a pity you did not include Count Lubona in the massacre."

Her voice was hard, and Beverly realized that he disliked her more than ever. She was utterly antipathetic to him, and he had a whimsical idea that Lubona might be pardoned for leaving her if she ruffled him as badly.

"I do not want to kill any one," he began, but she cut him short.

"How ill is the king?"

"He is almost well again."

"The next thing is to get him to Carpathia as quickly as possible."

"I think we understand that——"

"Before Lubona gets there."

Beverly's mind sprang at her words. "Hasn't he been there?"

"Not he! He thought that if he could get his hands on his lord and sovereign he might be able to settle the question without any trouble. He knows where you are—now, and he is waiting for you to take—that girl—away, to attack you. He knows you won't keep her there all night. He has gone too far to go back now."

"Then Lubona's men are near by?"

"Very near by. They are on the only road you can take to get away from here. They saw you come out this morning. They let you come back, so that you could take the American girl away without alarming her. Everybody is very careful about alarming her, although I have noticed no timidity in her manners."

"Where is Marr?"

"Why should I tell you that? Yes! That is what I came here to tell you. Lubona will keep him a prisoner till he consents to the count's marriage with his daughter."

"But a man like Marr cannot disappear."

"Oh, yes, he can. Evidently you do not know our country. Anybody can disappear in Carpathia. They are traveling in the mountains—indefinitely."

"But Lubona cannot marry Miss Marr when you are already his wife."

The woman sprang back a step and gave a cry as if she had been struck.

"Who told you that?"

"Your father." He said the words solemnly.

"Does he know? My father! My father! Where is he? Where is my father?"

She had her hand on his arm, and she had drawn her face up as close as possible to his.

"He is in that hut over there." She sank down in a heap on the ground and broke into sobs which shook her childish figure. All the vivid passion of the brilliant little creature went into her emotion.

"Would you like to see him?" Beverly asked. "He wants to see you. He told me that he had not seen you for four years. He searched up and down Europe for you. He had heard——"

"Does he know? Does he know? Lubona told me that he had died. I have seen no one that knew him in these years. I did not ask for him anywhere. I went back and looked at the gates of my old home, and they were closed and rusted. I thought he was dead." She stood up and touched Beverly's hand again, crying feverishly, childishly: "You must get him away from there before Lubona comes. They must not meet. My father will kill him!"

"You said you wanted him dead."

"I do. Oh, I could say that to you. You cannot kill him; he is too wise and cunning for you. You could find no way to kill him, but my father! My father would kill him with his bare hands. They must not meet."

"Will you come and see your father?"

"No, no! Let me tell you where Marr is. I came to tell you. He is in the tower room in the castle."

"In the castle?"

"Yes, you left him behind when you came away. He was bound and gagged, and carried through a door which opens only into the tower. He might have seen you when you rode away. He is there now, but I do not know how long he will remain there. It is a safe place. Lubona had planned it out, I suppose, when he rented the castle to Marr, but you managed to complicate matters for him."

She had arisen, and stood easily, talking flippantly again; but Beverly could hear the choking sighs with which she stifled sobs, like a hurt child.

"How do you know this?"

"Do you suppose there is ever a time when I do not know where he is?" she asked hoarsely. There was only one "he" in the world for her.

"If you have so much influence over these Carpathians, and can make them tell you anything," Beverly said angrily,

"why do you not tell them of their folly in following Lubona?"

"Go back and give your warning," she returned rudely. "You do not know of what you speak," and she turned and disappeared in the wood.

Beverly almost ran back, but he had obtained a view of Leo Lubona's daughter which told him that her father would never draw her away from the man she loved. It was not that she wished to save the king, or to defeat Lubona's plans except as she imagined that they concerned Miss Marr. If she could blacken him in Elinor's eyes, all was well.

"I appear to have pretty much the same motives," Beverly admitted, in self depreciation.

The boy was there with the horses, and he stopped and saddled them.

"Are you going away now?" the lad asked. "Are you taking the lady?"

A sudden thought struck the American. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a handful of money.

"Is this as much as you want, not to tell the men below where we are, and to show us an unguarded path through the forest?"

"How much is it?" asked the boy. "It is too dark to see." Evidently he knew how to make a bargain.

"Come nearer, into the house; I don't want you to be slipping away from me again;" and the boy followed. "Stand there," Beverly added as he went inside.

The sight of Boris' high spirits put Beverly into the state of exasperation against which he had been fighting for twenty hours. The king sat before the fire, eating the broiled slices of ham, without bread, and talking like a man on a picnic, while Elinor and the elder Lubona sat beside him. The girl's face was weary, but not despondent; on the man's the old calm expression was creeping back. They all looked up when Beverly came in.

"Miss Marr," he said, "will you go to the door and hold the horses, and that boy, for a few moments? I am afraid he is not to be trusted. If he asks how—Count Festin is, do not tell him, although," he added, "if he cared to look through the door or the chinks in the walls he could have little doubt of the state of his health."

After she had gone, wondering a little at his tone, Beverly sat down and told his story.

"Where did you get all this?" Boris asked. "How do you know that the whole thing is not the false tale of a spy? Or is it the lady again?"

When Beverly did not answer, the king went on merrily, addressing the hermit: "Our friend appears to be one of those magnetic people who can always find a woman ready to help them out of any sort of a scrape. He hadn't been in Lubona's castle an hour before one was trying to climb into his window."

"Hush," Beverly said. "This gentleman knows you are the king. He is your friend, and the woman who has done so much for your interests is his daughter."

"I beg your pardon," Boris said sweetly, and put out his hand. "I beg you to forgive an idle tongue."

"You and Father Leo and Miss Marr will take the horses. I advise you to take my clothing, and give me yours," Beverly went on. "Father Leo can find a place of safety for Miss Marr in Carpath."

"And you?"

"I shall find my way to the spot where Marr's men are awaiting him, tell them that their leader is imprisoned, and rescue him."

"That you shall not do," Boris said, rising to his feet. "It would give me two revolutions upon my hands instead of one. That I will not consent to. I am still king."

"And may I ask if you expect to let Marr remain there?"

"He may remain there until I am re-established in Carpath, with my kingdom well in my hand. It appears to be a safe place for him."

"And let his daughter go on with you, although her father is a prisoner, subjected to you know not what indignities? If you can do this, I will not. I will do my best to get Marr away from Lubona and back to his daughter. He is not a dog. He will not oppose you then."

"Your opinion of your compatriot differs from my own," Boris said. "I believe he would stop at nothing. I cannot say I blame him. He is committing no particular crime. If he succeeds he is a great man; only I do not happen to want him to succeed. My duty to my country, if nothing else, would cause me to leave him behind bars until I can let him out on my own terms. He is a conspirator."

"And if it had not been for his daughter you would now be a prisoner yourself, in all probability."

"Aided by you, my dear American, aided by you. Do not let your modesty defeat my gratitude. I confess that it is excellent news to me that one of the enemies of my throne is in safe hands. I hope he may re-

main there. I am off to Carpath with a lighter heart. Come!"

He went toward the door with something of his old swagger. Beverly rose impatiently and followed him. He looked toward the place where he had left the boy with the horses, and asked Elinor Marr to stand and watch him. He could see no one. With a clutch of fear at his heart he ran out. The byre was a tumble down place built in the rocks, one of which made the rude chimney. The moon was coming up in a trembling mist, and was yet faint behind the tops of the trees. As Beverly ran out into this open place, it had the desolation of a desert to his gaze, for the horses, the boy, and the woman he loved had disappeared.

"Elinor! Elinor!" he called wildly at the top of his voice.

Over in the trees it seemed to him he heard an echo that might have been a laugh, but beyond that the whole world seemed to lie in the silence of evening. Peace lay in the darkening valley, but it was a peace which exasperated Beverly to the last degree.

"Fool! Fool!" he shouted in his own ears. Why had he not realized the danger of sending that girl outside? Sweat broke out on his body as he thought what he might have sent her to. He rushed on wildly toward the wood. He would follow, they would find that they had a man to deal with, and if they had an army he would overtake them. He was in the fringe of trees, and amid deep blackness, before the folly of his course came home to him.

Boris and the hermit were behind him; Boris looking for the road, and the older man stooping on his knees and following the tracks of the horses. Beverly came back.

"You may defend yourself now," he said to Boris. "Your shield has gone. They were not to attack us while she was here, but she has gone."

Quite unconscious of what he did he went to Boris and shook him by the shoulder. The two young men faced each other, and each read the other's secret in his eyes. Boris' face was ghastly, and his black eyes were full of a light which had been born in them in that instant. Crowns, principalities, even life itself, had never had the value which this young girl had assumed, and he saw that in Beverly's face which told him that he faced a man to whom she was as precious.

"I will follow. She must be brought back, and at once."

"Follow!" and Beverly laughed. "They have a road and horses. We are watched, and are on foot. Get to Carpath and save your kingdom. I will look for—my countrywoman."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to that camp where Marr's 'miners' are, and I will tell them that their leader and his daughter are prisoners. If she is not found," he said furiously, "I will see that your miserable little kingdom is thrown into the sea. Americans cannot be treated in this fashion." His rage and the long strain on his nerves were too much for him. He was losing his head.

"Where is the camp? Let us go," Boris said calmly.

The figure of Leo stood by them as they finished speaking. It had been as if they had thrown a challenge into each other's faces.

"The horses went into the wood, where it is too dark to follow their tracks," he said. "There is no road in that direction, and they may be hiding in the trees; but it will be hopeless to venture there. I do not believe that the insurgents"—he did not speak Lubona's name—"intend to murder you, your majesty. They would be only mountain brigands in that case, and could never hope for a republic. They might be forgiven for holding you through a *coup d'état*, but never for killing you."

"Except by accident," Boris put in dryly. "But I do not wish to be captured. The quickest thing to do is to visit Marr's camp and get out those men. I have contracted a debt, and I will pay it." He spoke as though the rescue were a matter of courtesy, but he deceived no one.

"I know the short way," Leo said. The two young men had lost sight of the priest in their own excitement, but as a note in his voice struck the nerves of Beverly he turned. The old indifference, the grief, were all gone. Here was a man thirsty for revenge, with a double insult to lash him into fury. There was no need for him to open his close set lips. His whole aspect was full of threat to Lubona. He had the bitterest wrong a man can know to carry him forward.

Beverly had two pistols, and he offered one of them to Leo. The man took it in silence, and the three scrambled down the hillside and made their way toward the ravine where Beverly had seen Marr's men earlier in the day. They kept a constant lookout. Once they heard a sound of feet moving through the wood. Silently all three crouched to the ground behind shel-

tering rocks or trees and waited. Not one but felt that these were their pursuers.

The elder man rose once, and tried to peer into the gloom. A little rift in the rocks and trees here, probably formed in some long past winter by a mountain torrent or avalanche, made an opening through which the moonlight streamed. As the men with rifles paced slowly and carefully through this place, the faint rays behind them outlined their figures and glinted on their arms. They were great bearded fellows, and they reminded Beverly of Henry Irving's procession of phantom kings in "Macbeth." The thought made their whole expedition theatrical for the moment, and then he seemed to see himself back in the barbarous days of the Scottish wars, and to realize how far behind him he had left civilization.

He knew that Leo had stood up with the pistol in his hand, and that if one of these bearded savages had passed on to give place to the smooth, elegant figure of Lubona, the bullet would have carried a straight message to that traitor heart. But Lubona was not there, though he counted nearly two hundred men.

"He must have a larger army than I can muster," Boris said, "to be able to send out a company like that to capture two pedestrians on a mountain side."

They had almost reached the place where Beverly had waited a few hours before, while the boy brought Marr's lieutenants to him, when he turned to Leo and asked him if he knew how to get into the camp.

"Everybody about here knows me," Leo said. "I will go ahead. They are hidden away in the ravine there. It is the mouth of an old mine which Marr has been pretending to work."

"Why hasn't our young friend whose hospitality we have been enjoying betrayed the camp?"

"Because his mother sold them her chickens, and because he was not tempted, perhaps."

"Let us go by the farm house and see if he has returned. He will be able to tell us—"

"The camp first. We may find means to make him tell all he knows. The farm house is beyond the camp," Leo said.

The two young men halted as they neared the mouth of the ravine. They did not want to be shot down by the sentries in the darkness. Minute after minute they stood there, waiting, but Leo did not return. The silence between them grew embarrassing.

"Is this a game of hide and seek?" Bev-

erly finally asked angrily. "Is it impossible for one of us to leave the others for a moment? Do they intend to pick us up one at a time?"

A smothered cry was his answer, and both of them started in the direction from which it came. In an open patch of moonlight, they saw Leo holding the herd boy firmly, with one hand over his mouth. Still carrying the lad, he strode over to them and into the shadow.

"The camp is empty," he said simply. "It must have been Marr's men who passed us in the wood. This boy was carrying food to them. Here it is;" and he held out a basket. "Now, my young friend," he added in German, "tell why you allowed the lady carried away, and who did it. Speak the truth, or I will kill you."

The boy sat panting in fear. This was not the gentle Father Leo whom he knew.

"I do not know anything," he whimpered. "I was holding the horses and talking to the lady, when somebody put something over my face. I couldn't say a word. They put me on one of the horses. I couldn't hear anything or see anything. They let me down just beyond here."

"You are lying," Leo said roughly, "for you have been at home. You brought this basket from there."

"I—the basket was for the men who have gone, just as you said," he went on cunningly.

"Nor is that true. You were taken home to get this food to carry to some one. Who is it, and where? Answer me!" The tone was like a sentence of death, and the coward quivered under it.

"She told me to bring it to the top of the hill."

"She! Who?"

"The lady."

"The lady?" Leo shook him. "What lady? The lady who was carried away?"

"No, the other one—the little one. I take it to her every night."

Leo let him go. "Where is she?"

"She is only there," the boy said sullenly. "I don't know where she goes."

"Who took the young lady?" Beverly asked, but his question had no such effect as that of the hermit.

"I don't know," was the only answer.

"Let him take the food," Leo said; and the boy rose and disappeared among the trees.

XVII.

A SUDDEN thought came to Beverly, and he acted upon it.

"Go on to Carpath!" he called back to the men, and ran lightly up the hill after the boy.

He was not so nimble as that young man, but his legs were longer, and after a game of hide and seek, and a scrambling fall on the rocks, he overtook the youth, and held him.

"Take me to the ladies!" he said.

The German boy was shrewd in some ways, but he had had almost too much for his small brain to hold. "Did she tell you?" he asked stupidly.

"She planned it with me in the wood," Beverly boldly romanced. "Take me to them. I have important messages for them."

"Well, come along, then. Only she might have told me."

"You will have to learn that women do not tell everything they know. They like secrets."

"Oh, yes, they like them," the boy said in a disgusted fashion, as if he had been of age and experience. "She didn't tell me you had planned it. She told me how easy it would be, and gave me the money after she had thrown the scarf over the young lady's head and had her fastened. She's strong, that little woman."

"Yes, she is strong," Beverly agreed. He had such a sense of relief at discovering that it was the woman who had taken Elinor that his heart felt light. She would not be hurt, and he could take her away. Kings might take care of themselves. He would take her to Carpath, and would make such a stir that they would be compelled to release John Marr on whichever side the kingdom fell. If it became Lubona's government there might be some difficulty in doing it, but he had faith in the telegraph instruments.

The boy had no doubt of him whatever, as he had come alone. Carpathians appeared to be accustomed to traitors. They had only a short distance to go. Once or twice Beverly had looked back and listened for some trace of the king and Leo, but they had not followed.

As they crossed the hills back and forth, something in the place became familiar to Beverly, and he saw that he was before Leo's own house, seemingly empty and dark.

"She couldn't take the lady to my mother's house," the boy said apologetically, "and I brought them here. Father Leo was with you. Sometimes he stays away for a long time, and anybody who cares to may live in his house."

He went cautiously up to the door with his basket, and Beverly stood just behind him. As the wooden door was opened, Beverly seized the basket and made his way into the room, pushing the tiny figure of Linda Lubona out of his way. It was pitch dark, but she made no sound.

"Wait a moment, and I will strike a match," Beverly said calmly, while his heart pulsed with excitement.

There was no answer, no movement. If Elinor Marr was there, she made no sign.

Beverly took his match box from his pocket with trembling fingers, struck the wax vesuvian on the rough edge, and held up the tiny taper. It showed him the Carpathian woman standing with white, defiant face and shining eyes motionless before him. In the back of the room, on the couch where Leo was accustomed to sleep, was the form of Elinor Marr.

She lay on her side, her face away from him. Beverly took two long steps like leaps and was beside her, bending over her. He forgot everything now except that here was the woman he loved, that she was in danger and distress.

"Elinor!" he said, and put out his hand to touch her. But Linda Lubona took his arm.

"Why disturb her? She sleeps. She is exhausted."

"What have you given her?" he cried angrily. "How did you put her to sleep?" He bent down suddenly and put his face over the unconscious one on the rough linen pillow. A strong smell of chloroform came up to his nostrils.

He turned to the Carpathian woman. "You have killed her!" he said.

He took Elinor into his arms, and lifted her bodily. Her head dropped back limply on his arm, and he put a hand under it as he would have lifted an infant's head. Then, dashing to the door, he opened it and carried the girl out into the air, where he sat down on one of the stones of the old foundation. He could see the German boy still standing stupidly waiting.

"Bring me water!" he said. He was slapping the limp, white hands, and the cheeks, trying to think of some way to fight the poison.

Linda Lubona came and stood by him with the water.

"You need not be so disturbed," she said. "She has not had much. It would have worn off before this if she had not been so tired."

Beverly paid no attention to her. He dipped his handkerchief into the water and

pressed it down the girl's forehead and cheeks, talking to her, begging her to open her eyes. Once, when she stirred, he looked up at Linda.

"If she dies," he said solemnly, "I will kill you."

She only laughed back at him.

"She is not going to die. You should thank me for saving her from falling into the hands of—my husband. I do not want to kill her, but he shall not have her. I would sooner kill her than that!" she went on passionately. "I knew as soon as the boy told me that the Father Leo they speak of was my father, and lived here, that she would be safe here. Lubona will never dare come here. I would have told her, if I had had time. I would have told her when she awakened. She is a woman, and she might have understood."

"How much of this stuff did you give her?" he asked.

"I saturated the scarf I threw over her face with it."

"She may die! Elinor! My Elinor!"

He was trying to bring her back to consciousness by every means in his power, and still she lay, with the moon shining down on her white face and beautiful hair, limp, unconscious, but breathing. Beverly's hope almost died, and the long strain took away his fortitude. He drew the sweet head up against his breast, and the tears ran down his cheeks, while he felt that the end of all things had come for him. The air, and perhaps the change of position, started the working of the girl's paralyzed brain. She gave a long, gasping sigh, and her eyelids fluttered. Beverly let her head droop back to his arm, and looked at her anxiously.

"Elinor!" he said again, and her eyes opened wide and gazed into his with a terror that tore his heart.

"Where am I?" she said. "Oh, where am I?" Then she recognized the anxious face above her, and Beverly's heart seemed to melt in his bosom as he saw the look of relief that overspread her face. In it he read perfect confidence, but wonder.

"What happened?" she asked. "I thought I was put on a horse and carried away from you, and I could not scream." She spoke weakly.

"It was all a mistake," he said soothingly, as though she were a child. "Do not think of it. I will take care of you now. Nothing shall harm you."

"I thought you would find me," she said. She had not lifted her head from his arm, and she did not realize that he

was holding her across his knees. His face flushed hot at the fear of her start when her consciousness fully returned.

"Bring me some sort of a wrap," he said to Linda, who stood by.

The idea of a third person, the recollection that there was another world, brought her to herself with a shock. She made an effort and rose, sat up, saw where she was, and sprang to her feet.

"How—how could you?"

"Because there was no other way," he said humbly. "I had to carry you into the air, because—your life, your instant safety, meant more to me than all beside." He could not help it. She looked to him for excuse, for protection against himself. "Because I was wild with fear for you—for I love you."

She started to speak, but he stopped her.

"I did not mean to say it," he said. "Do not say anything to me. I will take you to Carpath, and, please God, safely out of this cursed country. Do not say anything to build a wall between us now. Forget what I said."

He was not looking at her, or he might have left his last words unsaid. There was that in her face which might have spared him many things in the coming days could he only have known it.

"Who brought me away? Not—that man?"

"It was a jealous, insane woman, Lubona's wife." It was better to tell her everything.

"His wife?"

"Yes. He married his cousin, the daughter of Father Leo, and deserted her. She was afraid you would fall into his hands, and she tried to get you away from him. On my soul, I believe that to be her only reason."

"But I cannot see her again. I cannot stay here with her. You—you will not leave me?"

"Do you think I came here to leave you? I will never leave you again until I can see you in safety."

"Until you take me to my father."

"I cannot promise that. Your father does not dream that you are in danger. He may be far away. But you shall be in safety."

She had come back to him, and stood resting her hand upon an old stone coping. She looked so white and tall and beautiful that it seemed to Beverly that the whole world must be able to see this radiant vision from any distance.

"Come back into the house. You must not stay here. Come."

"But Count Festin? Where is he?"

Beverly's sensitive ear caught a question between her words which awakened again his resentment against Boris. She seemed to say, "Where is he, that he is not here when I am in danger?" or so it sounded. But he should have his due.

"He started after you with me and Father Leo, but I left them, and by chance it was I who found you. He has important business in Carpath."

"But I fear he is not strong enough to travel far."

"It is not very far to Carpath," Beverly said dryly.

"He needs to be taken care of." There was a pause. "Can we go to Carpath, now?"

"To take care of Count Festin?"

"No—to be safe."

"It would be infinitely better to stay here tonight. You are safe here."

"I fear that woman." A shudder went over her. She was dizzy and weak.

"I will not leave you."

She looked at him now, and the moonbeams showed how worn and weary he was. His head and shoulders drooped from a weariness he could not control. For the first time she saw that this man might grow tired like others.

"You must sleep," she said. "I am not tired now. I will watch while you sleep. I will keep the boy and your pistol with me."

Beverly rose out of his lethargy and laughed.

"Come into the house," he said.

The little hut where Leo lived had been an outhouse, a combination office and store room such as is found on many country estates in Europe, and was common on the old plantations in America. It was divided into two rooms, one of which was small, and had only one window, high in the wall. Linda Lubona had seated herself on the doorstone, and now she arose like some tiny witch, as the two young people passed her by.

Beverly took the couch on which Elinor had been lying, pushed it into the small closet room, and hunted about until he found a candle. Giving Elinor this and some matches, he opened the door and let her pass in. Presently he saw the basket of food lying where he had dropped it when he entered. The coarse towel had fallen away from the fowls and bread and the bottle of milk, and the sight made him

ravenous. He knocked softly at the door, and asked Elinor if she was hungry. She came out and asked him what he had said.

He held up a chicken by its leg.

"Kingdoms may fall, but man must be fed. Are you hungry?"

She smiled and put her hands to her head.

"I am hungry, but my head aches."

He poured the milk out into a glass he found turned up on a shelf. Leo had kept some civilized manners of living in his hermitage.

"Drink this," he said, and he held the glass in his own hands while she put her lips to it and drank it like a child.

Linda Lubona sat in the doorway and watched them with a speculation growing in her cunning black eyes. If Lubona could only see them now, she argued in her distorted brain, he would care for this red haired girl no longer. He would make no further plots concerning her. It is the foolish idea of a jealous woman that the man she loves would come back to her if the fancy of the moment were destroyed. She is quite oblivious of the fact that she has wholly ceased to charm him, or he never would have left her at all. But feminine human nature will act on its fallacies, when it is bold enough, until the end of time.

After Elinor had gone into the little closet and closed the door, Beverly took a blanket, threw it over him, and lay down before the door. He was so weary that he had thought of nothing but seeing Elinor safe, and of the stern call for rest. But a thought struck him. He went to the door where Linda sat, and took her by the arm.

"Where is the chloroform?" he asked.

She looked up at him calmly.

"I used it all."

"I have a mind to tie you, so that you may do no more mischief."

"I have done you good service. I have brought this girl, who has evidently turned your head as she has that of every other man, to a place of safety, and I have allowed

you to appear as a rescuer in her eyes. She is not going to be hurt, nor are you. Go to sleep."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to watch here to see that your peaceful slumbers are not disturbed." She looked him squarely in the eyes. "Believe me, or not," she said evenly. "I do not wish to hurt you. You are not my enemy. I have had but one purpose in coming to you—to keep Lubona from marrying this girl. I intended to tell her of his villainies when she awoke, and if she cared for him—I could tell—I might have killed her. But she does not; she loves you. You are a fool if you do not see it. I intended to tell her that her father was going to be tortured. I intended to make her as unhappy as possible. Getting her here was not in my plans in the beginning, although I have carried that chloroform for her for a week. I was looking for her last night. Do you think I care who rules in Carpathia? Only Lubona shall not have her." She spoke like a veritable fury. Her eyes blazed cat-like in the semi darkness, and her tiny hands were clenched.

"You understand now, do you not," Beverly said soothingly, "that she would do nothing against you, that she hates Lubona?"

"I know she loves you. I could see it in her face when you talked there. I only want you to take care that Lubona does not see her again."

It may have been that there was something in her fury of jealousy which awakened an answering chord in Beverly's own breast. He had a nature that could vibrate to the primitive passions; and she had told him something which ran like wine through his veins. He left her and went back to lie down before Elinor's door, and in a moment was deep in the sleep of exhaustion.

But before he lost himself, he wondered who had helped Linda and the boy to bring Elinor to the house—and vaguely, what had become of the horses.

(To be continued.)



THE STORY OF A STORY.

"ARE you busy, Bert?" The editor of the *Epoch* turned to the associate editor. "It is a girl's letter, and a very indignant girl's letter. I'll read it."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'EPOCH.'"

"Sir:

"I have always understood that editors laugh at people who roll their manuscripts, but I sent you my story *flat*, as you are always advising in your notice to contributors, and you returned it *rolled*. Besides this, the number '8154' was marked on it *with indelible pencil*. I can't send the story out again unless I copy it. I haven't any typewriter, and if I had one I shouldn't know how to use it, and my hand gets so tired copying. I think it was a shame to spoil my nice looking manuscript, and I think you ought to do something about it. Please let me hear from you.

"Very truly yours,

"ELIZABETH HASTINGS PRATT."

The associate editor laughed. "Poor little thing, it was a shame to spoil her poor little story!"

"Poor little, poor little!" said the editor mockingly. "She may be eight feet tall, and old enough to be your mother."

"No, she isn't. She is young and plump and pretty, and she has dimples and be-seeching blue eyes. I insist that it was a shame to spoil her story."

The associate editor had the story on his mind, evidently, for a few moments later he asked, "What was the story? Do you know, Halsey?"

"Perhaps it was a 'pome'—'Lines to a Pet Kitten,' for instance."

"Nonsense. She called it a story. Where is the manuscript book? 'Pratt, Elizabeth H.'—'The Crime of Geoffrey Halsmere.' Humph! Rather tragic. Montgomery"—to the clerk—"did you roll that manuscript when you returned it?"

"Yes, it was so big that no envelope would hold it."

"You might have wrapped it. Halsey, don't you think we ought to make Montgomery copy the story on the typewriter?"

"Certainly, Bert, make him copy it, and you take the story to Elizabeth Pratt Hastings and make her acquaintance;" and the editor made a raid on a fresh pile of unsolicited manuscripts.

Bert, or more properly, Hubert Marsh,

dictated a letter to Miss Pratt, which promptly brought "The Crime of Geoffrey Halsmere" to be copied. Mr. Marsh stood over Montgomery while he did it, and when it was wrapped up, *flat*, it was put in the associate editor's desk till that gentleman saw fit to return it.

"Have you returned Elizabeth Pratt Hastings' story?" Halsey asked one day.

"Her name is Elizabeth Hastings Pratt," said Bert, putting a beautiful point on his lead pencil. "I think I shall deliver the manuscript on Saturday. I have to pass through her town on my way to Sister Anna's. I want to prove to you that E. H. P. is young, beautiful, and dimpled."

"I'll wager anything you like that she is tall, thin, and forty two."

"Make it a hat, if you don't mind; I shall want one soon."

"Done. Monday morning you will return quite chapfallen. I shouldn't mind having a hat myself."

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Hubert Marsh arrayed himself with even more than his usual care, and set out for Sister Anna's, intending to stop at Miss Pratt's and deliver the story. The neat maid who answered his ring told him that he would find Miss Pratt in the garden. He did. He found her not only in the garden, but in the hammock, and he wished that the editor could be there to see how pretty she was. After a moment, however, he felt quite resigned to his chief's absence.

"Pardon me, but the maid directed me here," Bert began, with his most engaging smile. "I am the associate editor of the *Epoch*, and as I was passing through your town, I thought I would leave your manuscript—to make sure that it did not get rolled again," he added playfully.

"Oh, then you have returned it!" Miss Pratt clasped her hands in tragic fashion. "I did so hope that something might happen to make you keep it. I should think you might have kept it. This may seem like a trifling matter to you, but it means a great deal to me. I need money so much." She slipped out of the hammock and stood before Bert in a supplicating attitude. "Why can't you print it? Is it so bad?"

Bert felt that he was in a tight place, and

he heartily wished that he had let Montgomery mail the story. But she was so pretty!

"Well, you see that sort of thing is not exactly in our line," he began lamely.

"What sort of thing? You print stories all the time. Is it too long, or too short, or too what?"

Decidedly, it was too what, Bert thought, as he remembered some of the description.

"Sit down, please, and tell me all about my little story. Take the big chair. Now we can be comfortable while we talk."

Comfortable! St. Lawrence on a grid-iron was in bliss compared with Bert in the easy garden chair, as he afterwards confided to the senior editor.

"What are the faults in my story? Isn't the writing plain? I couldn't afford to have it typewritten, but I copied it carefully with a stub pen and the best black ink."

"It was beautifully written, beautifully," said Bert, in a burst of enthusiasm. "But, you see, in considering a story, there are other things besides penmanship to be taken into account."

Mr. Marsh then launched into a learned disquisition on the short-story. In fact, the short-story was one of his hobbies. He always wrote it with a hyphen, to distinguish it from the story which is merely short, and he managed to speak it so that you knew the hyphen was there. He felt that he was talking well, but the unappreciative Miss Pratt pulled him up shortly and brought him back to a concrete example.

"But I want to know what is the matter with my story. It must be good. My aunts and uncles and all my relatives have read it, and my cousin, who took a prize in college for an oration, said it was immense."

Mr. Marsh mentally agreed with the cousin, and wished himself safe with Sister Anna.

"The truth is, Miss Pratt, that everybody cannot write a short-story. In fact, it is the hardest kind of writing. It takes longer to write a short-story than to write a long one. A famous writer said that he had not time to write a short-story." (Bert's hobby again.)

"Do you think I could write a long story? I have one four times as long as this. I should like to read it to you."

Mr. Marsh felt his hair rising at the prospect. He looked at his watch. "I fear I can't stop today, for I must make the four o'clock train. Otherwise I should be charmed to have you read the story to me."

"I'll send it to you, and perhaps you will like it better than the short one. I've got to write, so I shall keep on till some one takes my stories. I would rather have them printed in the *Epoch* than in any other magazine. I have got to succeed, for I must have money, and this is the only thing I can do."

"It needs money, therefore it must write. I wonder what it needs money for," thought Bert. She was well dressed, and all he saw of the house and grounds spoke of comfort and good taste. He could not tell her that she could never write, and he left her looking very disconsolate. He would have liked to stay and comfort her, but it would hardly have been conventional.

Three days later a manuscript was put on the associate editor's desk. It was from Miss Pratt, and was addressed to him. After it was duly entered and acknowledged, Bert placed it among other manuscripts on the senior editor's desk. Halsey could tell her the truth, Bert told himself. He could not break her heart. His breath came a little faster than usual, as he remembered her sitting in the sunshine and looking so unhappy over her story. He made marks on his blotter in an absent minded fashion, and wondered why she needed money so much. She had referred to it again in her letter. Bert had half a mind to straighten up her story, put some "go" into it, and publish it. But when Halsey came in he put the idea away.

"Hallo! Here is Elizabeth Hastings Pratt again, as good as ever. Bert, have you been encouraging her? What is the story this time? 'The Search for Sylvia Sherwood.' She goes in for alliteration. Now for a feast of reason and flow of soul. 'The sun was shedding his last rays upon a lowly cot, embowered by trees, behind which flowed a rivulet.' Got that, Bert?" And Halsey turned in his swivel chair. "Man, it's a prose idyl! Now what next? Something is bound to happen. 'A door opened and a youth sallied forth, bearing upon his brow the marks of anguish.' This is getting to be thrilling. Do you mind the youth with a brow?"

"Don't, Halsey. She isn't a bit of a fool, except on this one subject, and she is a good deal more than pretty."

"If she be not fair for me, what care I"—Bert, my son, I am afraid you are in love. I'll wager two hats that she sent this tale directly to you, and you put the job of reading it off on me. If you had told her, point blank, that she never can write, she wouldn't have sent this in. It's your affair,

so I turn the manuscript over to you. Take it back to her and plan for a serial; she will send one next time."

Mr. Marsh gloomily tucked the story away in his desk, wondering how Halsey had guessed so straight about the serial.

He wrote three letters next day, and tore all of them up. He finally despatched 'The Search for Sylvia Sherwood' with a brief note saying that he would pass through the town on the following Saturday, and would call and explain. On Monday he told Halsey of it, and that individual was wicked enough to cough sententiously.

"I told her," said Bert, as he straightened the pins on his cushion, "that she couldn't write, that the second story was even worse than the first, and that you said so."

"And she wept on your shoulder."

"No, she didn't. She was angry, mad. She said that she would prove to you that she could write. That was after I told her that you said she never could write. I couldn't tell her that I thought so too. Her eyes are so big and brown that a man couldn't say such a thing to her face. She is going to study style, and I made out a list of books for her to read."

"Exactly. And you are going to take them to her next Saturday, when you go to your Sister Anna's."

"Exactly. It is the best thing I could do, to set her to reading. While she is

studying she won't write, and after she has studied a while she will see that she can't write. It is an excellent plan."

"My Saturday class in journalism," Halsey murmured, as he went out to luncheon.

It was the usual thing for the editor to ask his associate on Monday morning how his class in journalism prospered. There had been no manuscript from Miss Pratt for several weeks, and he sometimes asked Bert when his pupil would graduate.

"Bert," the editor asked one morning, "did you ever find out why E. H. P. wanted money so badly? What did she want it *for*, rather?"

"Bicycle," said Mr. Marsh laconically. "You have had the fever yourself, and you ought to sympathize."

"I do. If I had known that she wanted the money to buy a bicycle I should have been tempted to buy the story. I supposed that she wanted money for extras, like bread and shoes, not for a necessity. Has she got her wheel yet?"

"Yes; that is, she has part of one. We have a tandem."

"A tandem!" Halsey got up and kicked the waste basket over. "If you have gotten so far as that, I suppose I may as well say, 'Bless you, my children.'"

"I don't mind if you do," said Bert, flushing a little.

Adelaide L. Rouse.

DIANA.

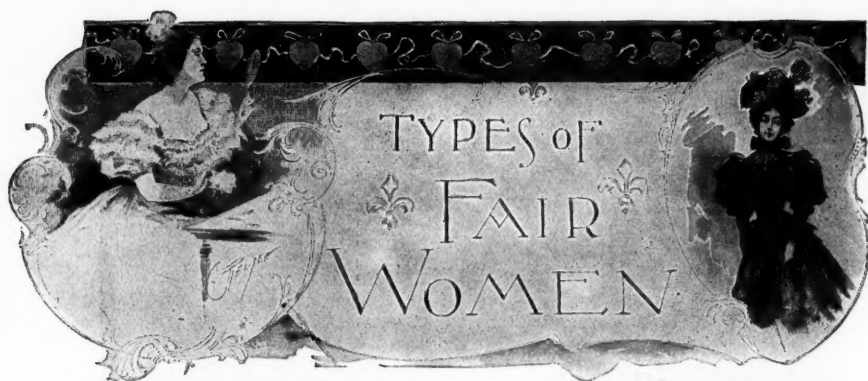
ONE swift caress, too sudden to be stayed,
And all the peeping world of gods and men
Have shared thy secret, pale, impassioned maid!
And Dian, huntress, free and unafraid,
In magic mail is never armed again.

Light Venus' smile, stern, silent Zeus' frown,
Men's magpie chatter, pierce thy pride for this—
That the cold queen of vestals once stooped down
From her white loneliness, Love's brow to crown
With one sad, sacred, all renouncing kiss.

Thus woman weakness strives with strength divine!
Oh, shame, to gaze within the sheltering grove
Where lips that scarcely touched love's tempting wine
Turned thirsting from the draft they must resign:
"Nay! not for Dian god's or mortal's love."

All vain! The trees have told, the zephyrs spied,
And linked forever with thy goddess name
The secret that thy woman's heart would hide.
Ah, graceless eyes that would not glance aside,
Be hers the honor, yours the immortal shame!

Louise Betts Edwards.



It takes a long time to kill a libel, and a longer to prove that an old charge, once true, is true no more. When a few writing foreigners had discovered America, in those early days when American discoveries were accepted somewhat as the reports of African explorers are received today, our American women were supposed to have been pictured for all time; preserved in good literature like flies in amber. The American girl has shown her radiant self to such advantage that her beauty and charm have been forced

upon the civilized world as a fact; but there are still certain classes of foreigners who believe that the American matron is a toothless, sallow creature, sitting in a hotel rocking chair and eating pickles.

Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens accomplished this for us when they pictured some phases of American life in the days when St. Louis and Cincinnati were frontier towns. Even our own—or once our own—Henry James added tints to the picture when he created *Daisy Miller's* mother. Mr.



Miss Alice Lee Moore.

From a photograph by Faber, Norfolk.



The Comtesse de Pourtales.

From a photograph by Thuss, Nashville.

James writes of America as Mr. Bret Harte writes of the Pacific Coast—through distorted memories which are half dreams. Their types remind us of Mark Twain's description of the Fenimore Cooper Indians as "an extinct tribe which never existed."

But the beautiful American girls of a decade or two ago, who married foreigners, have remained to show what an American matron is really like; and their friends who come to America with the right introductions find that there is no country on earth which can show a more splendid mature womanhood than America. For an example, where in all England is there a more admired young matron than Lady Randolph

Churchill? As Miss Jerome, she was brought up in the most brilliant society of her own country, and in all that other societies had to offer it. Her father, Leonard Jerome, and her uncle, "Larry" Jerome, were the most famous entertainers of their time. Every visiting foreigner of note was welcomed by them. It was at one of Mr. Jerome's dinner parties that his second daughter met young Randolph Churchill, brother of the late Duke of Marlborough.

Contemporary history tells the story of their married life. The young man became one of the best known figures in the political life of his country, and was most ably supported by the tact and cleverness of his

wife. She became one of the few friends of the queen, and everywhere commands the respectful admiration of her adopted country. Lady Randolph Churchill's eldest son is now a young man, and should the

in politics, but there are rumors that she may take up her labors again in the interest of a prominent American who has thrown in his fortunes with England, and who will probably make an effort to enter Parliament.



The Infanta Eulalia of Spain.

From her latest photograph by Bassano, London.

present Duke of Marlborough die without heirs, he would inherit the title. But his mother still retains the grace and charm that made her famous as a young girl.

Lady Churchill was formerly a prominent member of the Primrose League, that Tory society which was named after Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower. Since her husband's death she has given up any active interest

The Comtesse de Pourtales is another American girl who has married a title and has carried the fame of American womanhood into other countries. She was Florence Drouillard, and she inherits her beauty from a long line of famous American beauties of the Van Leer family. She has the large violet eyes, the creamy complexion, and the black hair, which show in all of the



Lady Randolph Churchill.

From her latest photograph by Downey, London.

ancestral portraits. It was while a young girl visiting her cousin, the Marquise de Charette, in Cannes, that Miss Drouillard met the Comte de Pourtales.

In 1893 we had an opportunity of seeing our own women contrasted with a royal princess who comes from a country renowned for its beautiful types. While the Princess Eulalia won the admiration of every one who came to know her, she was

anything but an American's ideal of a Spanish princess. Instead of possessing the black eyes, raven hair, and fiery spirit associated in the popular mind with an infanta of Spain, she was rather small, blonde, and vivacious. She was the guest of the United States during her visit to the World's Fair at Chicago. She is the aunt of the present king, and the daughter of the deposed queen, Isabella II.



Miss Mary Carolena Washington Bond.
From a photograph by Pierson, Elizabeth, New Jersey.



Mrs. Ogden Armour.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

It is not always the prerogative of royal princesses to be beautiful, outside of fairy tales, but the Crown Princess of Roumania might be a character from one of the poems of "Carmen Sylva," her husband's aunt. She is the granddaughter of rulers of two of the greatest nations of Europe. Her father, the Duke of Coburg, is the second son of Queen Victoria, and her mother was a daughter of Alexander II of Russia. Her marriage to the young Roumanian prince did not promise to be a very happy one. She was only seventeen, and her first wedding gift was a bundle of the love letters

her future husband had written to one of his aunt's maids of honor. The young man's fancy for Mlle. Vacaresco was one of those royal romances in which the historians of a more picturesque age would have delighted. But when the prince saw the lovely young bride who had been selected for him, all his foolish fancy for the maid of honor who had proven so unworthy was forgotten, and the romance finished in the most approved fashion.

If George Washington had allowed the colonists to make a king of him, we should have had one royal princess in America

who would have been as fair a sight for an admiring populace as any who sit in the light of thrones. Miss Mary Carolina Washington Bond, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is the great great granddaughter of General Washington's eldest brother, Colonel Sam-

intermingled. Miss Moore, one of the girls who are the pride of the Old Dominion, is the great granddaughter of Charles Lee, the first attorney general of the United States. Miss Moore is petite, fair, and full of wit and gaiety.



The Crown Princess of Roumani

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.

uel Washington. Colonel Washington married Anne Steptoe. Their son's wife was Lucy Payne, sister to the famous Dolly Madison, and his daughter, who married Lieutenant Parkell of the United States navy, was Miss Bond's grandmother. Miss Bond has a very decided dramatic talent, and this, combined with her beauty, causes her to be in constant demand for amateur entertainments.

Miss Bond's ancestors were the friends of Miss Alice Lee Moore's, of Norfolk, and here and there the two family trees have

The foreigner who visits America often knows our great West better than it is known by Eastern people, and he is apt to make comparisons—not always well informed ones—between the women of the two sections. A lately departed nobleman quoted Mrs. Ogden Armour, of Chicago, as the highest representative of American womanhood he had met, and read long lessons upon the broadening effect of the limitless land and vast lakes amid which she had been born. As a matter of fact Mrs. Armour was an Eastern girl, from



Miss Dorothy Levy.

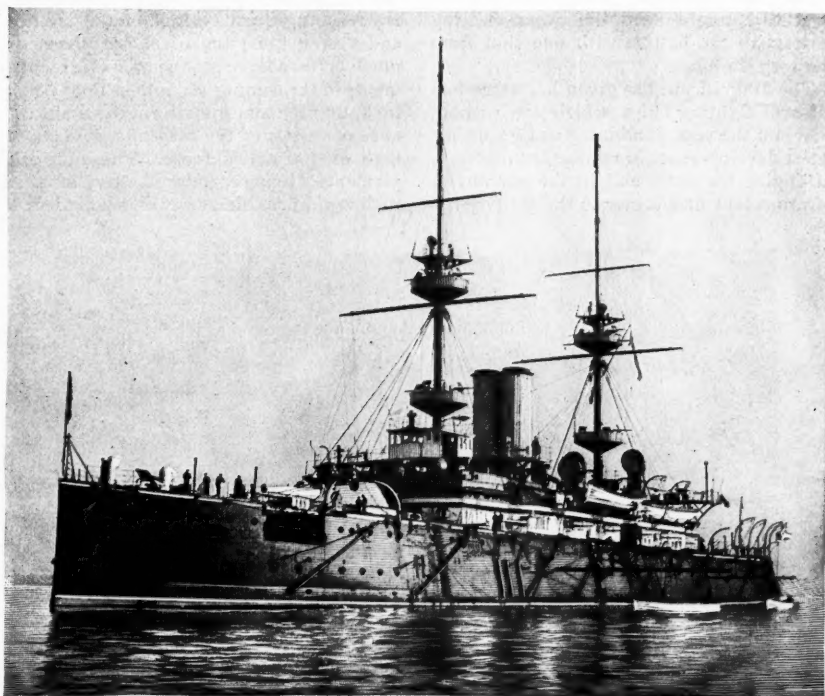
From a photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.

Suffield, Massachusetts, that land of Yankeeedom, and when she went to the West she took the cultivation that the thrifty Puritans have developed from generation to generation, together with a receptiveness which let the "limitless land and vast lakes" do their best for her.

Mrs. Armour's home is one of the great ones of Chicago. She cares little for general society, but entertains magnificently when in the course of social events it becomes fitting to do so. Her picture gallery and her collection of miniatures are famous in

that city of millionaires, which boasts of its Rembrandts as well as of its railroads.

Milwaukee has lately welcomed home again one of her prominent citizens, whose daughter, Miss Dorothy Levy, has become at once an undisputed social leader. Miss Levy's whole social life, up to this time, has been spent in Paris. She can hardly be called a Western girl, although she was born in Milwaukee and stayed there long enough to absorb the brilliant sunshine of that Northern city, and reflect it in her own beauty. She was educated abroad.



The British Battleship "Magnificent."

From a photograph by West, Southsea.

TYPES OF MODERN WAR SHIPS.

THE TREMENDOUS FIGHTING POWERS OF THE IRONCLAD MONSTERS OF THE SEA, AND THE TYPES THAT NAVAL SCIENCE HAS SPECIALIZED—BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN NAVIES.

THERE is hardly a department of human activity where such marked contrasts are to be found as in the navies of the world. To "keep track" of the different classes of war vessels, and the uses to which they are to be put if occasion should ever call for their services, is a task sufficient to puzzle the average man. He leaves it to those whose profession leads that way, or whose interest in the romance of the sea has not been blotted out by the passing of the white wings of the days of Nelson, and Hoche, and John Paul Jones, and the incoming of the floating fort with its kettle of boiling water for motive power, and its death dealing rapid fire gun for armament.

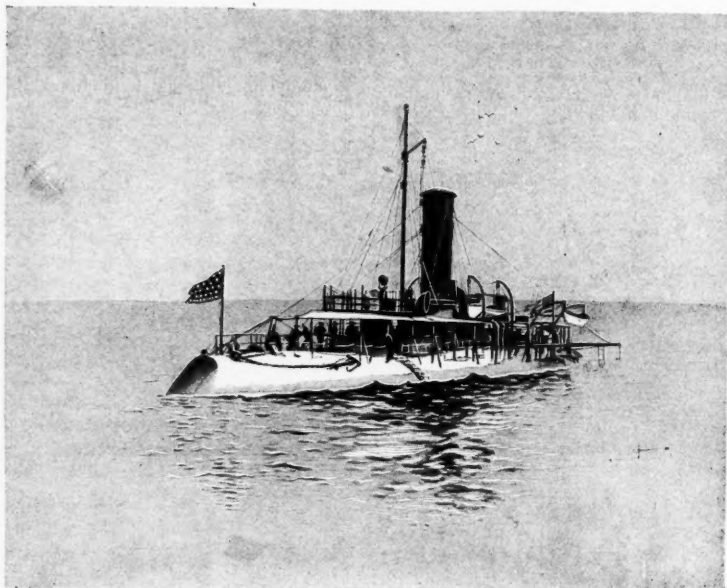
One feature of the change from the old to the new, and one that the practical man of dollars is wont to consider, is the enormous difference in first cost, as well as in

subsequent running expenses, between the wooden walls with which our forefathers settled their marine disputes, and the ships which a deep water fight of today would call into action. But with the increase in national wealth the question of increased cost cuts a slight figure, dollars or pounds not being considered when strength and speed are objects in view. With Great Britain staggering under a naval budget aggregating \$100,000,000 for the current year, and trying her best to maintain a navy equal to any two which might combine against her, the two extremes of the British sea arm form interesting types for study. Not more marked is the contrast between Nelson's old flagship, the *Foudroyant*, and the modern *Magnificent*, than between the latter day battleship and the tiny but speedy and spiteful *Lightning*, in-

tended to catch and destroy the torpedo boat that might send the great floating fortress to the bottom with one shot from her torpedo tubes.

The Magnificent has given her name to a class of fighting ships which are without peers on the seas, combining as they do the latest developments in marine architecture, in engine building, and in the adaptation of armament and armor to the purposes it

used in the service of batteries which, while not reaching the maximum of the hundred and eleven ton guns of the Benbow, are much better adapted to the probable requirements of the coming sea fight. Four twelve inch, or fifty ton, guns form the main reliance of vessels of the Magnificent class, for both offense and defense. These are supplemented by a secondary battery of 12 six inch rapid fire rifles, 16 twelve pounders, 12



The American Ram "Katahdin."

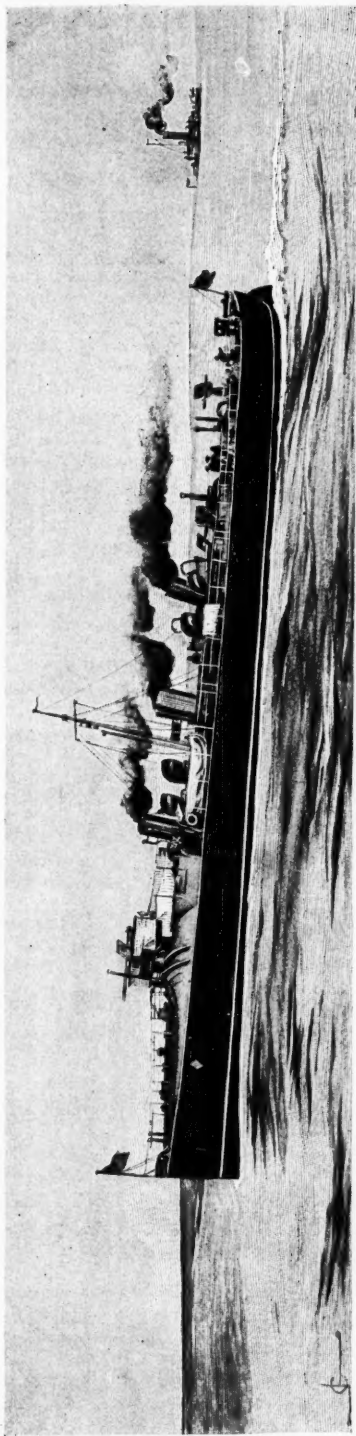
Drawn by J. M. Gleason from a copyrighted photograph by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn.

is desired to carry out. With her 390 feet of length, and 75 feet beam, her displacement, or floating weight, is 14,900 tons, and her keel is twenty seven feet six inches below the surface of the water. Inside her steel walls, which range in thickness from fourteen to nine inches, is a maze of powerful, intricate, and costly machinery, the principal portion being her twin screw engines, which develop 12,000 horse power, and drive her along at the rate of seventeen and a half knots (a little more than twenty miles) an hour. Electric light engines, engines for running fans, hoisting ammunition, making ice, operating turrets, steering the ship, and all the other uses to which marine engines can be put, swell the total of her steam users to more than a hundred, and make her almost as much a machine shop as she is a fighting machine.

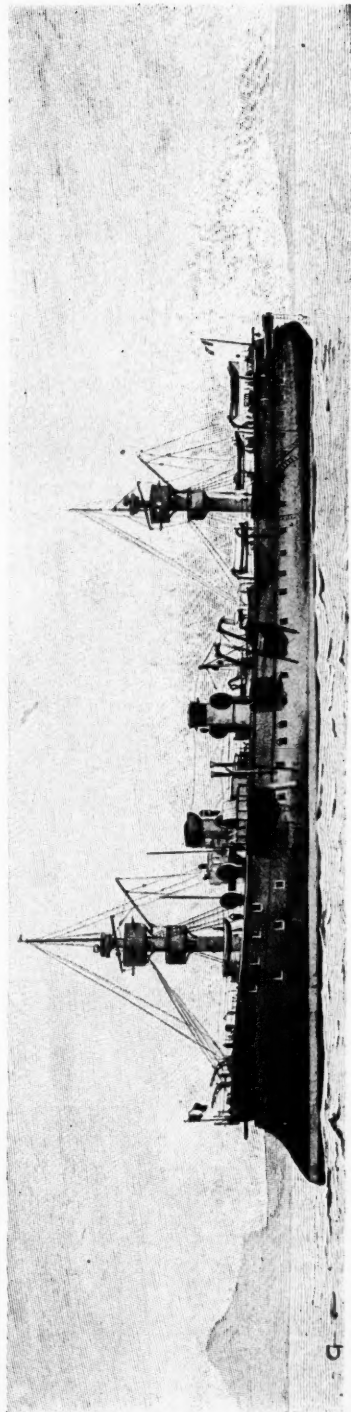
All this tremendous power and speed is

three pounders, and 8 machine guns, mostly of the Hotchkiss type or a modification of that style of weapon. Five torpedo tubes, four of which are submerged, carrying eighteen inch Whitehead torpedoes, complete this terrible array of implements of destruction.

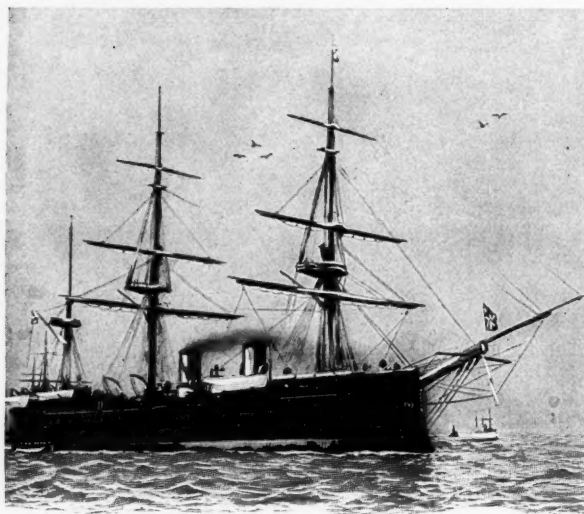
With the Magnificent, Majestic, Mars, Prince George, and others of the class as the champions of England's main line of naval battle, a widely contrasting type is represented by the swarm of small ships known as torpedo gunboats, or torpedo boat destroyers, which constitute the "mosquito fleet" of the great navy. With the swiftness of their attack, and the terribly destructive effects of their operations, the vessels of the Lightning class form a powerful auxiliary to the larger and slower moving craft. Built to fight and run away, they combine all the elements of speed and light-



The British Torpedo Destroyer "Lightning."
Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by West, Southsea.



The French Cruiser "Jean Bart."
Drawn by J. M. Gleeson from a photograph by Johnson, New York.

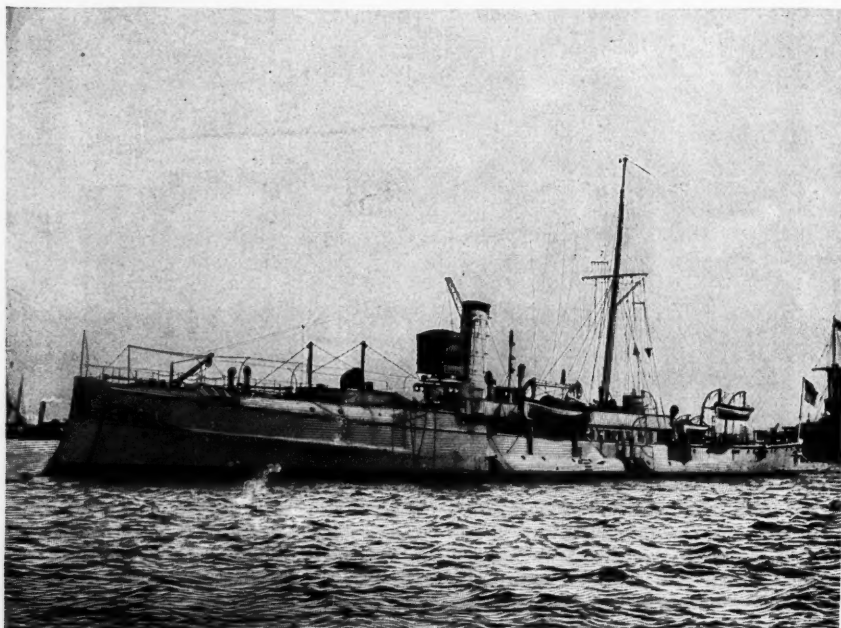


The Russian Cruiser "Dimitri Donskoi."

Drawn by J. M. Gleason from a photograph by Johnston, New York.

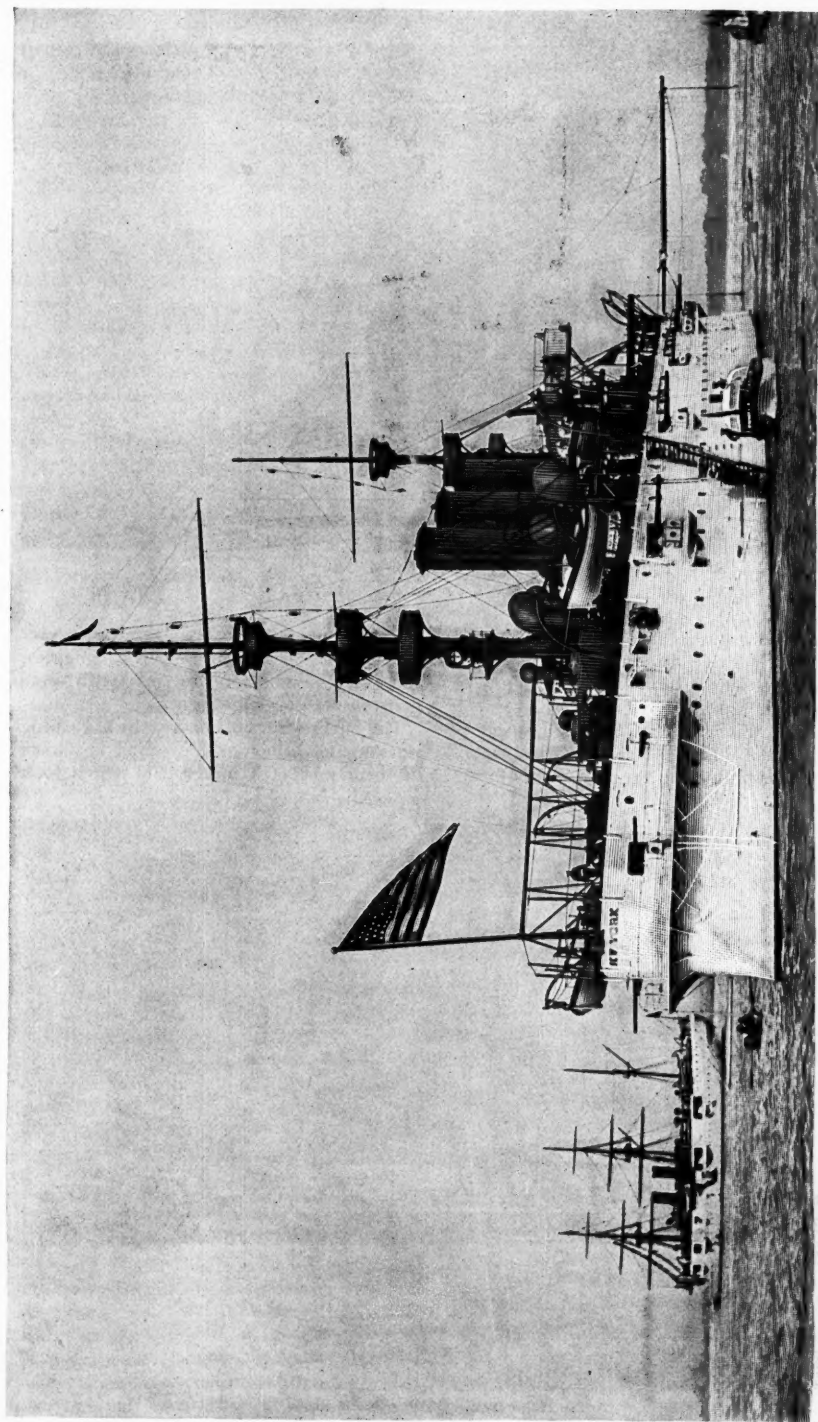
ness. Their guns are not expected to do more than pierce the thin shells of boats of their own size, while their torpedoes are intended to blow up an enemy's big ships even at the cost of their own existence.

That these boats are considered a good investment is shown by the fact that England already has more than two hundred of them afloat, and there are many more provided for under the latest appropriations. They are nearly all of the same size, the *Lightning* being 200 feet long, with a breadth slightly under 20 feet, and a depth of only 6 feet 5 inches under water. Their comparatively small figures of size do not prevent the stowing away in the fragile shells of engines running twin screws and developing anywhere from 3,500 to nearly 5,000 horse power, and a speed of from 26 to 30 knots an hour. It is claimed for some of these boats that they are the swiftest craft afloat. They carry two and sometimes three

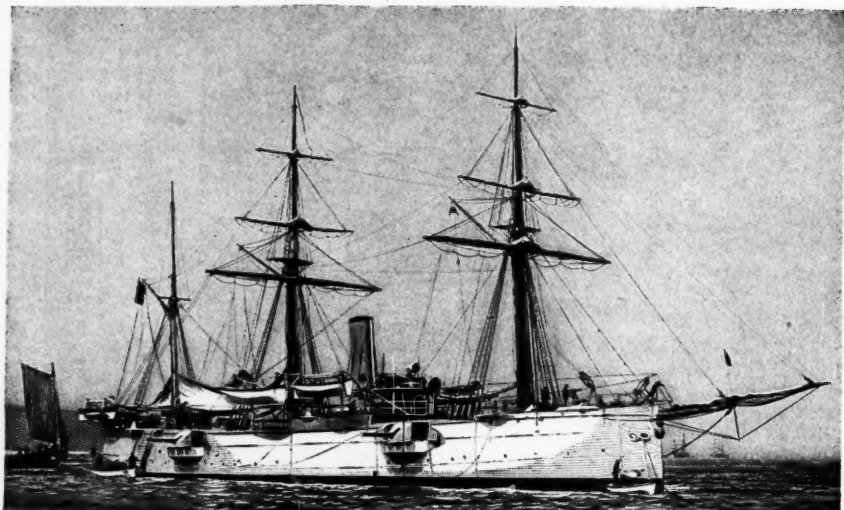


The German Despatch Boat "Jagd."

From a photograph by West, Southsea.



The American Cruiser "New York."
From a photograph—Copyright, 1899, by C. E. Butler, Brooklyn.



The Spanish Cruiser "Infanta Ysabel."

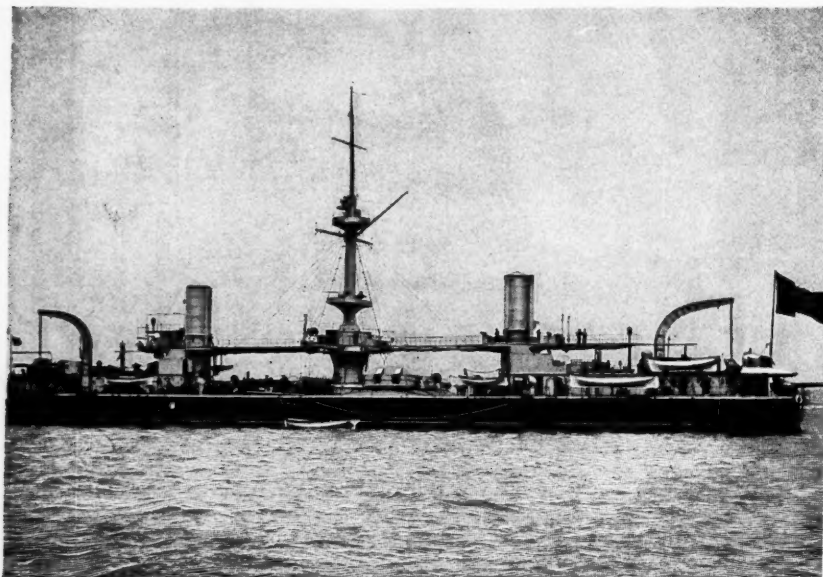
From a photograph by Johnston, New York.

torpedo tubes, and their gun fire is limited to the single twelve pounder each carries, backed up by five guns throwing shots of six pounds' weight.

One peculiar result of the high speed at which these little fighters travel is the necessity for protecting the eyes of the officers

and men on board. The admiralty provides each officer with one pair of goggles, and every member of the crew with three pairs.

The effectiveness of boats of the Lightning class against others of their kind is shown by the report of a target trial which took



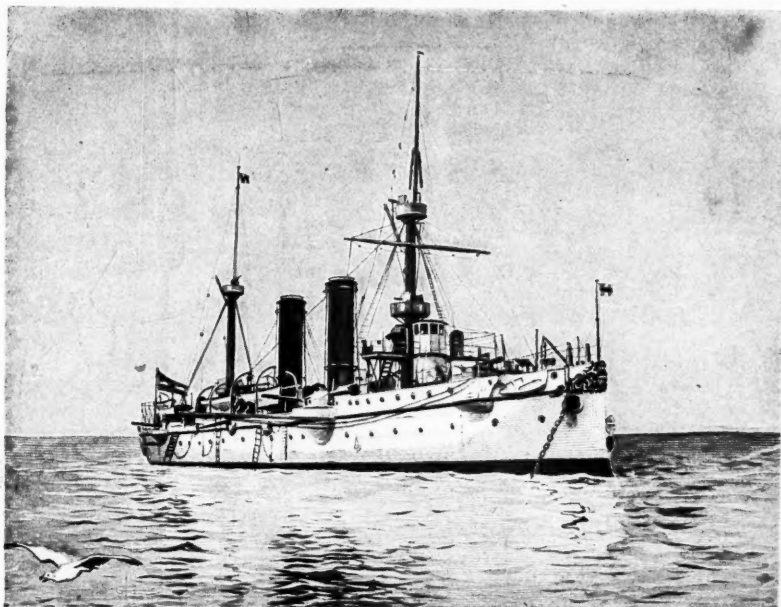
The Italian Battleship "Ruggiero di Lauria."

From a photograph by West, Southern.

place not long ago. A specially constructed target, made to resemble as nearly as possible a first class torpedo boat, was placed in the center of a circle, the circumference of which was marked with buoys at a distance of 3,500 yards. With a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour the destroyers steamed, bows on, toward the target, the twelve pounder opening fire at a distance of 1,100 yards, the lighter guns at a smaller range.

actively slow going, and thickly armored battleships on the one hand, and on the other the light heeled, triple screw commerce destroyers like the Columbia and Minneapolis.

There is no ship afloat, of her size and tonnage, which could whip the Indiana in a fair fight. This is a sweeping statement. It means that American designers, ship-builders, and engineers, have turned out



The Argentine Cruiser "Nueve de Julio."

Drawn by J. M. Gleason from a photograph by Johnston, New York.

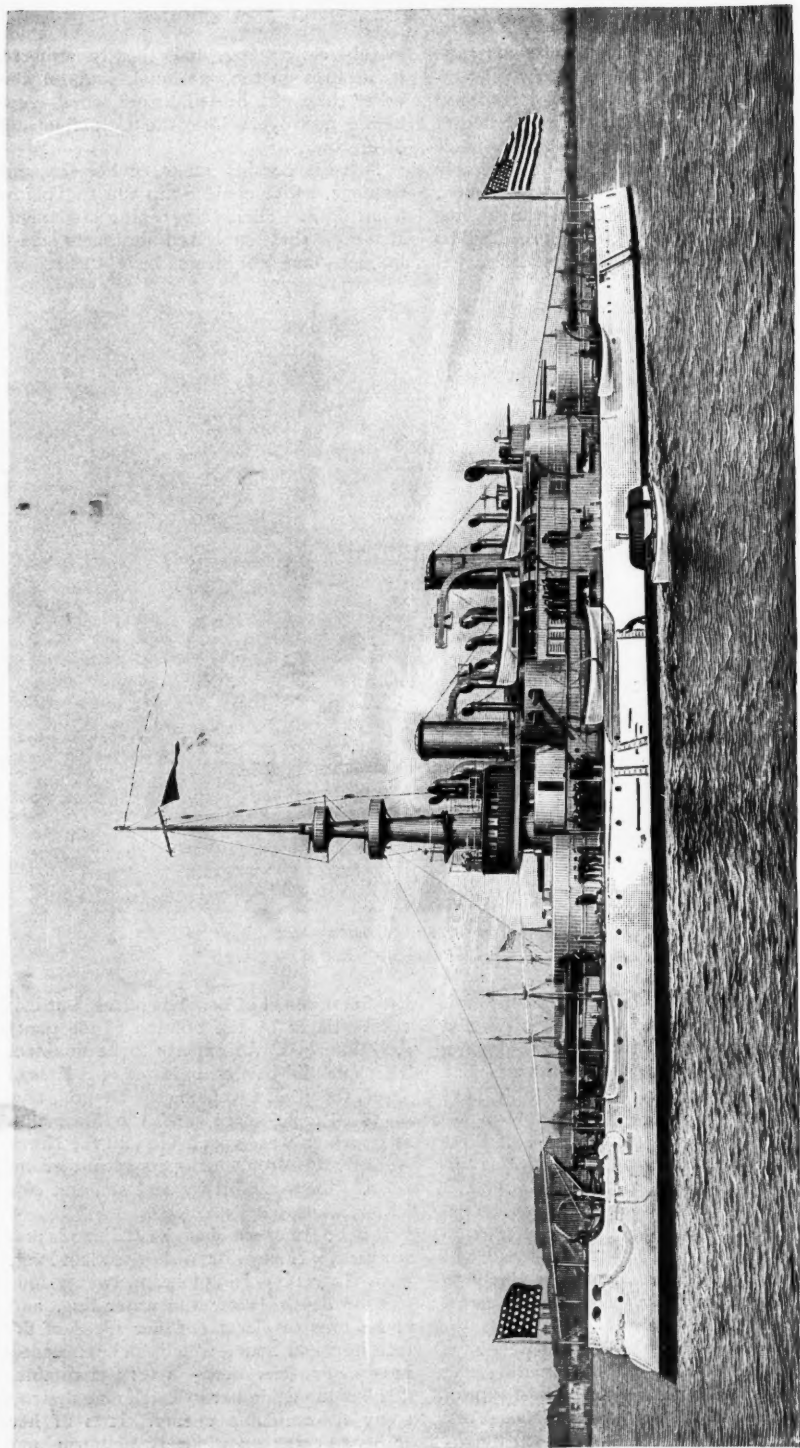
An average of six discharges a minute was maintained, and it was shown that even at the greater distance, with the vessel going at full speed, the number of hits was such that no torpedo boat could possibly have survived the attack.

When it is considered that one of these vessels could sink a ship like the Magnificent and go down herself in the attack, a cold blooded calculation shows that the nation investing \$350,000 and fifty men to destroy an enemy costing \$5,000,000 and carrying nearly six hundred men, is likely to win in an extended contest of naval strength.

In the navy which the United States have now been thirteen years constructing, the Indiana is recognized as the highest type of the battleship class, while the New York is the medium between the heavy, compar-

the finest vessel of her class afloat; but it is substantiated by the opinion of too many well known naval experts to be doubted. This splendid battleship is one of a class of three, the other two being the Oregon, now on the Pacific Coast, and the Massachusetts, which was expected to join the North Atlantic squadron during its recent evolutions. She was built by contract, and cost a little more than \$3,000,000.

It is not in speed that the Indiana is pre-eminent, although for a ship 340 feet long, with sixty nine feet of beam, twenty four feet of depth below the water line, and 10,200 tons displacement, her speed of fifteen knots an hour—which can be exceeded in case of special need—is very creditable, and would enable her to catch and destroy many a formidable enemy. It is in her ability to carry on a steady platform, and



The American Battleship "Indiana."
From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by William H. Ros, Philadelphia

handle with terribly destructive effect, her battery of four thirteen inch guns, each weighing sixty tons, and throwing a shot weighing 1,100 pounds to a distance of eleven miles, sending it through eight inches of steel at that range, that her strength lies. These guns, the largest in use in the American navy, are seconded by 8 guns of eight inches caliber, 4 of six inches, 20 throwing a six pound shot, 6 throwing a one pound shot, and four Gatling guns, which hail a storm of bullets upon the decks of an enemy.

The Indiana is not so pretty to look at as some of her companions in the squadron. She was built to fight, and fight she can, to an extent of which her commander, "Fighting Bob" Evans, is fully aware. Through an arrangement of the big guns which permits of their being trained on the same side, her broadside hurls, at one discharge, a weight of nearly 6,000 pounds of metal.

One of the best known vessels of the American navy is the armored cruiser New York, the flagship from which Rear Admiral Francis M. Bunce directs the movements of the North Atlantic squadron. With her 6 eight inch and 12 four inch guns, and her speed of more than twenty one knots an hour, she is a powerful adjunct to the slower but more weighty Indiana and Massachusetts. A feature of the New York is her enormous engine strength compared with her weight, the Indiana developing 9,000 horse power on 10,200 tons displacement, while the flagship runs up to 17,000 horse power on a displacement of 8,200 tons. The New York is the "show ship" of the fleet, and is generally the first one to which visitors go when they want to see how "life on the ocean wave" looks from the deck of a man of war.

Naval history has much to say of the destructive effects of the ram as a marine weapon, from Lissa down to our own civil war, and to the sinking of the British iron-clad Victoria by her sister ship the Camperdown. In 1888, Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen, a great believer in the power of the ram, drew plans for a harbor defense vessel of a peculiar model; and a year later Congress authorized its construction. It was a radical departure from all accepted types of war ships, and as the original plans have not been followed there has been much discussion as to the Katahdin's ability to do the work for which she was intended. Her deck is an arch of steel, and she is intended to be partly submerged when attacking an enemy. Her peculiar point, outside of her

generally strange appearance, is her formidable ram head of cast steel. In reality the vessel is an automatic aquatic projectile of 2,183 tons, driven by a double set of engines at a speed of fifteen knots an hour, and intended to deliver a blow on the hull of a ship equivalent to 50,000 foot tons.

It has been found, however, that she will not be submerged sufficiently, even when at fighting trim, to get below the heavy armor belts of the big British ships; and naval officers are not slow in asserting that under these conditions she is a failure. Alterations are now being made on her which, it is expected, will go far toward remedying this defect.

Two ships which attracted much attention during the naval parade in New York waters, four years ago, were the French protected cruiser Jean Bart, and the Russian armored cruiser Dimitri Donskoi. The French ship was prominent on account of her dark, grim, forbidding aspect, and her general appearance of having been built strictly for business. Nothing appeared above her decks save two heavy military masts, carrying machine guns, and two low, squat smoke funnels; and she floated sufficiently high in the water to show the huge ram bow with which she is fitted. Yet she is not intended for heavy fighting, being designed as a commerce destroyer, her speed, 19 knots an hour, on a displacement of 4,100 tons, revealing her class.

The Dimitri Donskoi is a peculiar combination. She was the only full rigged ship in the naval parade; and although technically known as an armored cruiser, her belt is only six inches thick, and her battery is unprotected, save by shields. She is one of the vessels on which was tried the experiment of placing a sheathing of copper outside the steel of which her hull is built, but this idea has since been abandoned.

Germans have devoted considerable attention to what is known as the *aviso* class of war vessels, small, light, protected ships, of small weight and high speed. Of these the Jagd, of 1,240 tons displacement and 4,000 horse power, with a speed of twenty knots, is an example. Ships like the Jagd are not expected to decide the main issues of a sea fight, but are valuable as scouts and cruisers, attacking the medium weight ships of an enemy, and keeping them away from the thick of a battle.

Two of the most formidable fighters afloat are the Italian vessels Ruggiero di Lauria and Francesco Morosini. They are sister ships, a little larger than the Indiana, carrying an armor belt eighteen inches

thick, and claiming a speed of seventeen knots. Their great guns were built by Armstrong, in England, and weigh 105 tons each, four being mounted on each vessel. A shot from one of these huge sixteen inch rifles would go through almost any armor carried by an enemy's warship.

The Infanta Ysabel, of the Spanish navy, and the Argentine Nueve de Julio, are examples of the lighter class of cruisers, of which the smaller navies chiefly consist.

Neither of them is armored. The Spanish vessel has a speed of only fourteen knots, and carries four heavy guns. On the other hand, the Argentine cruiser is remarkable for her high speed, nearly twenty three knots, but her gun power is only moderate. Her main battery consists of four six inch rapid fire rifles, and the fact that she has five torpedo tubes places her nearer the class of torpedo gunboats than cruisers designed to take part in a pitched battle.

A. H. Battey.



WHAT OF THE SHIP?

SEA gull, sea gull, over the rip,
The rip where the breakers throng;
Sea gull, sea gull, what of the ship
I've waited for so long?

Sea gull, sea gull, lithe her spars,
White as your wings each sail;
And never soldier rode to the wars
As she to the shrieking gale.

Sea gull, sea gull, clear his brow,
Keen as your own his sight,
As he lays her true on her course—I trow
You've met him in your flight.

Sea gull, sea gull, here I wait.
Had he ne'er a word for me?
Sea gull, sea gull, what of his fate
Since last he put to sea?

Sea gull, sea gull, shrill your cry!
Poised on the autumn air,
What do your piercing eyes descry
Deep in the sea out there?

* * * *

Sea gull, sea gull, over the rip,
The rip where the breakers throng;
Sea gull, sea gull, what of the ship
I've waited for so long?

Gustav Kobbé.

ALCYONE—A BREEZE FROM THE WEST.

THE throng of attendants at the scientific lecture were coming leisurely into the National Museum that Saturday afternoon. The sightseers were beginning to depart from the building, knowing that it was near closing hour. One remained—a woman who stood gazing at the white model of the Goddess of Liberty, looming up from the basin which once surrounded a little fountain in the rotunda of the museum.

It seemed as if the woman were regarding herself perpetuated in the white clay, the two were so nearly alike—two women of liberty. The wild sweeps of the West showed in each clean curve of the living woman. Fostered by freedom, by fresh air, by wild runs over the prairies, she had grown to be such a woman as one seldom sees in this age. The animal beauty of her form was lit by the intellectual beauty in her face. She stood in earnest and critical study of the white figure, with something of a smile and something of a tear meeting in the expression of her features.

"It is cramped," she said to herself; "I do not like it here. It seems to ask my pity; and I feel as though I could pity it, inanimate thing though it is. It seems to be a symbol of myself, such as my life is now—cramped and narrow. I like it better as it is on the dome of the big white Capitol, looking over the beautiful city and across the river to the hills beyond. I would like to see it out on the broad prairies, as free as I once was. But how foolish of me to have tears in my eyes for a mere piece of clay, just because it was meant for freedom and is narrowed down to walls! I must be getting on to that afternoon recital—it means a dinner and a breakfast for me, and part payment of a place to lay my head. Oh, Ralph, did you think I would come to such a hopeless place while you lived? I dare not think of it—I would not have you know it for all the world—you are unhappy enough, God knows!"

A woman, young and beautiful, with a talent of her own, and yet almost starving in a city where little of the very lowest depths of life is shown. If any one looked for a complaint from this woman, if any one knew she was in sore straits, that evening

in the late spring, it was not because she wished them to know. She bore her sorrows in Spartan silence. Hungry looks came into her eyes when these stranger people spoke to her of her Western home; hungry looks for the fresh air and the free hours she enjoyed when she could leave the every day drudgery behind her; hungry looks when she saw happy lovers walking through the shaded streets, ignoring everything but each other, looking as though the world but encompassed two; hungry looks and envious, when from her twenty five cent seat in the upper gallery of a theater she watched some celebrated actress. But what mattered all these? She was born in obscurity, and nursed among uncongenial, common people; she had gone astray in matters of the heart, and why should she expect that the world would be made smooth for her more than for any other unhappy woman?

Alcyone Prosper was the daughter of the keeper of a prairie hotel. Her people were common, well meaning folks, but it was one of the queer tricks of the fates that she should come among them—beautiful, high minded, and with the fire of genius burning in her young soul. The divine light did not come upon her all at once; it smoldered long and then broke into flames. The prairie was her first love. It was the only thing that made her life at all worth the living. She was a part of it and yet not a part of it. One hour she would wait on her father's straggling guests and slave around the hotel. When the next hour brought her welcome freedom, she mounted her mustang and scurried over the plains, cutting the deep grasses and the blue air as she flew, her sunshiny hair waving like golden ripples behind her.

When she was quite young she used to recite and dance for the men who chanced in at her father's place. As she grew older she seemed to make this a part of her life, and the spirit with which she declaimed would turn the hearts of her listeners cold, coarse grained as they were, or make them bubble with fire.

Once a band of stranded actors came that way. Partly to pass the time and partly to pay their way at the hotel, they gave a little

play in the barn. Crude though the performance was, Alcyone never recovered from its effects. A heavy snow storm set in, and several of the actors lingered at the hotel; and before the thaw came, and they departed, the harm was done. Alcyone was stage struck. She seemed dignified and glorified from the hour one of the actors told her that her rendering of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" showed that she was a born actress, and would some day be a great one.

A change came over her. She worked harder than ever, but scarcely spoke to the people about her. She never recited for her father's guests; they cared for common things, and she was going to pass from common things. She studied late at night. During the day when her hours of freedom came, she took long rides on her mustang with a volume of Shakspeare tied to the saddle. Over the plains, to the bluffs beyond, she would fly—ambition beating like some wild bird within her brain and warming her young heart. The bluff was now her stage, the long grasses and the cropping herds her audience—and she was a star actress.

When she was twenty one, she asked her parents for the small sum of money her grandfather had left her. They gave it with little protest, thinking she needed it because of her promise to marry one of the young men who called on her quite frequently. They seldom questioned her. If she worked hard, that was all they asked of her. She was their property until she married or reached the age of twenty one. They had other children, all of whom they regarded in the light of helpers, not children to love and cherish.

A few days after Alcyone received her money she disappeared. The man whom they thought she would marry knew nothing of her whereabouts. He told them, too, that the girl was too high strung for him; when he married, he said, it would be one who did not expect to receive any better treatment, or be kept any better, than the rest of squaws.

After a time a letter came from her. She was in Chicago, studying for the stage. Her people stormed at first, but could do nothing but await events. Her letters grew less frequent, and they learned that she had joined a company and gone on the road. She was away three years. Then she came back, penniless, changed, and took up her old work of washing dishes and waiting on the men.

She had learned, during her absence, to

despise everything about her old home but the prairies and the free things that roamed them. She took her position as a servant with protest in her hot young heart, but faced it well before her audience. She had learned to school herself in her lessons of the stage. She did not speak of lovers or conquests, but yet no man dare approach her. Her manner was enough to freeze the most ardent admirer.

Yet when all deemed her cold and without heart, she was then most deeply lost in the love dream that had come to her during her absence. She longed for the man of that passing dream; she looked for him, yet chid herself for doing so, for it was wrong. But the prairies were so cold that winter, life was so unkind; was it wrong to be glad when he did come?

One day, in the midst of a snow storm that swept over the plains, a man came to the hotel. He was from Chicago, a handsome fellow, who said he had missed his way in the storm. He stayed at the hotel for a week, was a cheerful companion, and won his way into the hearts of all the rough prairie people. He seemed to win Alcyone's heart, too, as none before had ever won it. They were as intimate as if they had known each other half their lives. They read together over the roaring fire while the north winds whistled out of doors; they discussed books, and she recited for him and those around her. The home people were electrified. What action she had, how she made them shiver and weep and then smile again through the tears that shamed them! Why was it she had failed—why did she come back to them? They could not understand.

After the good looking stranger left, she grew more moody than ever. She took longer rides on her mustang, spoke less to those around her, and in return received scant courtesy, for they imagined that she was proud, and would be pleasant to none but "city folks." She endured that life for a little while, and then, at the suggestion of the local Congressman's wife, she went to Washington. She was introduced into this lady's social circle, recited at her receptions; she tried to teach physical culture, and gave a few lectures on the woman question. She met a great many people who liked her, and tried to help her; but those who were most inclined to do so were the least able. She was greatly admired by the Congressman, and by some of his colleagues, whom he presented to her, thinking that they might be able to use influence in her behalf. She had a hard, rough time.

It was a struggle to keep up appearances, and look happy and well fed, when she had nothing but a disappointed heart and an empty purse.

She had been but a year in Washington when she was on the ragged edge of want. She had promises enough to delight the fancies, but nothing substantial. One day a member of Congress, whom she had frequently met, called on her at her studio. He had a government position open for her; her tasks would be light, the place would pay her well, and she would be able to make a much better appearance in the circles to which she recited. He was very anxious to set her on her feet—so he said. But the man had his condition. When he left her studio he had the red mark of her beautiful white hand across his purple cheek.

She locked her door and gave vent to her despair and indignation.

"Oh, God, is there no help for women with beauty and ambition and poverty—no fence to keep these things off? Is it over such thorns we must climb? Oh, how I have suffered—Ralph, Ralph! Always battling against my environments—the crude people of the plains, the coarse men that came under my father's roof, on whom I had to wait hand and foot! I ran away from that—and after meeting many, at last found one who was my equal mentally and physically. I loved him, and he loved me. We were equals morally, then—for we loved wrongly. But I refused to listen to the cry of our hearts—to his plea for happiness; that we loved was not of itself a wrong, but that we should own it and live it would be one. He had wealth, he pleaded—there was the Old World to go to, to enjoy, to be happy in. A king and queen were we, with plenty of kingdoms to enter. But I could not go—I could not! I knew that we were to meet and know and love each other—but there I bade fate stop. I flew back from him to the prairies—to sordidness and comparative safety. There I felt myself growing cold and hard like my associates. I once cut a man for daring to kiss me—he never told it, neither did I. I could have killed him that night; he kissed me where Ralph's lips last rested—his poor last kiss, the kiss of renunciation.

"Then I came here to work out my career. I have toiled, tramped, scraped, planned, gone through long, sleepless nights, almost starved to see my ambition be rewarded—to forget what I have let go—to be good and true—and to what end? I held my hungry heart and waited, only to meet what is the tenth insult I have received

since men have known of my straits. Was I right to send my own love away—the light of my dark and stormy life?"

The tall, willowy form swayed in agony as she knelt by her couch. Hot tears coursed down the velvety cheeks; she forced her pink nails into her palms. The world seemed one great black slate of unanswerable problems. She knew that she must do one thing or the other—go to Ralph, as he had begged her, as she would do if her heart led her, or go back to the hotel on the plains and to dishwashing, as her father warned her she should do if she came back again.

Oh, how that great love's rosy wings shone out against the dull, narrow life on the brown prairies! How it warmed her soul, how it beckoned and bade her nestle under its protecting wings! She was a woman, meant to be loved; why not let nature have her way?

She wrote her lover a letter that night, crying out her loneliness, her despair, her great love—her acceptance of his love and its shield. In this love she believed she was right, though all others were coarse and wrong. The almighty plans of the universe could not be cheated or changed by laws. She intended to post the letter in the morning, for it was too late to venture out that night. She slept like a tired child; in the morning she awoke with wearied limbs and aching heart. Something had moved her in her sleep. *It was the cry of the other woman's child.*

She tore up her letter, and wrote two more. The first, a short one to her father, said:

I am almost penniless. I have failed again. Send me some money, and I will come home and wash dishes.

The other ran:

My poor, dear boy, God bless you. I have failed again, and I go back to the prairies. When you are as free as the winds that blow over them, come to me. I will wait for you until then—out on the prairies. I love you now and always.

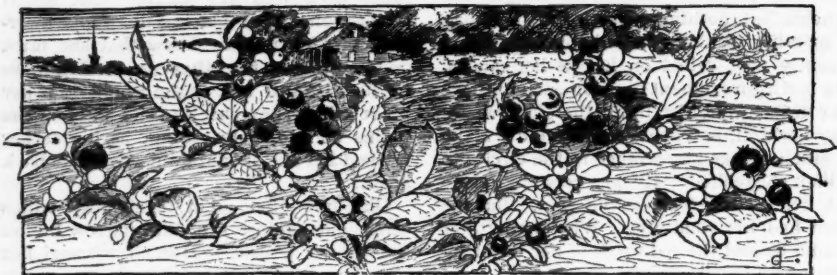
And Alcyone, between her work, watches across the plains for the stranger's coming. During her hours of freedom she takes long rides on her mustang; she whirls about in the long grasses, and pauses now and then to watch for him, for he may come at any minute. Fate is not as certain as Time.

This evening she is out on the bluffs that have seen her in so many of her moods. She is sitting up straight on the yellow brown mustang. His head is turned to the west, and she shields her wide eyes with

her white hand as the blood red sun strikes
against them. She looks longingly across
the waving sea of grass. She is clean and
firm in her faith that he will come; and we

too keep watch with her; and pray that
some day the long looked for will come
toward us across the dull, brown prairies
of our lives.

Catherine Frances Cavanagh.



AN AUTUMN RIDE.

BALSAM and spice and myrrh—
How the winds waste them!
Flavors of pine and fir—
How you can taste them!
Sweetness the summer spent
Autumn possesses,
Holding the mellow scent
In her warm tresses.

Mettlesome steed of mine,
Daintily prancing,
Satin smooth mane ashine,
Merry eyes dancing,
You feel the joy intense,
Heedless of reason—
All the sweet influence
Born of the season.

Where does our pathway lead,
Grassy and narrow,
Bordered by tasselweed,
Spear-mint and yarrow?
Little we care today,
Whither we wander;
Just to be off—away
To the light yonder;

Off to the golden gauze
Lit with bright flashes,
Where the ripe sugar haws
Flame in red splashes;
Off to the zephyr fanned
Valleys enchanted,
And the wide garden land
God's hand has planted.

Hattie Whitney.

MUNGER'S CAT.

NAN HAWTHORNE was swinging gently to and fro in the hammock, nestled among the pillows, and idly wondering why other people did not make their summer cottages as attractive as her mother had made this one. The sight of a young man coming across the tennis court caused her to sit up suddenly. By the time he had vaulted over the net, and crossed the lawn, the quick color had faded from her cheeks, and she nodded gaily to him as he waved his hat.

"Where on earth did you hail from?" she asked, astonished, as he came within hailing distance.

"From the Etruria, in New York, Monday," he answered eagerly. "How are you, and what are you doing with yourself just now?"

"I'm pretty well. Sit down on that camp stool and let me look at you, Tom Bradley," she said, as she shook hands. "I suppose you are more conceited than ever after a year abroad."

"Couldn't be possibly," the young man replied calmly. "If this camp stool goes down with me, and I get stains on these duck trousers, I'll sue you for damages."

"Your mother must be glad to have you back again," said Nan. "I should be if I were she."

"Thanks, so kind of you," murmured Tom. "Mother and father have taken the Bartlett cottage for the summer, so I came right out here to join them. I thought mother'd eat me up the day I got here."

"I suppose you've come back with a trunk full of photographs to enlighten us poor benighted heathen with," sighed Nan, who had ascribed another reason to his sudden appearance on the scene; "such as Westminster Abbey, the Poets' Corner, Parliament buildings, and all the cathedrals. I've had friends traveling in Europe, before. Did you climb the Matterhorn? Or slide down Mont Blanc? Or ride in a house boat?"

"Please be sensible, Nan," said Tom, flushing. "I won't tell you a word about Europe if you don't want me to. I thought you'd like to hear all about my trip."

"Perhaps I might, Tom, if Europe hadn't been done brown by all my friends, long

ago; and each one thinks he has done such a wonderful thing that he must exhibit his knowledge and his photographs to his ignorant acquaintances. I am so tired of it I never want to go, myself."

"You were very good to write to me, if you felt that way about it, Nan," said Tom humbly; "though, to be sure, you didn't write very often."

"Oh, I wrote to you because you were such an old friend of the family, and mother enjoyed your descriptions of scenery so—and all that, you know."

"Why, if I had known that," Tom replied, "I would have written to her instead. Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these——"

"Please, ma'am," piped up a shrill voice behind Tom, "will you look a here for a minute?"

Tom turned around suddenly and spied a very tiny girl standing in the tall grass, holding a very big yellow cat in her arms. She was thin and bony, and the cat was fat and heavy, so her task was by no means an easy one.

"Scuse me, Miss Nan," the child said, noticing Tom for the first time, "I didn't know you was engaged."

"We aren't yet, but hope to be soon," observed Tom calmly. "Who is this fair damsel, Nan?"

"She's a little girl in my Sunday school class," said Nan, frowning at him. "What is it, Milly, my dear?"

"Please, Miss Nan, you was a tellin' your class on Sunday of how fond you was of pets," began the girl, "and ma said for me to bring you over our cat to see if you wouldn't keep it for us while we goes to the city for a week."

"To be sure I will," cried Nan, gathering the cat into the hammock with her. "Isn't he a big one, though?"

"He's got a collar on, too," said the girl, pointing proudly to the leathern band about the animal's neck. "It says 'Munger's Cat' on it—that's ours, you know. He's got two names, himself. Jim calls him 'Tom,' which I don't think is very pretty, so I call him 'Jenny.'"

"He's nice and fat," said Tom soberly. "He must get lots to eat."

"Sure he does," cried Milly enthusiastically. "He eats like a house afire, he does."

"I've heard fire called a 'devouring element' somewhere before," said Tom meditatively. "What does he eat?"

"Oh, everything," said Milly proudly, "and lots of it. He has fits sometimes."

"Dear me!" cried Nan, "I hope not."

"If you're real good to him he'll outgrow them, I guess," vouchsafed Milly. "He don't have 'em often."

"For all small favors let us be duly thankful. We'll hope he'll postpone his fit until after he's returned," said Tom. "We'll be good to him. Good by, Milly," he added as a gentle hint.

"I might as well take care of it regularly," said Nan with a laugh, as the little girl ran off over the lawn. "Munger's cat spends most of its time over here as it is, catching birds."

"It's not very pretty, is it?" said Tom, regarding the animal dubiously. "But there's a great deal of him."

"I think he's splendid," said Nan indignantly; "and I'm going to take him in and show him to mother. Don't you want to come too?" she asked, as Tom rose.

"No, thank you. I've got to go home, as mother doesn't know I'm out. So long, see you later."

Nan stood looking after him for a minute or two, and then went in at the little side door, with Munger's cat in her arms. She expected to see Tom again in the evening, but he did not come, and she went to bed feeling oddly provoked with him. He ought to know how nice it seemed to have him back after so long an absence, even if she had been too excited to tell him of it. She wouldn't add to his conceit by telling him anything of the sort, she reasoned; he thought too much of himself as it was. But argue as she might, Nan could not feel satisfied.

The next day, as Nan was making cake in the kitchen, she became aware, as she raised her flushed face from an inspection of the oven, of the fact that Tom was sitting in the open window, swinging his feet against the side of the house.

"How are you?" he said affably. "I thought this was Thursday, and the cook's afternoon out."

"That's just the reason I'm doing the baking, Tom," said Nan a little crossly. "What did you come for—scrapings?"

"Your mother told me to amuse myself on the porch; but I exhausted everything, even the cat, and came to look for you,"

replied Tom solemnly. "I had no idea that Tom, alias Jenny, had such a fondness for salted peanuts."

"Oh, give me some," cried Nan, sliding the cake into the oven. "I just love them."

"Sorry, but I only have two or three left in my pocket," said Tom, laying some dilapidated nuts on the table. "I've fed 'most half a pound to the animal. My, but didn't he have a glorious fit afterward, though!"

"He didn't?"

"To be sure," said Tom placidly. "He went up and down and around and around as if he were wound up. I tell you, Nan, if a man—and of course it will be a man—ever invents a perpetual motion machine, he'll have an able bodied cat in a fit as the foundation of it."

"I think you're cruel! Where is the poor thing now?"

"Resting quietly on the porch in the shade," said Tom, in a condescending tone. "I resuscitated him."

"How?" queried Nan, trying to continue to be severe.

"By Christian science. I just sat still and pretended that the cat wasn't having a fit, and if you'll believe me, Nan, he was sleeping peacefully in ten minutes."

Nan stuck a long straw into the cake and said nothing.

"Say, Nan," Tom's voice sounded a little anxious.

Nan looked hard at the cake, and closed the oven door with exaggerated care.

"Your mother says you're going to have a house party," ventured Tom. "Too bad you didn't know I was going to be in town, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Nan, fanning herself with her handkerchief. "I'm afraid you and Harry Morford wouldn't get on very well together. However, you can come over here when you want to—they're going to be here over Sunday."

"You know I can't bear Harry Morford," said Tom, swinging his feet with renewed vigor.

"I didn't ask him for your benefit. You'll knock all the paint off the house if you keep on kicking."

"I don't see what you see in him, really, Nan," Tom went on moodily. "He makes me tired."

"I don't have to measure my friends by your tape line," said Nan coldly. "When I decide to do so I'll let you know."

"I'm a little hard o' hearing," said Tom, flushing, "but I think I hear some one

calling me away ;" and he dropped out of sight upon the soft grass below. Nan was surprised when he vanished. He had never minded what she said to him before, and she was sorry she had not been more pleasant. Still, he had no right to dictate as to her choice of friends, nor to mistreat Munger's cat in that way, and she did not care if he never came back. She caught herself listening, nevertheless, as she went on with her work, for his step on the gravel walk, and could not help feeling disappointed that he did not return.

When her cake was done she had to dress, and then it was time to drive down to the 4:30 train in the old fashioned carryall, for her guests. She was not as glad to see them as she had expected to be, but as they were all talking at once, and each one of the seven was busy admiring the scenery and raving over the woods and river, her lack of enthusiasm was not noticed. She was tired, and Harry Morford was unusually wearisome in his efforts to entertain her, telling jokes that Nan had read in the comic papers weeks before, mingled with bits of small talk and gossip in which she was not interested.

As they passed a turn in the road Nan saw Tom on horseback, waiting at one side for the noisy load to go by ; and she laughed at Harry Morford's joking for the first time.

"That's young Bradley, isn't it?" he asked, removing his hat in a languid bow. "I hear he's come back from abroad to go into journalism."

"He has been foreign correspondent of the *News* for a year," said Nan, starting the old horse into a trot by flapping the reins, "and has come back now to take an editorship on the staff."

"Indeed?" said Morford, with a shadow of a sneer in his voice. "I should not think he'd want to work when he could have a gay time and live on his income."

"Tom is not lazy, and has too much self respect to be idle." Nan intended this as a home thrust. "There, people, what do you think of our little cottage?"

She was glad to have her mother come out to welcome them as they drove up, for it seemed as if she could not hold up her end of the conversation any longer, and Harry Morford was beginning to be provoked. She roused herself now, and entered into the fun, though her heart was not in it. They danced, boated, played cards and tennis, and she led them all in everything ; but she found no pleasure in it, and in her secret heart she knew why.

Her mother invited Tom to dinner on Friday, but he declined on the score of a previous engagement, and Nan saw him on the hotel piazza with one of the girls, later. She did not care, and showed she didn't by bowing coolly, and chatting away with Harry Morford as if she enjoyed it.

Tom, too, was miserable, but it never entered his head to think Nan was really angry. He only knew that she had not given him as pleasant a welcome as the other girls had, and he did not want to see Harry Morford basking in her favor for all the world like Munger's cat basking in the sun. For that animal Tom had no sympathy. It ought to know best what was good for it, after its large experience with fits ; and as for its eating capacity, he thought it might more fittingly have been named "Hunger's cat."

Meanwhile, having grown weary of seeing Nan among the gay company, after having refused, on various pleas, all invitations to join them, he became very attentive to his mother. When she was tired or busy he took long walks by himself in the woods. On one of these rambles, as he strolled by the river, he heard a plaintive "mew" from a thicket by the path. Pushing aside the bushes, he discovered Munger's cat struggling to release his forepaws from a bird trap in which they were caught. Tom lifted the stone, expecting the cat to run off as soon as it was released, but it did not move. Tom picked it up then, as gently as he could, in deference to the injured paws ; and inwardly raging, though outwardly peaceful, he made his way through the underbrush to the Hawthorne cottage. Some of the party were playing croquet, and others were laughing over tennis, but Tom noted a long way off that Nan and Harry Morford were sitting in the shade on the porch, talking.

As Tom came up the path, holding the great yellow cat awkwardly under his arm, Harry spoke first.

"Oh, here comes young Bradley with your cat, Miss Nan. Hand him over to me, Bradley ; I just dote on cats."

"I found Munger's cat in the woods, Nan," said Tom coolly. "He caught his feet in a trap, and I think they'd be improved by a little witch hazel."

"Come up, Bradley. So much obliged," said Morford. "Here, take my chair ; I'll sit on the steps."

"For all the world," thought Tom angrily, "as if he owned the place !"

"I'm ever so much obliged," said Nan, somewhat icily, in her effort to be indiffer-

ent. "Come up and sit down while I go and doctor him up."

"No, thank you," replied Tom, not pleased at the prospect of a tête-à-tête with Morford. "I really can't. I promised to take mother boating this afternoon, and have taken too long a stroll, now;" and he started off again. He did not walk so rapidly, however, that he failed to hear Morford's remark to Nan as she rose to go in.

"What an uppish young fellow he is, to be sure!"

It was a pity that Tom angrily quickened his steps before Nan answered. She waited a minute to steady her voice, and then said with painful distinctness,

"If Tom is uppish, Mr. Morford, it is a pity more young men are not like him;" and she slammed the screen door behind her as she went into the house.

Tuesday, the last day of his vacation, Tom spent on the water, rowing. He did a great deal of thinking, too, which left him in a very unsatisfied frame of mind. As far as he was concerned he felt that his week's vacation had been wasted, for he certainly had not enjoyed it. He had been boating, had played tennis and gone on a straw ride with the hotel girls, but he had felt all the time that they were not like Nan. He could not bear the sight of Morford, and yet went so far as to imagine that Nan was engaged to him, though it made him pull harder on the oars to think of it.

It was well on in the afternoon when Tom, much disturbed by his day's reflections, turned the bow of the boat towards home. As he neared the dock he was greatly startled to hear a feminine scream from among the overhanging willows on the banks. He turned about suddenly, and called out:

"Hello, what's the matter up there?"

Nan's troubled face appeared at once among the leaves as she answered his hail.

"Oh, Tom, Tom, please get Munger's cat out! He fell in the water, and I can't reach him."

Tom looked around and saw the yellow animal floundering in a foot of water, under an overhanging bank which it could not climb. It was in no danger of drowning, so Tom became emboldened by circumstances.

"Confound Munger's cat! Why don't you call Morford?" he coolly inquired. "He just dotes on cats."

"Mr. Morford's gone back to the city with the others," said Nan impatiently. "Do, do fish the poor thing out!"

"Why didn't he stay?" queried Tom. "You seemed to enjoy his society."

"I didn't ask him to, and besides, I don't like him," said Nan, stamping her foot on the grass. "Will you get that cat for me?"

"The bath will do him good," said Tom, splashing the water with his oars. "He might have another fit if I touched him."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Nan, running down on the old wharf, "I'll love you forever if you'll get the poor thing out before he drowns."

"What?" Tom stopped splashing.

"I say, please get him out," said Nan, reddening.

"If you meant that, Nan, say it again," said Tom solemnly.

"I'll love you forever if you'll get him out," repeated Nan hastily. "There now, hurry up! I'm sure he's dead now."

"Pretty lively looking corpse," said Tom, as he lifted the wet, struggling cat into the boat. "Do you want him there?"

"No," said Nan, drawing back. "Let him dry first, please."

"Miss Nan, please, ma'am," said the familiar voice of Milly, behind her, "I've come for Jenny, please, and much obliged to you."

"How do you do, Milly?" said Tom pleasantly. "We are drying the cat. He had a fit the other day from—over eating, and I concluded that a warm bath would be beneficial to him. I warrant the treatment to kill or cure."

"Did you have a pleasant time in the city, Milly?" asked Nan kindly.

"Sure we did," replied the child, picking up the dripping cat, "except the baby. He swallowed a pin, and had to be 'sperimented on by the doctor. Cost five dollars, and was pretty exciting."

"Must have been—for the baby," said Tom thoughtfully.

"We've all enjoyed having the cat with us," said Nan, "and we'll miss it when it's gone."

"If you ever want to give it away," Tom said, "send it to Mr. Henry Morford, in the city—I'll give you the address. No, but really, Milly, Miss Nan became very particularly engaged a few minutes ago," added Tom, holding out his hand to help Nan to the boat, into which she obediently stepped; "and besides, she's going for a row, so we'll have to excuse you. Good by!"

"We'll invite her to the wedding," he continued, fitting the oars firmly in the locks. "I think she'd make a lovely flower girl."

Then, as the boat floated rapidly away in obedience to his strong pulling, Tom took out his handkerchief and waved it to the little girl, who was still standing on the

wharf, holding the damp, ugly cat she so much admired.

"Good by," he called. "Good by, Munger's cat!"

Emma Lee Walton.



THE MESSAGE.

DEAR little love, with confiding eyes,
 In a stranger land afar,
 I have thought of you, when in western skies
 Shimmered the evening star ;
 I have stood on the shore and have given the sea
 A word for your heart to know,
 And the breezes that blew to me
 Said you were true to me—
 Answer me, dear, is it so?

I have given the sea a wonderful word
 To add to its changing song ;
 The waves crept up to my feet, and heard,
 And echoed it clear and strong ;
 A word that was made when the world was young,
 A word that is old and new,
 The tides that fare to you
 Promise to bear to you—
 Answer me, dear, if they do !

For here in the wide eyed glance of dawn,
 For here when the sun dips low,
 And the red west tenderly dims to fawn,
 I shall hope your heart to know
 Awaiting the word that replies to mine,
 And the joy or the pain thereof,
 When the wild sea sings to me,
 What is it wings to me?
 Answer me, dear, is it love ?

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Plain Little Ann.

Words by
JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

Music by
GILBERT TOMPKINS.

Moderato.

Allegretto.

1. At the time of my life when I
2. The young Mrs. Joe is a
3. It is ea - sy to tell Joe has

want-ed a wife, The fel - lows would say with a smile, "It's as
beau-ty I know, And Tom mar-ried heav - en - ly eyes, And
married a belle, For his home's al - ways filled with a mob, And the

PLAIN LITTLE ANN.

77

ea - sy as not. Find a girl with a dot, A beau - ty with plen - ty of
 Bob-bie's fair love wears a num-ber four glove And shoes of a fai - ry-like
 vis - ion of grace is so stuck on her face That she has - 'nt a mo - ment for

style You want to take pride in your choice of a bride: Go
 size When I told them I, too, had a wedding in view, "She's
 Bob And Tom - my's a - dored has a tem-per—good Lord! Oh,

in for a queen if you can." But I fol - lowed my bent, and I'm
 pret - ty of course," they be gan; But I cared not a whit, and I
 fea - tures may daz - zle a man, But there's beau - ty more fair than of

ful - ly con - tent With my plain lit - tle freck - led - face Ann. ...
 ans - wered them, "Nit! She's plain lit - tle freck led - face Ann." ...
 eyes, lips, or hair, In sweet lit - tle freck - led - face Ann.

colla voce.

PLAIN LITTLE ANN.

REFRAIN: *Moderato.*

She's a ehun for a hol - i - day jour - ney,..... A

sweet-heart to come to at night,..... A clear-head - ed,

elev - er at - tor - ney When some-thing comes up to set

right..... She'd run my af - fairs and make mon - ey,..... And

nurse me her - self, were I ill..... Oh, life is all

This system features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a half note 'nurse' and continues with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

plea - sant and sun - ny..... Since plain lit - tle Ann said, "I

ad lib.

colla voce.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It includes the instruction 'ad lib.' above the vocal staff and 'colla voce.' below the piano staff. The piano accompaniment features some chords with a fermata over them.

will!".....

mf a tempo.

The third system shows the vocal line with a fermata over the word 'will!'. The piano accompaniment includes the instruction 'mf a tempo.' and features some chords with a fermata over them.

D.S.

D.S.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features the instruction 'D.S.' (Da Capo) at the beginning and end of the system. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

OPERA PLANS AND PROSPECTS.

It will be curious to see what the New York opera goer is going to find to grumble about next winter. The present prospect is that we shall have three first class companies in the field, although it is likely that the Metropolitan, as usual, will carry off the honors.

Last year there were complaints of the German opera season, as given by Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, but when the grumblers were asked to specify their charges they did not find fault with the singers, who were acknowledged to be the best the world could produce; and they contented themselves with remarks concerning the scenery and stage management.

It has been said over and over again that nothing attracts so much attention to a singer as the correct interpretation of Wagnerian rôles. Nordica has done this in a manner which has won the approval even of Bayreuth, and people point to her Wagnerian successes as the reason of her remarkable popularity in New York last winter. In consequence, every one of the singers, even to Emma Eames, is bitten with the desire to sing the German master. As a matter of fact, Nordica is popular because she owns that intangible something which we call "personal magnetism," for want of a better word. She belongs to the soil. She is a sweet, strong American woman, who possesses the power to put herself in sympathy with her audience. She would be admired under any circumstances.

It is only Calvé who has not succumbed to the general Wagnerian craze. She promises us *Selika* in "L'Africaine" for the coming season, but says nothing whatever of a desire to give the Valkyrie cry.

Emma Eames also gives us *Elizabeth* for the first time in this country. The old quarrel between Calvé and Eames has been forgotten long ago, and indeed never had much actual existence outside of the newspapers.

A SINGER FROM THE EAST.

One of the singers Mapleson is to bring to America is Hercla Darclée, a young Roumanian, who is said to be a protégée of that artistic lady Carmen Sylva. During her four years upon the stage, she has never been heard in opera outside of Italy, Spain, and South America.

Colonel Mapleson says that he has spent two years sifting these comparatively unknown countries for singers. He declares that their best performers are quite equal, if not superior, to those of English, French, or American birth, who have had better managers and the business tact to bring themselves before the public.

From the American point of view, Colonel Mapleson's most interesting addition to his

company is Susan Strong, the young American girl who made an appearance in London a few months ago and attracted so much attention. She sang in "Die Walküre" at Drury Lane, in a season of Wagner opera conducted by Hedmonat, the tenor. She is a New York girl, an amateur pupil of Korbay, as may be remembered from a sketch we published at the time of her London success.

LEHMANN AT BAYREUTH.

At Bayreuth, this year, somebody said that America was beginning to possess the stage as well as the audience. Two American girls were in the cast of the first "Rheingold" performance—Miss Marion Weed and Miss Fremstadt. Miss Weed, as *Freyja*, was a queenly, beautiful figure, and her voice was charmingly sympathetic.

But it was Lilli Lehmann who was, as always, the incomparable singer of Wagner. People who knew her here, and who are expecting to hear her at the Metropolitan next winter, waited in a nervous tremor for the curtain to go up. When she rushed out and gave the indescribable cry of the *Walküre*, brilliant, magnificent, full of volume, as in the old days, the house was thrilled. It was Lilli Lehmann still in the flower of her voice. She has learned much in these twenty years on the stage. There is never a false note, never a petty gesture, in singing or in acting.

When Lehmann left America nobody ever expected to see her here again. She was suffering from nervous prostration, and seemed a wreck. Today she is herself again, like Sarah Bernhardt, an actress, a creature of no age.

Brema, who will not return to America this year, was among the singers of the Wagnerian festival, and she surprised her friends by the excellence of her performance.

MRS. SPRAGUE'S MUSICAL AMBITION.

To almost everybody who is over twenty five, the name of "Mrs. Governor Sprague" brings up memories of the beautiful and brilliant Kate Chase, daughter of Chief Justice Chase. The second wife of Governor Sprague bids fair to have as great a fame as her predecessor, but in a new field.

Young Mrs. Sprague was a Virginia girl, with the usual amount of "accomplishments." She sang, with a remarkably sweet voice, but with no idea that she had a gift for the public. She usually accompanied herself upon the guitar. It was not until after her marriage to Governor Sprague that friends insisted on her going to a Boston teacher to have her voice "tried." It was he who told her that she might have a great career.

Mrs. Sprague was undaunted by the long years of study before her, and her husband was



Inez Sprague.

From a photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

ready to help her in her new ambitions. Together they went to Paris, and there they established a beautiful home on the Avenue Neil, which became a center for American musicians. Mrs. Sprague studied with Julian, and expects to appear before American audiences this season. Her voice has a long

has given us almost a complete list of his singers for this season. There is some chance of our hearing Lucienne Bréval, who took the first prize for opera at the Conservatoire six years ago. Since that time Mlle. Bréval has been one of the distinguished artists of France. She is one of the handsomest women on the



Maud Roudé.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

range, with a full middle register and great dramatic power. Her master has prepared an extensive repertoire for her, including "L' Africaine," "Traviata," "Aïda," and "Othello." She has concentrated her studies almost entirely upon Italian music.

One of Mrs. Sprague's fads is the misery to which many young girls subject themselves in going to Paris with little or no idea of what is before them, and she has promised to write a book on the subject out of her experience.

A RISING FRENCH STAR.

Maurice Grau, who has formally accepted the directorship of the Covent Garden opera,

French stage, and sings a repertoire which runs from *Salammbô* to *Brunnhilde*. If she should sing here she will have Nordica and perhaps Melba as rivals in *Brunnhilde*.

TWO AMERICAN GIRLS IN FRANCE.

The French say that American girls go to Europe and monopolize all the gifts which fall from the wheel of fate. Here is an example which Mrs. Sprague might also quote.

Emma Estelle Potts, the contralto of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York, with which Emma Abbott and Emma Thursby were once associated, was abroad last year, studying the songs of Schumann and Schu-



Lucienne Bréal.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

bert. An enthusiastic friend in Paris wrote to her of the delights of the French capital, and persuaded her to come for a week's visit. She sang one day for a musician, who suggested that she should allow him to present her to Gailhard, director of the Opéra. Miss Potts did not believe that this musical magnate would find her voice worth listening to, but she knew that she would enjoy meeting him, and she accepted the invitation. She found that it was to be by no means an exchange of courtesies. Gailhard looked at her, at the score she had brought, and then over her head.

"With whom has she studied?" he asked.

"With Bristol in New York."

"Yes, yes, but I mean over here. There

are no teachers in America. But let her sing"—with an air of adding, "and have it over with."

By this time all the intensity of the young American girl had been aroused. She sang with an enthusiasm and voice which commanded instant attention. Gailhard made her an offer. At first she thought that her contracts in America would prevent her accepting anything else, but at the end of a week's visit she reconsidered her decision, and had signed a two years' contract.

When Gailhard placed his new pupil with Mme. Padilla, he said, "I pray you do nothing with her voice. Diction and repertoire are the only considerations."

Miss Potts may be expected to be one of the singers in grand opera in Paris during the coming season, under a stage name. Then, following the usual order of events, she may be invited to America by managers who would never have granted her a trial had she gone to them before her début in Europe.

Another American girl who promises to win

mother are well known in society both in London and Paris.

AMERICAN BALLADS.

American songs, interpreted by an American singer, have provided one of the popular amusements offered by fashionable New York hostesses during the past year. Fielding



Emma Estelle Potts.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

a reputation abroad is Miss Maud Rondebush of San Francisco, who christened her stage name of Maud Roudé last January in the old French city of Rouen. She created the rôle of *Katrina* in a lyric opera founded on "The Taming of the Shrew," which the adapters, MM. Deshayes and Le Rey, called "La Mégère Apprivoisée."

Miss Rondebush went to Paris four years ago, and has been a pupil under Jacques Bouhy. Her voice is a pure soprano, but her low notes are so fine, and she uses them so constantly, that it is generally supposed to be a mezzo soprano. Her singing and acting of *Katrina* were heartily applauded, and the critics who heard the young singer had the warmest praise for her. Miss Rondebush and her

Roselle is a young woman from Washington, who came to New York to study oratorio and dramatic music. But she discovered that her deep contralto voice, with its wide range, was in constant demand for ballad singing, and she took this work up seriously. Arthur Foote, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Frank Lynes, and Margaret Ruthven Lang have brought her their songs, some of which are dedicated to her.

The songs of Frank Lynes, who is an Episcopalian clergyman of San Francisco, are among the most beautiful and charming we have in English. His "Sweetheart, Sigh No More" is one of Miss Roselle's favorites, and it never fails to delight her audiences. These songs have not come into general popularity, and are not often heard on the stage, but no collection



Ralph Bernheim.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

of music for a contralto voice could be more admirably chosen than that given by Miss Roselle. It includes Foote's "Love Me if I Live" and "Irish Folk Song"; "Ecstasy" and "Haste, O Beloved," by Mrs. Beach; and "Charming Month of May," by Marston. The favor with which these simple ballads are received shows that we have a distinctive American music, to which Americans are quick to respond when they get the opportunity.

A YOUNG PIANIST AND COMPOSER.

A little book for which pianists are looking is a collection of original musical storiottes—if we may use that term—which Ralph Bernheim has just brought out, and which he calls "The Book of Encores." Many of the pieces have been published singly, and have filled a want of which musicians have long spoken. A short, clever, finished bit for an encore has been difficult to find.

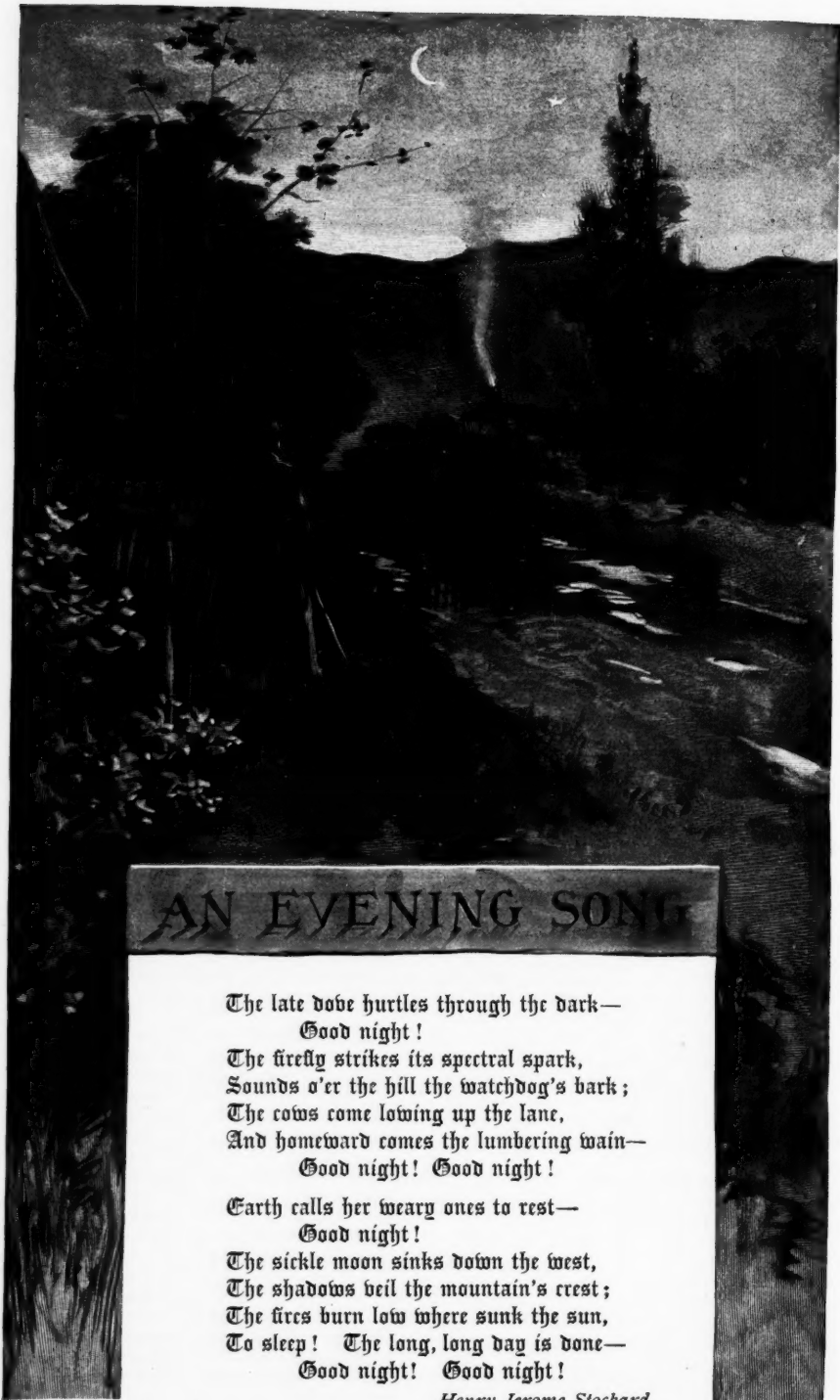
Mr. Bernheim is a young pianist for whom a successful début is prophesied. He began his

musical education at the Cincinnati College of Music, which New York is learning to respect as a trainer of sound musicians.

FOR WOULD-BE OPERA STARS.

New York supposed that she had several people who were training pupils for the operatic stage, but Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, who is reputed to be making a fortune out of his dramatic academy at the Empire Theater, thinks that a real operatic school is needed, where the pupils may have public performances to play with. If, Mr. Wheatcroft must have reasoned, so many young men and women are stage struck, there must be an equal number with longings to sing at the Metropolitan. He has therefore organized an operatic school, which is to be carried out on almost exactly the same lines as the dramatic classes, and is to give a hearing to young composers.

Without any doubt Mr. Wheatcroft is a clever reader of human nature, and will make his venture pay.



AN EVENING SONG

The late dove hurtles through the dark—

Good night !

The firefly strikes its spectral spark,
Sounds o'er the hill the watchdog's bark ;
The cows come lowing up the lane,
And homeward comes the lumbering wain—

Good night ! Good night !

Earth calls her weary ones to rest—

Good night !

The sickle moon sinks down the west,
The shadows veil the mountain's crest ;
The fires burn low where sunk the sun,
To sleep ! The long, long day is done—

Good night ! Good night !

Henry Jerome Stockard.

THE STAGE

THE NEW SEASON.

As has been intimated already in these pages, the man who can successfully predict the fate of a new play, or of a newly imported one, would be worth a larger salary to a manager than the most talented star in the market. But as such a man has not yet been born, any one may amuse himself by wondering which of the many new offerings for the present season will equal in popularity "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Heart of Maryland," and "The Sporting Duchess," of last winter. By the time

these lines are read, it will no doubt be known whether the houses that last year were coining money with the "Prisoner" and the "Duchess" (the Lyceum and the Academy of Music respectively) have caught good fat worms at an equally early hour of the theatrical season.

The last act of Mr. Sothorn's "An Enemy to the King" was written in the box office of Ford's Opera House in Baltimore, and in less than a week Mr. Stephens, the author, who is a dramatic critic, was informed that the play was accepted. As both this and "Under the



Grace Henderson.

From a photograph by Dugout, New York.



Marthe Josephine Brandes.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Polar Star" (the Academy's offering) are American made, all good patriots will hope that last season's records at the box offices will be eclipsed.

The Herald Square, the other fortunate house of the trio, places its chief reliance on the men who put it in the front rank when it was opened under its present name two years ago. Although the devisers of "Robin Hood" have not yet risen to their old high water mark in any later offering, "The Mandarin" comes at a period when public taste is strongly inclined toward musical presentations of the men and women of the almond eyes.

But this is only one little corner of the the-

atrical field which managers have been busy all summer planting and tending with hopes of a goodly winter harvest. Charles Frohman announces five American plays by Bret Harte, Carleton, Gillette, Franklin Fyles, and Augustus Thomas respectively. But he has purchased an equal number of foreign made goods, and these are to have the first chance. The dire failure of "The City of Pleasure," last autumn, appears not to have deprived this Napoleon of managers of his confidence in Decourcelles, as his "Hand of Destiny" is underlined for elaborate presentation at the Academy in November. J. M. Barrie is writing a play for the Empire, where "The Little Min-

ister" may also be produced. John Drew and Olga Nethersole impersonate new characters.

At the Knickerbocker, late Abbey's, Al Hayman has planned for a reign of the serious between Francis Wilson in the fall and the Bostonians in the spring. "Half a King" will be separated from "The Sign of the Cross"

precisely what the public wants at final rehearsal, falls flat upon performance! Year after year the same apparently inexplicable failures occur. It is well enough for the critics to say that any one might have known that such and such a piece would not score. They are always exceedingly wise—after the event.



Jeanne Clémentine Bertiny.

From a photograph by Cassus, Paris.

only by an autumn Sunday, after which Beer-bohm Tree will descend upon us with Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," to be followed by a production that may out-Carmen the Spanish girl of Olga Nethersole—Mrs. Burnett's "Lady of Quality."

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see all these pieces now as the people will see—and judge—them later. It goes without saying that disappointments, heart burnings, and recriminations of self and others will be part of the season's history. If it were only possible to tell just why a play that seems to be

We are told that in Mexico tickets are sold for each act of a play, so that if the purchaser finds the production not to his taste, he can leave without losing the price of the whole evening's entertainment. If some such device could be adopted for first nights here, and so elaborated that the manager could know just what scene or portion of a scene wearied the auditor to the point of departure, a record might be kept that would be of some slight service in future selection of material. But there is nothing so fickle as the public's appetite for amusements. It pays its money and

takes its choice, and what may be its meat one season, it will have none of the next. Small wonder is it, then, that the directors of theaters are not rated in Bradstreet's. And yet New York gets a new playhouse—the Murray

well known Chicago extravaganza man—won her first renown in Mme. Modjeska's support. Her *Celia* in "As You Like It" and *Olivia* in "Twelfth Night" gained her especial praise. She was at the Lyceum during the first three



Suzanne Derval.

From a photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

Hill—this month—or two, if we reckon the Metropolis, north of the Harlem.

THE REAPPEARANCE OF A WELL KNOWN NAME.

The new melodrama at the Academy of Music, "Under the Polar Star," brings to the front again an actress of whom New Yorkers heard much in the early days of the Lyceum stock. Miss Grace Henderson—really Mrs. David Henderson, her husband being the

seasons of its present management, filling the parts next in importance to Georgia Cayvan's. She was *Lucile Ferrant*, the Southern girl, in "The Wife," and in "The Charity Ball" she played opposite to Nelson Wheatcroft as *Phyllis Lee*.

Miss Henderson—who was succeeded by Effie Shannon—is especially adapted to heavy business, and ought to make a fine *Mlle. de Mauban*. She left the Lyceum to go into retirement, and later took up her residence in



Julius Steger.

From a photograph by Pletzner, Vienna.

Paris for the purposes of study. Her present appearance in melodrama well illustrates the efforts managers are now making to give these sensational successions of thrills the benefit of the best talent in their interpretation.

A GROUP OF FRENCH FAVORITES.

In Paris, of all places, they are to have a play satirizing the injustice of the social code which winks at the moral lapses of men and pillories women for them. "*La Loi de l'Homme*" is the name of the new play, and Paul Hervieu is the author. It is to be brought out at the Comédie Française, whose committee on repertoire accepted it unanimously.

Among our portraits this month will be found two members of the Française company, Mlles. Brandès and Bertiny. Although Mlle. Brandès is ten years the elder, there are several points of similarity in their careers. They are both pupils of Worms, and both took the first prize for comedy at the Conservatoire. Mlle. Brandès' début was made at the Vaudeville in 1884, and she entered the first theater

in France three years later. They succeeded in getting her back to her first home in 1890, but the Française won her once more in 1893. Mlle. Bertiny, on the other hand, has remained at the Rue Richelieu house ever since her first public appearance in 1888.

Another French portrait shows a young lady who most decidedly mistook her calling at the start, for she began by studying tragedy. But we do not find her at the Odéon or the Française, but at the Menus Plaisirs and the Parisiana Concert. It is a far cry, forsooth, from *Ophelia* or *Camille* to the "*Taraboum Revue*," which was included in Mlle. Derval's repertoire in 1892. Still it is doubtless more satisfactory to the individual chiefly concerned to be clothed in the purple and fine linen of vaudeville than to hang precariously on the outermost skirts of the legitimate.

THE VERSATILE HAMMERSTEIN.

Oscar Hammerstein is something of a Frengoli himself. He can write librettos, compose music, and—above all—devise combinations

of characters and colors that captivate the eye. And it is to the eye especially that this Jove of modern Olympia seeks to cater, well knowing that with this gratified, the conquest of the entire average man is a simple matter. And it is the average man that the manager who wishes to fill his theater must strive to please.

whose voice possesses such qualities of sweetness and strength as are rarely found in combination. He sang opposite to Nancy McIntosh last winter in "His Excellency," and for a time consented to furnish the best music supplied by "Gay New York." His acquisition by Olympia is surely that the quar-



Robert Edeson.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

If there be a manager in this neighborhood with any other aim, we should be glad to have him pointed out.

Mr. Hammerstein's latest achievement is a romantic opera with strong comedy element, designed for Olympia's theater part. In all probability "Santa Maria" will have been tested by the public before these lines are read. If it is found wanting, something else will be substituted to engage the services of the strongest comic opera organization since the time of "Nanon" and "Erminie" at the Casino. The leading tenor is Julius Steger,

ter of a comic opera company where so often weakness is found, will in this case be strongly fortified.

ACCIDENTALLY AN ACTOR.

Much speculation was indulged in last spring, when Henry Miller left the Empire stock company, upon the question of his successor. Charles Frohman did not go far to find the man; he simply promoted William Faversham to the vacant place, and gave to Robert Edeson the parts formerly played by Faversham. Mr. Edeson was particularly



Gertrude Rutledge.

From a photograph by Jones & Lutz, San Francisco.

good in "Thoroughbred." He can be the gentleman on the stage without impressing the audience with the fact that it calls for a great effort of imagination to understand the requirements of the rôle.

Robert Edeson's start as an actor was quite of an accidental nature. He was employed in the office of the Park Theater in Brooklyn, at the time when "Fascination" was produced there. On the Friday preceding the first night, word came from the stage manager that one of the members of the cast was missing. To be sure, it was not a very important character, but the piece could not be given without it.

"Edeson," said Colonel Sinn, purely on the spur of the moment, "why can't you go on and help us out?"

Though he had never been on the stage before, Mr. Edeson consented, and his per-

formance, "could not have been offensive," as he himself modestly puts it, because he was allowed to play the week out. He took a liking to the work, and the next season traveled with a small road organization giving "A Night Off." Then came "The Dark Secret," "in which," he says, "the villains and myself were the only members of the company allowed to go unwashed in the tank."

Mr. Edeson has spent several of his summers with the stock company at the Soldiers' Home in Dayton, Ohio. Twenty plays in ten weeks is good education for an actor, and his ease of manner is no doubt in great measure due to this training.

A COMPARISON THAT MAY BE OMINOUS.

Legion is the name of those newcomers to the stage for whom a Lillian Russell career has



Kate Dale as "Andrée de Tavernay" in "The Queen's Necklace."

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

been predicted. In view of Mr. Abbey's disastrous experience with the much advertised songstress, such a comparison might today be considered a doubtful compliment. But nevertheless, the comparison will go on being made, and it might not prove uninteresting employment for somebody with plenty of leisure to follow up the various prophecies and find out how many—or rather how few—of them are realized.

Gertrude Rutledge, whose portrait is given herewith, is "on the list." Somebody said of her in 1895 that she would be a second Lillian Russell in five years. She comes from Omaha, and was selected by Mr. Rice from fifty appli-

cants for the part of *Chappie* in "1492." Later, when the *Trilby* feature was added to this popular extravaganza, she impersonated Du Maurier's long suffering heroine. Last summer she was the *Captain of the Amazons*, in the Manhattan Beach production of "Evangeline," and also understudied *Gabriel*.

KATE DALE.

Handsome gowns are an important factor in some plays; in "The Queen's Necklace," as produced last season by the Potter-Bellew company at Daly's, they were the paramount feature. But handsome gowns require pretty women to wear them, and women, too, who

shall not seem dazed by their own brilliancy of plumage. These requirements were happily combined in Kate Dale, whose *Princesse de Lamballe*, although she had but a few words to say, at once attracted the attention of observers careful to note which of the performers were really in the picture. Interest was increased

fession by the rushing into it of those who have come into notoriety through scandal or crime. Gladly then does MUNSEY's show, by recording such stories as that of the career of Kate Dale, that the stage offers substantial and by no means tardy reward to earnest effort put forth by modest and intelligent women who



Lucile Nunn.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

when inquiry elicited the fact that this was Miss Dale's initial appearance on any stage.

She had met both Mrs. Potter and Mr. Belieu in society, without any thought of ever treading the boards with them. Then reverses came to her; money must be earned in some way, and these good friends not only suggested the stage, but went further and provided the opening. So successful was the experiment that before the season was over, Miss Dale was playing the important rôle, *Andrée de Tavernay*, created by Percy Haswell, and she is now leading woman in the "Chimmie Fadden" company.

Much odium is cast on the theatrical pro-

scorn any other stepping stones to recognition than their own merits.

A FAIR BEGINNER.

Those who had the good fortune to see Mr. Frohman's production of "Thoroughbred" at the Garrick Theater, last spring, may some day be pleased to recall the performance for another reason than the pleasure it gave them at the time. In the pretty girl who took the part of *Folly Decker*, "with a lisp," they beheld the first appearance on the professional stage of Lucile Nunn, who promises to achieve a measure of success that will make the beginning of her career well worth noting.



Minnie Landes.

From a photograph by Stein & Rösch, Chicago.

She is a native of the Lone Star State, but went to school in St. Louis, where her extraordinary talent for the dramatic line soon found recognition. She induced her parents to allow her to enter Nelson Wheatcroft's school for embryo Thespians in New York, and her good work in the spring exhibitions of the pupils of this institution induced Mr. Frohman to give her the opening in "Thoroughbred." It was by no means an easy part, but Miss Nunn's charming naturalness enabled her to strike a true note that found a responsive chord with her audience.

A SINGER OF THE DE ANGELIS COMPANY.

Music is a passion with the prima donna of "The Caliph," and Minnie Landes has the rare good fortune to be a reigning favorite in the realm she loves. She is a New Yorker, of German parentage, and is first cousin to Lola Beeth, the famous grand opera singer. Miss Landes has appeared as *Marguerite*, *Mignon*, and *Leonora*, though her early efforts had all been in the line of piano work.

But grand opera in America, especially in the vernacular, needs a long pursed "angel" always by its side, and as the appearances of these beneficent beings are seldom to be really depended on for either regularity or staying qualities, Miss Landes finally came to the conclusion that a salary in hand from "The Isle of Champagne" was considerably better than one constantly in anticipation from "Trovatore" or "Faust."

Our portrait shows her in "Princess Bonnie," where she took the place of Eleanore Mayo after the latter's marriage.

"UNDER THE POLAR STAR."

The dramatic season of 1896-97, looked forward to with dread by all financially interested, was opened in New York on August 20th with a popular success. On that night of nights for him, the author of "Under the Polar Star" confessed that for ten years he had tried in vain to induce managers to produce his play. This statement has materially increased our respect for the literary judgment of these much maligned gentlemen. "Under the Polar Star" is quite the baldest specimen of dramatic construction that ever saw the footlights in a reputable theater. Even a modern melodrama is supposed to possess some consistency of *motif*, and to be true at least to its own lights. But the only *motif* apparent in this frigid farago of impossibilities is the very evident determination of the author to thrill the audience; the only lights to which he remains true are the aurora borealis on the back drop, and the conflagration that fills the auditorium with noxious fumes.

What can you expect, it may be asked, when plays are confessedly written around sensational situations? Well, for one thing we expect a story with a grain or two of probability in some portion of it. Give us a foundation of reasonableness, even if it reach only

half way to the basement ceiling; but Mr. Greene has not taken the trouble to do so much as this.

"Any old thing will do to lead up to the thrills," we can imagine the author saying. And "any old thing" has proved that it will do, if we estimate matters from the box office viewpoint. But nobody assumes for one instant that the success of this lurid melodrama is built on the story the play tells. The collision with the iceberg, the burning of the ship, the great scene where the ice floes break up and drift apart before the spectators' very eyes—these are the sights that set the old Academy vibrating with enthusiastic plaudits. But would these plaudits have been any the less hearty had the same incidents been led up to with more skilful workmanship? And just here is the pity of this success; it will set up a false standard and lower the tone of the "action" plays the immediate future has even already set itself to bring forth.

"ROSEMARY."

If the success of "Under the Polar Star" has its regrettable side, the triumph achieved by "Rosemary," with which John Drew reopened the Empire Theater, is as fragrant in every respect as the flower which gives it name. With none of the side splitting mirth of farce, the awesome grandeur of tragedy, the scenic splendor of melodrama, or even the pulse stirring activity of romance, "Rosemary" wins from the very simplicity of its transcription of a single love incident in the life of a middle aged Englishman, sixty years ago. Mr. Drew, shorn of his mustache, slips more easily into the old time frame than one would have imagined, and Maude Adams, smiling sunnily from amid her bower of curls, makes an ideal maiden of the early Victorian period. Sticklers for probability may tell you that no girl in the act of eloping with the young man of her choice, would stop to go out in the morning to gather flowers wherewith to adorn the breakfast room of another gentleman. But how is one to know what is probable and what is not in a case like this? Ten to one all precedents are taken from novels, and where one may choose in preference the precedent of a sweet, pure girl, brimming over with the desire to make all mankind happy because she is so happy herself, let him cavil who will, our choice is the fair *Dorothy Cruickshank* of "Rosemary."

As to that much discussed last act, of course it is not at all necessary to the play, and, rigidly classified, is in the nature of an anti climax. But although by this time everybody knows that it simply shows *Sir Jasper* in senile decay some fifty years later, all stay to see it. And it is human nature that they should. So many plays and stories end in the middle, as it were, that when an opportunity offers to find out what happened even after "they married and lived happily ever afterward," few will willingly neglect it, be the artistic consequences what they may.

A BROKEN LORGNETTE.

THEY were pacing the platform of the little station that rose up from the midst of the prairie. She looked as if she were going to a funeral, rather than to a new life of gaiety. Her dark eyes were tearfully bright, and her dainty figure seemed bent with grief, but she pressed her lip between her teeth and tried to put down the feelings of sorrow and regret that crowded her heart.

Her companion looked as miserable and woebegone as it is possible for a cow puncher to look. He was a great tall fellow, straight as a sturdy pine tree, with an eye as true and fearless as ever gazed from beneath a sombrero. His rather long, well proportioned face was lighted with more than ordinary intelligence, and the lines about his mouth bespoke firmness, amiability, and depth of nature. He had come over from Gulchtown to bid her God speed.

"The Gulch," about fifteen miles from the railroad, was just one long street reaching from the foot of Devil Mountain and extending on towards the plains. Not more than two hundred houses made the town, and two thirds of these were shanties. The other thirty three and a third per cent were saloons. Here for two years "Miss Jen" had spared the rod without spoiling the child; but the commissioners had come along, and not finding more than a handful of wondering eyed, open mouthed children, they summarily abolished the school.

There were great doings in Gulchtown that day. An indignation meeting was held at "Bill Biggins' Place," resolutions were passed, a petition drafted and sent to the commissioners. Then with a suppressed interest the townspeople, young and old, literate and those who could not read a lager beer sign, awaited an answer. It came.

One morning they awoke to find the school house closed, every door with a padlock, every window with a bar. A flaring poster covering half its side announced that the place was for sale. Forthwith Bill Biggins organized a committee of twenty prominent citizens, with the avowed intention of riding seventy miles to the adjacent town where the commissioners dwelt, and

treating each of them to a little swing from the branch of some convenient tree. Accidents will happen, however. A new barrel of old brandy arrived from Kentucky, and the next morning Bill Biggins and several members of his committee were indisposed. So, for the time being, the expedition was given over. One stern fact remained, though. In the words of War Whoop Jim when he summed up the case that night across the bar, "Miss Jen had lost her job."

The following afternoon Ben Winston and the little teacher took a walk up the side of Devil Mountain. Then it was that she read him a letter from some relatives of hers in Boston inviting her to make her home with them, at least for the present.

"There's nothing for me here; I guess I'll go," she said, looking down wistfully upon the scattered roofs of Gulchtown, with here and there a forlorn little column of smoke rising heavenward.

Ben did not try to dissuade her.

"Do what you think is best for yer, Jen," he told her, while his regretful eyes went wandering over the plains to the eastern sky, as if to measure the distance that would soon lie between them.

Later on he sauntered into "Bill Biggins' Place."

"Pards, she air goin'," he said, and from his face it might have been a tragedy he was telling them. They were a rough lot, but they could feel sorry, and there were not so many desirable citizens at the Gulch that they could afford to lose Miss Jen.

"We'll do the right thing, and we'll do it in style," declared Bill Biggins, and it was decided then and there that the whole town should turn out to bid her good by, that day one week.

It was a rousing send off they gave her. At the head of a score of her admirers, Bill escorted her to Bison Creek, a famished little stream that vanished into the sand about a mile below the Gulch trail. Here they drew up in line and gave her three ringing cheers, firing salutes with their revolvers until she and Ben, whose prerogative it was to see her to the station, were far on their way.

Once she turned and looked back over

the waving grass, at the little band of horsemen. A cloud of dust made them indistinct, and behind them rose Devil Mountain. She almost fancied she could see the great white rock where she and Ben had so often sat. She turned, a tear on her cheek, and lightly laid her hand upon her companion's shoulder.

"I wonder when I shall see all this—and you again," and then, as if fearful of breaking down, she began to ask Ben questions about the Indians, who had lately been driven back to their reservation at the point of the bayonet, and to talk of other local topics, just as if she were not leaving him, perhaps forever. During the remainder of the ride they talked but little; yet the minutes were precious, like a chain of jewels, dropped one by one, and lost with each step, unclaimed and profitless.

At the station, the waiting time was short. The cow puncher nervously fingered the revolver that hung in his belt, and kept his eyes fixed three feet in front of him. The girl's eyes were dim, but she held her chin defiantly in the air and walked straight ahead.

"Here, let's sit down," said Ben, suddenly pausing at the edge of the platform.

"Due in jest a minute!" yelled the station man to some one half way across the road.

Ben gave a great sigh, pulled himself together, and looked the little teacher in the eyes. His face wore a look of now or never, and though his voice wavered, his eyes never moved from her face.

"Look a here, Jen; ever since we left town I've been tryin' to talk to yer—strugglin' to tell yer somethin' suitable like. Somehow I ain't been able. It jus' gets lassoed in my throat. The Lord knows I ain't got no time to say anything now. It's jes' this, though, Jen: when ye're gone don't disremember me. I know I ain't much—ain't nothin', but all the same, don't disremember me. Yer an' I has be'n good friends out here in this wilderness; ye're goin' to a great place—I stays here. What the blue blazes I'll do without yer, ther Lord knows. Only ef I thought yer wouldn't go an' forget me as soon as yer gets away among them fine people, I know I'd be more happy like. I ken do my part better, too, Jen," he went on. "Somehow, jes' yer sweet presence has taught me that I ken be a better kind o' feller—maybe make somethin' out o' myself. I'm a goin' to stake it, any way—that I promise yer. An' then maybe, some o' these days, when I'm

different like, I'll come over to Boston, an'—an' p'raps yer'll think—" A shrill whistle cut short Ben's words, but his eyes told the rest. He stood mutely by the girl's side as the train rolled in.

"It does 'pear like ye're goin', sho' 'nuf," was all he could find heart to say as he hurried her aboard. He saw her through the window, smiling at him through the tears that blurred her sight. For one wild moment she could have thrown herself back to his arms, but the bell sounded, and the great engine began to move. She thrust her hand out, and the cow puncher on the platform took it.

"Don't disremember me, Jen, little one."

"Indeed I will not," she sobbed.

The next instant he was standing there alone, bewildered and hopeless.

* * * *

After Jen's departure, Ben seldom appeared in public. His absence had become the topic of the hour at "Bill Biggins' Place."

"I don't know what's struck him," Bill often declared, "but 'pears like he allers stays in that thar shanty of his."

On towards autumn, Ben was sitting one evening in his room. A lamp fixed to the side of the wall shed a dim light on the pages of a book that rested on his knee. It was one of Jen's books. His great shoulders bent themselves to it, as if with difficulty, and his strained eyes were preplexed with picking out the sentences. Ever since the evening she went away, he had assiduously bent over this volume, but his progress had been slow.

Suddenly he was aroused by a chorus of shouts, and the sharp sound of firearms. Seizing a brace of pistols, he flung open the door and stepped out into the open air. In front of the shanty were a score of men.

"Thar's Ben now. Be quiet, everybody," sang out the voice of War Whoop. "Ben," he continued, coming forward, "a while ago we runned across a man travelin' through the town. 'Pears like he war a school commissioner—leastwise he's suspicious like. We thought we'd take him down to Little Sandy Creek and branch him, and we are come to ask you to jine the entertainment."

"Whar's the man?" demanded Ben.

"Here!" answered a dozen voices from the crowd.

"Wal, now, it's so divilish dark I can't see anything," returned Ben. "S'pose, pards, yer all come into ther light and bring the prisoner with yer?"

This proposal was greeted with a pro-

longed shout, and immediately the room was filled. Ben went over and tried to turn up the light. Then he took a look at the stranger. He was a tall, slender man of thirty or thirty five. His hair was partially gray and his face sunburnt. His small, keen eyes were just at present very fiery, but he seemed to realize that resistance was useless.

"Stranger," said Ben, "might I ask yer what yer occupation is?"

"Geologist," answered the man in a quick, firm voice.

"Gee—what?" inquired Ben, advancing a step with his hand to his ear.

"Geologist," repeated the man, a light of humor breaking upon his face.

"Stranger, yer say ye're a geeoljst—now I'd like to know what kin is a geeoljst to a school commissioner?"

"Look here, friends," said the man, with a laugh; "I'm not a school commissioner. I have been sent out in the interests of a scientific society in Boston—"

"Boston!" broke in Ben.

"Yes, Boston. I am trying to find the different kinds of strata—kinds of earth, you know—that lie between the Fork River and Devil Mountain. That's why I am here."

"And you say ye're not a commissioner?"

The man protested that he was not, and Ben drew War Whoop aside. Finally the latter turned.

"Boys," said he, "Ben here thinks the man's straight. Anyhow, he's willin' to be responsible for him until tomorrow. Ef we git the dead wood on him as bein' a commissioner, we'll branch him, and Ben will help. Fur the present we'll leave the stranger with Ben, and the rest of us might as well adjourn."

This was somewhat disappointing to the crowd, and they filed out grudgingly, leaving Ben and the geologist alone.

"Ken yer write, stranger?" asked Ben.

The man seemed somewhat amused at this.

"Well, yes," said he.

"And read writin'?"

"Yes, I can do that, too."

"Stranger, how long do yer calc'late to hang out 'round these here diggin's?"

"Well, that I can't tell certainly; at least a year, perhaps a good deal longer."

Ben got up and threw his revolver on the bed. This was a sign of peace.

"Stranger, here's a proposition," he began, settling down and eying the geologist calculatingly. "While yer here'bouts, stay in this here shanty with me. I'll give yer

yer bed and board, tell yer what I know of the country around, take yer to any place where yer want to 'xamine the earth. That's my part of ther contrac'; here's yourn: teach me how to learn somethin', everything, anything. Show me how to make somethin' better of myself. Now thar's the whole biz in a nutshell—take it or leave it; thar won't be no hard feelin's ef yer won't go me. What do yer say, stranger?"

The geologist scarcely knew what to say. He took another survey of his companion. The cow puncher looked big and honest and sincere as he sat eagerly leaning forward, awaiting an answer.

"My friend," said the man in a decisive voice, "I accept your proposition;" and they shook hands upon it.

The geologist was not "branched." Ben took him to Bill Biggins', and introduced him to the boys as his friend.

From that time the cow puncher and Lewis Moorman were inseparable. During the day they rode for miles and miles around, examining the "earth complex-ion," as Ben expressed it. At night they shut themselves up in their shanty. Then, for Ben at least, came the most difficult portion of the day. His mind had remained so long untrained that it was hard for him to grasp abstract things. But the geologist did his own part untiringly, and even sent on to Boston for a number of volumes, when Ben had exhausted his little stock of books.

Jen? She knew nothing of the change. Of course they corresponded, but the geologist was Ben's amanuensis; at first from necessity, for Ben wrote a very sorry hand—and latterly because of an idea Ben had picked up somewhere. He did not want Jen to know that he had improved.

"I look at it this way," he told his friend. "If she still loves the rough cowboy, when I go to her one of these days, then her love is solid as a rock."

He did not state the alternative. The geologist supplied it, however, and he shook his head doubtfully and tried to argue Ben out of his plan. Moorman had seen a good deal of the world, and knew its people pretty thoroughly.

But to go back to the letters themselves. They were scarcely more than friendly ones. They could hardly be anything stronger with a third party participating in the correspondence. Latterly the answers that came from Boston did not exactly satisfy Ben. It seemed to him that their tone was increasingly strained and formal. Indeed, on one occasion he expressed himself

on the subject to Moorman. Her last letter he read with a wrinkle of annoyance across his brow, then handed it to his friend as usual.

"If I went up to Boston and found the girl as unnatural as that letter," the geologist remarked with feeling, "that would be the end of the whole affair, right then and there!"

It had now been eighteen months since Lewis Moorman entered into his agreement with the cow puncher. The terms of the original contract had been considerably altered, however. Moorman, finding Ben such a useful and congenial companion, had written on to his people in Boston, asking that Ben be made his assistant in his geological researches. This was immediately accorded, and Ben, the cow puncher, was now a salaried geologist. This was his first piece of good luck. The second came several months later.

It happened this way. Moorman had almost completed his work, and was soon to go to Alaska. One day he was occupied some fifteen miles from the Gulch. For some reason Ben had remained at home. The geologist was trying to trace a certain stratum of earth and connect it with another of the same nature about five miles distant. The land where it cropped out had been left to Ben, some years before, by a man for whom the cow puncher had done a good turn. Ben always regarded the sixty odd acres, a very small tract in that region, as almost worthless; but he liked the idea of being a property owner, and had always paid the taxes.

That evening, while Ben was going over his books, the geologist returned. He came in quietly and sat down opposite the cowboy. The latter looked at his companion with some surprise, for it was his wont to begin talking as soon as he entered the room. The geologist moved his chair close to Ben and leaned forward.

"I believe you said you owned that hill-top I was on today?" he asked.

"Yes," Ben answered, wondering.

"Well, I just want to tell you," returned the geologist, in a slow, mechanical way, "that there's gold on it."

"So? How much?" asked Ben, scarcely interested, for he had been finding traces of gold almost every day.

The geologist's eyes sparkled like diamonds. He drew a deep breath and straightened himself.

"Enough gold to make you a prince!" and he brought his fist down on the table with such force that the shanty shook.

Ben sprang to his feet. To him a sudden surprise had always embodied the idea of danger, and mechanically he seized his revolvers and belted them around him; then he sat down. The two friends drew their chairs close to the table, and far into the night they talked and made plan after plan.

Before daybreak Ben rode through Gulchtown on his way to the telegraph office, to send a despatch signed by Lewis Moorman to a certain banker and mine promoter in Boston. He paused on the platform, as he had done once before, and looked up the railroad just as if he expected to see the train, with Ben on it, disappearing toward the east, where the straight rails converged beyond his sight.

"If she still loves the rough and penniless cowboy, her love's as solid as a rock," he murmured.

Three hours brought a reply to the telegram, saying:

"Experts start today. If representations are true, will buy outright."

In three days the geologist's researches were at an end. He finished just in time to take the experts to the hilltop, and demonstrate to them the value of the property. Then he and Ben took the train for Denver. They wished to be where they could have direct telegraphic communication with the capitalists in Boston.

Moorman had a long report to write up, but that did not prevent him and Ben from amusing themselves. Ben was generally pleased with city life, except that he could not bear anything that savored of unnaturalness. One night at the theater he touched the geologist on the shoulder.

"What in the world is the thing that woman there in the box is holding up to her eyes?"

The geologist turned his head.

"Oh, it's a lorgnette," he answered laughingly.

"Well, what's a lorgnette?"

"Nothing, only glasses with handles. A mere fad—all the society women use them; not to see out of especially, but to be seen with, you know," he explained.

Ben said nothing, but Moorman knew by the curl of his lip what his thoughts were.

Several evenings after this they were having a quiet smoke in their room at the hotel.

"As soon as I finish my report," said Moorman, removing the pipe from his mouth, "I must get ready for Alaska. I shall probably be there a long while, for there's a big tract to go over, and I'm glad of the trip East before I start."

"Alaska," repeated Ben thoughtfully. "I wish you weren't going so far away."

Moorman was silent a moment. He blew a great whiff of smoke in the air, and then averted his eyes.

"Look here, Ben, I want you to promise me something. It's this. If you find, when you reach Boston, that——" hesitatingly—"that you are not likely to be married soon, in that event you will go with me as a fellow explorer to Alaska."

Ben took a long pull at the butt of his cigar. "Pard, I'll go you, and——"

A boy entered with a telegram. Ben opened it and read aloud, "Will give seventy five thousand cash for Hilltop mine—Belmont."

The cow puncher wrote two telegrams, and gave them to the boy. Then he sat down and resumed his cigar.

"I accepted that thar offer," said he, unconsciously using the old lingo. "Other one? Oh, I jes' wired Jen I would call on her Thursday evening."

On Thursday morning they reached Boston, and that evening Moorman came into Ben's room to find him putting on a brand new suit of buckskin.

"Now I feel as if I was at home once more," said Ben, adjusting the sombrero on his head. "Why, if I called on Jen in any other kind of clothes, I wouldn't feel natural;" and he laughed aloud.

As he started towards the door the geologist called him back.

"Look here, old man," said he hesitatingly, "if that girl of yours doesn't appear just the same as when she left you, why, you mustn't take it too hard. You know we are all ruled by circumstances."

Ben raised his hand solemnly. "Pard," he said, "all the circumstances in the world can't change the truth in a true woman's heart."

Ben took a cab. As he rattled along the street he pictured to himself Jen coming down to meet him in some simple little white dress, with a bow of ribbon in her hair, perhaps, and her eyes half averted, yet filled with a light begotten not of material things, but of the soul. The cab stopped. Ben got out and went up the stone steps. The door opened, and he stood in a flood of light.

"Tell Miss Jordon that Ben Winston of Gulchtown is here," he said simply, and walked into the parlor. A bright light burned at the further end of the room. Ben laid his sombrero on a chair, and sitting down waited. His heart was beating stoutly within him, and his eyes were bright with

expectancy. He got up and stood before a portrait, with his back to the door. Suddenly there was a rustle of silk, and Ben turned.

Jen was there. She seemed to have grown taller; there was no ribbon in her hair; her gown was not of muslin, it was the stiffest of rich silk, and flaring so widely at the hem that Ben wondered at its amplitude. In her hand she held—yes, it was a lorgnette. She came forward cordially, without the least embarrassment in her manner.

"Why, really, I am very glad to see my old friend."

Ben took her hand, and looked searchingly into her eyes.

"I am glad to see you, Jen," he said gently, as he released her hand. They sat down opposite each other.

And this was she—his little Jen, his ideal, his queen!

"And what in the world brought you away up here, to Boston?" she inquired, raising her lorgnette and gazing upon Ben patronizingly.

Such a question! And from her, of all others on earth! What had brought him to Boston? A thousand images crowded in upon his mind, filling him with bitterness. Intuitively he knew that his ideal was a memory and—no more. Then he threw back his head, and laughed the merriest laugh that she had heard since she left old Gulchtown.

"Why, seein' it's you, I don't mind tellin'. I'm here on my weddin' tower!" Somehow he hardly recognized his own voice in the old vernacular. "You don't disremember Bill Biggins' daughter Sal? Yes, she's the one. We was married last week. I struck ile in a little game at War Whoop Jim's thar the night afore, an' sez I to Sal, 'Let's pull out from here an' run up to Boston fer a day er so.' Er course Sal she war in fer it, an' pull out we did, an' here I am. She's 'round at ther boardin' house on Milk Street, an' gol darn me, ef she know'd I was here, I know she'd raise a young cyclone;" and the cow puncher laughed again. "An' you, Jen—how is it with you?" he asked in an unconcerned way.

Her composure was gone now. She seemed painfully confused.

"Come now, don't keep it from an old friend."

Ben was still laughing, but it seemed to him that his heart had ceased beating.

"Well, I suppose—that is, I am going to be married during the winter," she finally admitted.

"Going to be married during the winter; wal, wal," said Ben slowly, and bowed his head. There was a long silence, and then he spoke again.

"Jen, do you remember the day you left me?" he asked, but she hardly heard his question in her wonder at the new melody and refinement in his voice. She did not speak, and he went on:

"I can see you now in that little blue dress, with the light jacket and the pretty hat that were so becoming to you. That long ride, too—long and yet so short," he went on slowly, dwelling with a passionate intensity upon each word. "I recall that as if it were but yesterday. And the rose, the wild rose that I plucked just after we crossed Little Sandy Creek, and placed in your hair—I believe I can smell it now," he almost whispered, resting his head in the palm of his hand. "How we walked that station platform without saying a word, because we were afraid to trust ourselves, lest we should become children. Then we sat down, and I tried to tell you something in my rough way; and though the train ended my poor, stumbling speech, I thought you understood—I felt that you understood. 'Don't disremember me, Jen,' I said as I took your hand for the last time, and as the train moved away you answered, 'Indeed, I will not.'"

He got up and stood looking blankly at a picture on the wall.

"Indeed I will not!" he repeated bitterly.

The girl's face was as white as the rose that hung its head on her bosom. The lorgnette had slipped from her hand and lay unnoticed at her feet. The cow puncher turned, and seeing it, crossed over and picked it up.

"Jen," said he, resting his elbow on the mantel, and dangling the frail shell thing in his hand, "I had a dream once. I thought that after the day you left I tried to make something of myself—for your sake. That was my one purpose in life. Many a night, while the wind blew a hurricane, I sat in my cheerless cabin with my book before me, and the only thing that took my mind from it was the memory of your sweet face—my only distracting thought that of your dear self. Yet this was not all. It seemed to me, in my dream, that I tried to lead a manly life, free from anything that would bring a blush to your cheek. After a while I had a streak of luck. On some waste land that belonged to me a gold mine was discovered. It was worth a fabulous sum to one who could afford to wait, and work it

himself. I sold it outright, that I might come to you and offer you my honest love."

There was a long pause. She could not move her eyes from his face. Something there seemed to hold them as by some magic, and she could not conceal her trembling.

"And when I came," he continued, smiling very sadly, "you met me with a bright light in your eyes, and you put your little head on my shoulder—penniless and uncultured cowboy though you thought me." He paused, and a wave of real suffering for the first time came upon his face. When he spoke again his voice was low and stern. "You did not ask me what in the world brought me to Boston. Your heart told you that. Nor did you stare at me through these infernal implements of affectation!" and he shook the lorgnette on high. Then, as his hand fell to his side, his strong fingers tightened around the slender tortoiseshell until it broke with a sharp snap. The sound recalled him to himself.

"But," said he, suddenly speaking in a milder tone, "that's neither here nor there—my dream! It was a foolish dream, wasn't it, Jen?" he asked almost playfully.

But the girl sat speechless, her eyes fixed immovably upon the towering form and the mild face of the cow puncher. He crossed the room and picked up his hat. Then he came and stood over the slender figure of the girl who had once been the Gulchtown school teacher. He cleared his throat, and with an effort he said softly:

"Jen, I'm going back now—going back to Sal," he added with pathetic humor. Then, seeing she vouchsafed no reply, "Aren't you going to say good by?"

"Good by."

It was spoken in so low and choking a voice that he scarcely heard. He did not take her hand, but rose to his full height, and extended his own over the bent form of the girl, his eyes filled with a pathetic gentleness.

"God bless you, little one!" he said, and moved softly towards the door.

He heard a low cry, and turned quickly. Jen, with white face, had risen. She stood leaning towards him, her hand outstretched, and he came back and took it. For a moment he held it. The next he was at the door. As he passed out he glanced back into the room. She was standing where he left her, with dim eyes and her lip pressed between her teeth. Something in this attitude of suppressed emotion made her look strangely like her with whom he had parted

two years before. And with these two pictures—of the past and of the present, so wonderfully alike and yet so subtly different—with these before him, the cow puncher passed out into the night.

An hour later Ben entered the room where sat the geologist. The latter looked up from his writing, and it seemed to him that upon Ben's face there was a stronger and a nobler cast.

Without a word of greeting, Ben Winston came forward and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"Pard," said he, "when do you start for Alaska?"

"The day after tomorrow," answered Moorman.

"Then, pard, I am with you," said the cow puncher, and he laid on the table a broken lorgnette.

Joseph Sebastian Rogers.



VENETIAN SONNETS.

NOON.

THROUGH the fair waterways, with heart at ease,
I float, and let the dreamy noontides pass.
The gentle rise and fall of salt green grass
On the worn lintels of old palaces,
The wavering gloom and gleam of austral seas,
The silence of the gliding gondolas,
The faint oar eddies on the rippled glass,
Hush all my senses with the touch of grace.
Thy heart as still as those still waters lies,
All surface strewn with light, and shifting glow
Of summer's solstice; I will turn mine eyes
From those grim dungeon mouths which prate of woe,
And old dead sins and secrets, hid below
The dark tide ebbing 'neath the Bridge of Sighs.

NIGHT.

So dark below the wave wash'd palace walls
I scarce can see the dusky gondolier,
Shadow on shade, with silent swiftness steer
Through the warm blackness of the still canals.
On the sweet hush ring out the warning calls
Of soft voiced rowers; and in darkness near,
Beneath a glimmering casement, low and clear
A sad nocturno slowly swells and falls.
Darkness and empty space, where once, long syne,
Thou floatedst with me thro' the waterways!
Love holds me thrall, with memory's fire forged chain,
And mocks me with thy love dark eyes again,
Thy love warm fingers stealing into mine,
Thy love low voice, and pitiless love sweet face.

Bessie Gray.

MY LAST AFFAIR.

I KNOW there's no fool like an old fool. Hundreds of everybody's acquaintances prove it, every hour of every day; yet it was more or less of a surprise that I myself should take my fling at that ancient folly. For I must confess now that I have. Last June I was fifty seven; I suppose I may say I am old. But if I am old, I am not gray. I am very straight, thanks to my service long ago under Sherman, and I don't know that I have a pain. Last autumn I took up the wheel; I am a member of three golf clubs, I still can sit even an uncertain horse with some skill, and my nerve is still mine, for I hold and keep a record with the rifle. I may say that I am still susceptible, with some pride, too! But I thought myself beyond the loss of my judgment in such an affair.

I always have been susceptible; and the reason that I am a bachelor at fifty seven is that I never could like one woman enough not to find—perhaps a little later—another equally irresistible. Ah, my friends, a man remains a bachelor because he admires the sex deeply; and the man who marries, after all, is a narrow fellow. Women get their finest tributes from such temperaments as mine, and they know it, too. I have not been without my successes, and why should I, for the sake of false modesty, deny 'em? A man at fifty seven knows himself—where his virtues and vices will carry him.

Yet at fifty seven, without any warning, I find myself turning experimental, as sentimental as that lackadaisical fellow *Werther*, who is always—his kind never dies—a very young or a very old bachelor.

When I came to town at the close of the war I found myself possessed of an income comfortable for one. I found, too, that with caution, and by making myself socially agreeable, I could eat other fellows' dinners and ride their horses. If I married I knew that my position would be gone. I might become entangled with undesirable persons (you never know about a family) who would deprive me of all the position my tact had gained. Inevitably—unless she had a dot, which agreeable women don't always, and the disagreeable ones often do have—I should become a beast of burden; a beast, because a worried man often be-

comes that; a beast with a burden of worries about making ends meet. So, coming to town as I did, I let other fellows work for the money, the luxuries, and the irresistible girls, while I enjoyed their fruits. I mean that I appreciated their cooks, or their pictures, and basked in their wives' smiles, which, if more sincere for them, at least never became a frown for me.

And they married, and worked, and became distinguished, and had riches, and reputations, little or great, and children to live up to, and grew old, and worn, and disagreeable; while I—I have told you what I am at fifty seven because I have been content to eliminate worry.

It was the most natural thing in the world, then, for Jack Bellington to invite me for the thousandth time to his house in Westchester. Jack was a dear fellow when we were boys in college; a disagreeable fellow since he has become the great Bellington, the lawyer whose income—a small measure of his capacity—is*greater than that of the President of the United States; but of course Jack is too clever a man ever to be President.

"You know you go to everybody's house, Phil, and you are so infernally popular that you never come to ours. Oh, you may pay a bit of a visit now and then in town on Clarissa. But this is different. You must, positively must. It's a house party for Clarissa Second."

"Is she like Clarissa First?" said I. Clarissa First is Jack's wife, with whom I had been madly in love thirty years ago, and whom, for the reasons I have stated, I let Jack marry. Now she is too fat, too dowager-like. Bless me, that was a narrow escape I had thirty years ago!

"She is prettier than her mother ever was at twenty," Jack went on. "She is just from that French convent; and how is it, Phil, that girls brought up in convents, as my wife would have Clarissa, always have more men about them? I'm afraid she is a sad little flirt. I had six youngsters approach me on the subject in so many weeks. I was frightened at first, they were such callow youths. But Clarissa just cast down her eyes, and said, 'Papa, they will make fools of themselves—I can't help it.'

She only came out last winter. You were in Cairo, weren't you? She has been making time tell, that little girl of mine. Once we—my wife and I—did have a fright. There's young Digges, down in my office, a clever enough boy, but without a penny, and he seemed to be around too much. But Clarissa First put her foot down; Clarissa Second cried for a week, and then seemed to get over it. Digges left me, and went over to Peabody's office. I miss him some in getting up my briefs; but a fellow must think of his own daughter's future, you know."

Hang it, old man, thought I, how you old chaps forget! Weren't you an impecunious young chap when I let you win Clarissa First? I was discreet enough only to think this. I never combat people's prejudices.

"And," he chattered on—he had had several Scotches; I never go beyond one—"it was all well enough. Young Tom Roaringby has taken Digges' place, with some others. I hope it's young Tom. He's such a nice fellow; doesn't make a fool of himself, as he might with all that money. I'd like to turn 'em all out; but I suppose there'll have to be one, some day; and I want him to be nice like Tom. Oh, h'm, it's late. I have a deal of work on tomorrow. Now we'll expect you, Phil. Clarissa First never will forgive you, if you don't. There'll be Job Piper and his wife, and the Roaringbys, and Van Brules—just a fit house full. Take the three o'clock train, and you'll have time to dress at your leisure. It's for a week at least, you know."

Well, I went. I was a bit late, for I didn't catch the three o'clock. As I came down they were waiting, and Job Piper was telling one of his detestable stories. Everybody laughs, and groans inwardly. Piper has been telling those stories for years; I know 'em all.

"You see I was pretty ill, I can tell you," came Job's voice. "I should have died if it hadn't been for an accident."

"What accident, Mr. Piper?" came a pretty voice, like Clarissa First's voice thirty years since. Now will you believe it?—my ancient heart began to beat. Well, as I say, I am still a young man.

"Now don't, Job," said Mrs. Piper.

"It was the accident, Miss Bellington, of waking up one night and hearing my wife's voice. I listened."

"You listened," said Clarissa Second, for it was she; and I listened on the stair.

"I listened," Piper went on, "to hear my wife's voice. 'How do you spell widow

in French?' she was murmuring in her sleep. My hair—all I have left—stood on end. From that moment I began to get well, and now—"

"How can you, Job?" said Mrs. Piper.

I had heard the same story a dozen times. In the perfunctory laughter—which I was relieved from sharing, thanks to my hesitation on the stair—I entered, making a relieved hush while Clarissa First (she really was fatter) greeted me. Then I turned around to see her as she was thirty years ago—as she was now, rejuvenated, in Clarissa Second. My heart beat ridiculously. Can you believe it of me? I went at it, deliberately—with the shrewdness of many, many affairs—to outshine that boy, Tom Roaringby.

And I did, young Crœsus that he is; that is, I apparently did. She smiled on me; she listened to me; she exclaimed at all my war stories that I had not trotted out for many a year. She rode with me, avoiding Roaringby. Jack and Clarissa First smiled approval of Clarissa Second. They did not think me dangerous. But I began to think I was; this was after some days, you understand.

Sometimes there was a touch of color in her face, a glimpse of a quickly hid expression in her eyes. Could it be, I asked? She certainly gave me preference among all of that house party. I saw that; and Jack and Clarissa First never noticed in their sleek lack of suspicion. It became a question to me whether I was acting honorably; and then I forgot all considerations, even those of the hospitality I was enjoying, as if I were an unbridled boy—and I was an old boy.

Still, there were no sentimental speeches until that fatal afternoon. We were returning alone through the little wood. I heard her sigh.

"Ah, Miss Clarissa!" said I.

Then she showed me her eyes. I tried to take her hand.

"Dear major," said she, drawing it away, "this life is unendurable to me."

"And why, Miss Clarissa?" said I. "You have everything."

"Excepting one thing," said she.

"My dear young lady, I wish I were twenty—thirty years younger!"

"You don't look a bit more than thirty five."

You may appreciate my condition when I say I believed her.

"You flatter me——"

"You are the dearest man, Major Wynne."

"Oh, Miss Clarissa," said I, like a sentimental spinster.

"And you always will be dear to me, major, if——"

What could I say? I was in love—yes, I say it frankly, in love as I never had been even with Clarissa First.

"My dear Clarissa," said I, taking both her hands.

"And you will, major?" said she.

"What?" said I.

"Elope," said Clarissa.

Well, I dropped her hands. I stared at her. I never had considered myself so irresistible as that. Yet it might be; I still, as I have stated, am of a passably good figure.

"Tonight," she went on. "You will, major, now please—for me. And you will be more than my father."

"Ah, Miss Clarissa," said I. I began to feel the need of formality.

Tears suddenly were in her eyes.

"They are so unkind!"

I took her hands again; yes, I kissed her.

"And you will help me, major. Oh, you will!" she sobbed.

"Oh, I will—Clarissa."

"And, dear major, he is so nice, so brave——"

"He?" said I, suddenly suspicious.

"So clever, so good——"

"He?"

"Yes, major—dear major—I mean Charlie Digges."

I dropped her hands. I felt—now will you believe it?—resentment.

"And you mean you wish me to help you to run away from your father's house with a young man your father and mother disapprove of?"

"Yes, tonight, major," she said, looking at me rather critically. She had stopped sobbing.

"Miss Clarissa——" I began severely.

"Now you will, major—please!"

Her hands were on my shoulders; her face was upturned to mine; and suddenly my resentment—the resentment of a foolish old man, passed, and I felt toward her as I know Jack, her father, does; I felt a certain yearning—a something as if she were my daughter.

"You will, major?"

"What, Miss Clarissa?"

"Only this, dear major. After dinner, ask me to take a walk. No one will wonder at that. We've often walked together."

"Yes," said I.

"At the end of the garden walk there will be——"

"Charlie Digges, and a church——"

"Charlie has arranged that."

"And afterward, what am I to do?" I added.

"You are to turn back, and tell papa and mamma."

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"You are, major."

She raised her face nearer mine; yes, she kissed me.

"Well, Miss Clarissa, I will," said I; "I promise I will."

"You dear major, I could hug you!"

"You mustn't me, only Charlie Digges," said I gravely.

"Yes, major," said she demurely.

"Come. It's time to dress for dinner."

And we sauntered up to the house, she on my arm.

"I can trust you, major—after dinner," she said, nodding back.

I didn't answer then. I followed her in; and as I dressed I swore just a bit—as a bachelor may, who has no one to correct his profanity. Could I do it? Why, it would be a terrible abuse of Jack's friendship, to say nothing of his hospitality. At dinner I positively shivered. At first I did not dare look at her. I looked at Jack; at Clarissa First. It was a horrid dinner; and Piper told stories.

After dinner I thought I might escape; but Clarissa Second put her arm in mine.

"The major and I are going to take a walk," said she.

"It's very dreadful, you and the major,"

Clarissa First called after us. Young Tom Roaringly glared at me.

When we were beginning the garden path, I turned and said hoarsely,

"I can't."

"You can!"

"I can't."

"Dear, dear major!"

Well, I went. At the end of the garden path were a carriage and Digges.

"Oh, Charlie," said she, as red as the western sky just then glowing across the Westchester hills. "You dear major," she added, from Charlie's arms.

"You dear major," said Digges—confound the young puppy!

"And tell them, dear major, that they must forgive us. You can make it all right, major."

The carriage drove away; once she looked back, smiling from the window. I turned back to the house, until suddenly what I had done appeared before me in all its enormity. I rushed back to the gate, and called after the retreating carriage.

The chirrup of crickets mocked me. But I couldn't return to the house. I ran, like a coward, down the road, in a dinner coat. Luckily I had a hat. I ran like some frightened creature—as a deer runs, as a thief may run, as a man who runs from a confidence betrayed. At last, getting some method in my madness, I went to the station, just as the eight thirty train was pulling out.

I reached my lodgings, but did not dare to go to any of the clubs. I felt I had ruined my career, builded so carefully with the polite efforts of years. Jack Bellington and Mrs. Jack would be my enemies. The story would be told; I should be the joke of the men. People no longer would trust me with their daughters. Invitations would cease.

Well, to end a long story, I was violently ill for a week. I heard nothing of the Bellingtons, nor did they send my boxes. But a vigorous constitution brought me around, and Wimple, hearing I was down, looked me up, and offered me one of his horses for a canter.

"It's just what you need, major. Come down into the country——"

"No more house parties for me," said I savagely.

"Oh, it's your liver, major. I'll send Smith around with the mare sharp at seven."

"Have you read the papers lately, Wimple?" I asked with a sudden fear.

"Every day. Lot of bosh—I suppose the people demand it."

"Have you seen any scandal about——"

"About——?"

"The Bellingtons, or me?"

What if they had not written? What if Bellington thought I had eloped with his daughter?

"What the dickens have the Bellingtons and you been doing?"

I scanned his face. There was nothing there.

"Ask Bellington," said I. "And thanks, Wimple, I will exercise that mare, if you'll send her around."

I was walking Wimple's mare near McGowan's Pass, in the Park, when about the turn opposite the tavern came a landau. On the box sat two lackeys in yellow. There was a mighty jingle of trappings. With all Bellington's seventy thousand a year in fees, I fear he won't ever lay up anything. In the landau were Bellington, Clarissa First, Clarissa Second, and Charlie Digges.

They all beckoned. I saw, and understood with a great relief.

"Ah, Phil, you were right," said Jack Bellington.

"Yes, major, you were right," said Clarissa First bitterly.

"You dear, lovely major," said Clarissa Second.

"Major, you are a trump," said Digges.

"You see, dear madam, I understood what was for the best," said I, making my best bow to Clarissa First, and rejoicing in the consciousness that my social prestige was restored—nay, increased.

Clinton Ross.



ONE DAY.

UP the empurpled east behold
The royal squadron of the sun,
O'er ocean skies of blue and gold,
The daily pilgrimage begun.

Across the noon, and far away,
Asail on an imperial quest,
Until the fleets at anchor lay
In some still harbor down the west.

Robert Loveman.

STORIETTES

ON THE ROAD.

We had taken an early Sunday morning train out of Chattanooga, Tennessee, to go to our next "stand"—at Montgomery, Alabama, if I remember rightly—and I was sitting looking listlessly out of the window at the soft spring haze that veiled the hills. The train stopped every few minutes, it seemed to me, to let off or take on a few slow moving white and colored people. The latter always seemed to have a small colony of their own to greet them, or to say good by. They exchanged a most promiscuous and extensive amount of kisses, and each embrace was the signal for peals of that indescribable negro laughter.

I roused myself just sufficiently to ask another member of our company if it was Look-out Mountain in whose shadow we were traveling, and upon her replying, in still more sleepy tones, that she "didn't know," a soft, deliberate voice from the seat opposite said, "Yes, ma'am, that is it; it was along there that General Hooker took his army"—pointing to somewhere in the mass of blue.

I turned to say "Thank you," in the tone one uses to unknown men who vouchsafe information; but I was met by such soft, innocent eyes, belonging to such a small, slight young man, that I answered in the same simple tone as his, "Is it so? How very beautiful it all is!"

This brought forth a torrent of enthusiastic phrases, spoken with the most delicate precision. Meanwhile I noticed how very threadbare, well brushed, and "Sunday" the speaker's clothes looked, how very white were the hands that held a little, much worn Bible. how very clean his linen, and how sweet the boyish smile. There was something pathetic about him, yet he fairly beamed with joy. I wished two things—that he might not see any more of the world than he had seen, and that our company would not talk so loud. I was lazily wondering what his calling might be, when I glanced at a book that lay in my lap, and smiled to note that it was Barrie's "Little Minister."

There were very few people in the car, beside the company, so we talked across the aisle, quite frankly, about the scenery and about the South. After a while he came over and sat down beside me, just as a child might have done. With that delicious Southern twist of the tongue, added to a quaint little ministerial turn of his sentences, he told me many things that just teemed with local color. He spoke of the whisky stills run in defiance of the law all over the mountains. I had heard of them, of course, but the stories always seemed too romantic to be true; but he could vouch for the truth of one such incident, at least. One

day, while riding through the mountains, he had come upon a trail, and idly letting his horse follow it, he himself thinking of "God's wonderful works," he had come upon a little clearing, in the center of which stood a rough cabin. Half a dozen almost naked children played about the door, at which stood a man and a woman, to whom he spoke. They answered in a quite unintelligible way, yet he could tell that it was not a foreign tongue. He soon left them, fearing the man might attack him, his looks were so fierce and suspicious. Not long after they were raided for running an illicit distillery, and the man was shot while resisting the revenue officers.

"I tried to go to his wife and children," the little minister added, "but I never succeeded in finding my way there again."

The conversation died down for a while, and then he spoke again.

"You are from the North, are you not? Traveling for pleasure?"

"Oh, no, I am on my way to Montgomery; we played in Chattanooga last night." He looked puzzled. "And you?"

"I am going to Marion, to preach my first sermon. I am in hopes that it may result in a call to the pastorate there." A wistful look came into his eyes. "It is a very little place, but my wife"—his wife! I looked at the boyish face and threadbare clothes—"my wife and I are so anxious to begin our dear Lord's work; she is very ambitious for me." He paused, hesitating. "You said you *played* in Chattanooga; then you are—?"

"An actress, yes." I dreaded to say it, because I knew it would pain him.

He laid his hand on my arm. "My dear child"—I felt at least a hundred years his senior—"my dear child, I only hope you carry into your work, as I do into mine, the love of God."

I don't remember when I had so difficult a question to answer. I must have answered it rightly, however, for an expression of unfeigned joy and relief shone upon his face—just as if what I did or felt mattered either in this world or the next! Then he told me about his wife.

"We haven't been married long. She is very young, much younger than I"—I looked at his boyish features again—"but she is very settled. We've only been married five months, but we have really gotten so much into each other's ways that I can tell just what she thinks about almost everything, and she seems to interpret my every thought. A very peculiar little incident recurs to my memory, which will show you how true that is. Last Christmas, I thought and thought what would be the most acceptable gift for her, and one night it just seemed to come to me—I would buy a little

chain for her watch. We both had watches, but we were wearing them on ribbons. I hunted all over Chattanooga, and out of the many shown to me I selected one with a little gold heart attached to it, I suppose because it seemed so appropriate. On Christmas morning, when we opened our little presents to each other, there were two chains just alike, and two little hearts, just alike, only the one she gave me had this little star cut on it. We were very happy, for we felt that God had made our tastes the same even in the smallest things—that He had made us truly one."

I took the little chain in my hand, and then passed it back. I could not think of anything to say, for I was repeating to myself, "Truly one!"

We were slowing up at a platform, called a station, on which stood the inevitable crowd of half grown negro lads with brimless hats and broken shoes. Beyond the platform stretched a dusty road, running between a few whitewashed houses towards a little church just in sight.

"I get off here," he said, with a proud glance of possible possession at that little church and that dusty road. He held out his hand, I placed mine in it. He uncovered his head, and the soft, deliberate voice murmured, "God bless you."

I lost sight of him, still standing with his little Bible in one hand and his hat in the other, smiling his farewell.

Brandon Douglas.

FROM THE WINDOW.

THEY had wandered into a picture gallery to escape a shower, for, having known him since her school days, she felt no hesitation whatever in telling him that she "had a holy horror of spoiling her best hat and getting the bottom of her eight yard skirt muddy."

"I don't think much of this collection," she said disdainfully, after they had looked at the water colors that adorned the walls. "Not more than half a dozen of them are worth the frames around them. Who ever saw water like that?"

"Or snow like this?" added her companion, regarding a midwinter landscape decorated with deep purple tints. "The man that painted that must have been a South Sea Islander. Why do they hang such awful daubs? I believe I could do as well myself."

"Maybe you could, but it wouldn't be accepted. A name's worth a great deal in a picture gallery."

"And out of it, too, sometimes," he said, with evident meaning in his tone.

She turned sharply and looked at him. "Now you're going to talk nonsense again, and if you do I declare I'll—" She hesitated, as she looked out of the window.

"You won't go home," he said, following her gaze. "It's simply pouring, and you'd be drenched before you reached the corner. You needn't be alarmed; I'm not going to talk non-

sense. It was your own guilty conscience that made you jump on me in the first place. You know you would never have given that man a second glance if it hadn't been for his big name."

They had sauntered into a little side room where the pictures were so few and far between, and so poor, that apparently no one considered them worth a glance; so the two had the whole room to themselves.

"I have told you a dozen times," she said, "that his name has nothing whatever to do with it. It's the man I like; he has beautiful manners, and I admire his character. I tell you once for all that if he proposes I shall accept him."

"You needn't take the trouble to tell me that," he said moodily. "I know it. It was on his account you threw me over the fence last fall, but for the life of me I can't see the attraction. What is there in his character that you admire? He's as two faced as the Evil One himself."

"He's not two faced at all, but you're very rude and as cross as a bear, so for goodness' sake change the subject. Oh, see! From this window we can look right into the café of the Staunton. Let's watch the people and make bets on what they're eating. There's a couple just sitting down now. See, he's asking her if she'll have something, and evidently she likes it, for she's nodding her head. Now he's calling the waiter. I guess it's a salad. What do you think?"

"Oh, I don't care whether it's salad or sawdust. Why didn't that fellow meet you today?"

"He's away on business," she said, still intent upon the café. "I didn't expect to come to town until tomorrow, but mother wanted some things she couldn't wait for. I'm sorry—"

"That's right, say it, don't mind me! You're sorry she couldn't wait, so that you could come in tomorrow and meet him. I'd like to meet him too, and break his neck."

"Oh, let up!" exclaimed the girl impatiently, and with a good deal more emphasis than elegance. "You're actually worse than Aunt Margaret."

Silence for a few moments, during which he watched the rain, and she the people in the café. Suddenly she exclaimed,

"Look at that girl just sitting down at the table by the window. Did you ever see such an amazing hat? To use your expression, it looks like the 'night before Christmas'—but pardon me, you seem interested. Perhaps she is a friend of yours."

"You needn't apologize. I never met the lady, although I have seen her once or twice before. Some people consider her very handsome."

"I don't think much of their taste. She looks like a drum major. I suppose that is one of her admirers with her now. I wish he'd take the seat opposite instead of getting behind that post. I'd like to have a good look at him."

"Shall I run over and tell him to change it?" her companion asked. "Perhaps he would, to oblige you."

"You needn't bother. I think she's telling him to do it now. See, he's moving; now we can see what he looks like—oh, Dick!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Dick, and gave a long, low whistle.

She turned fiercely upon him.

"Did you know *he* was over there with that girl?"

"I swear I didn't. I couldn't see him any better than you could. I'm not a bit surprised, though, for I've seen him with that girl before." Dick couldn't refrain from this last bit of intelligence.

"And he told me he was called out of town for the day on business!"

"Let's go home," suggested Dick, who felt happy enough to dance all over the picture gallery, if he had dared to express his feelings. "It's stopped raining, and you're getting excited."

"Go home!" she exclaimed. "No, indeed! Do you see that empty table next to theirs? I'm going right over there to have something to eat, and you are going with me."

"It's a go," said he, and they went. Again Dick didn't care whether it was salad or sawdust; he was too happy to know the difference, but the young woman who resembled a drum major wondered what made her companion suddenly grow so sullen and morose, and thought he must be troubled with an attack of indigestion. She knew nothing of the "pretty girl with a large bank account" who had just slipped from his grasp.

Celeste McFillton.

THE PENDULUM OF FATE.

PASADENA, peerless Pasadena, with its orange groves, its golden globes of fruit shining from glistening leaves, its vines where great voluptuous roses bloom in lavish profusion, and scatter their fragrant showers all the year long.

Sunshine in the San Gabriel valley, sunshine on the crest of the mountains, gray rocks covered with trailing mosses and ferns, little rills bursting through leafy openings in the glen.

They came down from the wonderful vista on Mount Lowe, the grave rector and the beautiful young girl, never speaking in the rapid descent along the almost perpendicular railway. They were hushed and awed by the beauty of the scene that lay below them. Far away the foam of the Pacific washed its shells upon the shores of seemingly enchanted islands.

"It is very beautiful," said the girl breathlessly; "it is almost like a dream."

"I did not exaggerate, then?" he asked smiling.

"Oh, no; it is almost more than I expected; and yet—the world lies beyond the desert."

"Why cross a desert to reach the world?"

Why not make a world of perpetual beauty here?" he asked.

A flush lit the olive cheeks, and the crimson lips curled slightly as she turned away. She did not say the thought in her heart, "Love lies beyond the desert, love beckons me;" and he, how could he know? So he dreamed his dream, and it was of her alone; and she dreamed hers, and it was of another, beyond the desert, in the world.

Life had held so little for the English rector. He loved the western sea because it shut out the world, and his blighted illusions. He had loved and married, and his wife had played him false; that was the whole story, but it had meant death to his sensitive soul, subjugation to passion, ashes to hopes and dreams, a ruined life. This was years ago, and now a new hope was in his heart. This young girl was his ideal. She was so superb in her statuesque queenliness, so beautiful, a Castilian without being one in aught but her type; yet so sweet, girlish, and fresh, so untouched by the wiles of the world, that he felt an indescribable joy in her presence. It enveloped him like the perfume of a flower, it thrilled him to the heart. He did not reach out to pluck the blossom of her life for himself; he was content to enjoy and worship, with the subtle consciousness that his new divinity pervaded every sanctuary of his soul.

There is a beautiful little church just outside the city limits, a memorial church built by loving, artistic hands for loved ones asleep in a stranger land, exiles from home. Here, in the gold of Sabbath sunsets, they lingered after the service had been read, and talked of many things.

The arroyo cut its way almost to the city, which nestled in its trees like a dove in its nest. Farms and groves dotted hill and valley, the gold and rose of the sunset lay like a benediction on the smiling scene, and each of them dreamed on.

"I am going away very soon," she said, in her rich, deep voice. She smiled in the joyousness of youth and hope, and talked of the East, and friends, and home; and he, listening, thought, "I will surprise her with my love and keep her here and in my heart forever."

Two carriages drove down the dusty road one day, in the gold of the gloaming. The girl was accompanied by a young man with brown hair and amber brown eyes, which shone brightly into her own. They tied the horses under the trees, and sauntered around the little church, picking the flowers, lifting the vines caressingly, looking away over the landscape. They walked two and two, and the young people seemed lost to all except each other.

When they reached the church door the rest fell back, and the girl entered alone. She went softly down the carpeted aisle, which was deserted. The rector sat at his desk alone, with a book before him, and he did not hear her till she stood beside him and touched him on the arm.

"I have come to ask a favor of you," she said a little nervously, as she caught the flash of his earnest, upturned gaze, and the half-repressed exclamation of delight as he took her hand and retained it in his own. "You have been so good to me, so kind, I never can forget it," she went on hurriedly, with moist eyes and quavering voice. "You are my California to me, my West. Whenever I think of this place, it will be of you, who have made it beautiful to me."

"Yes, my dear," said the rector, much moved, "but first you must listen to me."

"No, no; I have something to ask you. Dearest and best of friends"—and she extended both her hands with a pretty girlish impulse—"would you be willing to marry me?"

He rose breathless and pale, with a wild throbbing at his heart.

"Would you?" she asked again. "Would you marry me to Frank?"

He swayed back from her as if he had been dealt a blow in the face. She thought he was going to fall; then he leaned against the desk, and smiled wearily.

"Why do you not speak to me? They are waiting on the outside. My betrothed came suddenly with my father and mother last night. He was obliged to go abroad, and so he urges the wedding to take place at once. We are to be married tonight and go East. I wanted it to be a very quiet wedding, in this dear little church I love so well, with you to marry me. You do not think hard of me that I have not told you before? I have tried again and again, and you would not listen. I am so sorry to go away, but I love Frank so much."

She did not know what she said. She pulled to pieces the blossom of the passion flower that trailed its flaming emblems round the altar, and scattered the leaves. The stillness oppressed her; she felt guiltily that she was wounding her friend, but she could hardly understand. Why did he not speak?

"Yes, yes," he said faintly at last. "Certainly. Bring them in. Certainly I will marry you."

There was a hush as of death in the little church. The heavy odor of the flowers seemed stifling him. He looked helplessly at the door, as if he would like to escape, then at the stained window with a figure of Christ. He remembered he was representing the cause of the Master to the people, and uttered a brief prayer. He saw them come down the aisle, and he spoke to them absently, and abruptly commenced the service.

His voice was full of emotion. As he went on it thrilled and trembled, and once he almost lost himself. He was too much excited to notice their agitation. They urged him to go back to the city with them, but he refused to leave the church. He stood in the door under the roses, and the beautiful girl looked up tearfully to say good by. He stooped and kissed her without a word, and then they drove away.

He watched the carriage disappear in the distance, and he knew that his hopes and dreams went with them. It is so different to lose one's ideal at twenty and at forty. All life is before one at twenty. Life disillusioned is behind one at forty.

A mist was stealing in from the ocean, like a shrouded specter. The valley was in shadow; only the mountains were golden in the glow of the sun behind them, and unconsciously he looked up and said,

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Then he bowed his head in his hands, and wept at the bitterness of life.

Emma Playter Seabury.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

THE whirl and rumble of the train began to abate, and the engine gave a prolonged whistle as the brakeman opened the car door, calling out the name of the near by town.

Lucia Kane gave a start of surprise as his sonorous utterance fell on her ears.

Stanford! Why, that was Rhodes Guilford's home!

Quick as lightning's flash her thoughts flew back to the summer, long since past, when Rhodes Guilford had taught her the old, sweet story of love, and had been all the world to her. And indeed, spite of hasty action, spite of years of estrangement, was he not yet first in her heart?

Retrospection was suddenly interrupted by the voice of the conductor relating to the inmates of the car that a train had been derailed a mile or so below the town, causing a probable delay of about three hours. A buzz of excitement ran through the car as the passengers made preparations for alighting and spending the time of enforced delay in exploring the little city. Lucia gathered up her small belongings and followed the crowd, her thoughts still busy with the past. The usual throng of carriage drivers and baggage men were on hand, and she, contrary to her usual custom, felt easy prey to them, tendering her valise to the Jehu who first accosted her, with an order to drive her to a good hotel. Arriving, she found her way to the ladies' parlor and sank into an easy chair, giving herself up to recollections of the long ago.

They had been such happy months—the one bright spot in her lonely, neglected girlhood—those months spent with her old aunt in Fairville. Thither Rhodes Guilford had come to regain his health, which too close application to study had injured; and together he and Lucia Kane had strolled along the country lanes and loitered away the beautiful moonlit evenings, until life seemed glorified by their tender passion, and many fond vows were spoken between them.

Then came separation; Rhodes going to his law school, she to her loveless home in Brington, where she was little more than a household drudge to her stepmother and little

brothers. Letters, for a time frequent and fervent, became fewer and colder, and rumors of flirtations reached Lucia in her far away home.

With the impetuosity of eighteen, she had returned all of his letters, and the simple pearly ring that had been his one present to her, with a request for like action on his part. He had acquiesced; not without a plea for a reconsideration of her demand, to which, with a rashness since most bitterly repented, Lucia had utterly refused to listen. Even now his words seemed burned on her heart: "If you had only had more faith in me, our future would be but a continuation of our happy past. As it is, I must bow to your will. But oh, dearest! If you find out your mistake, and I am sure it is one, if you ever decide that you were hasty and a little unjust, I pray you put pride aside and let me know. Do not fail, for to death's door I shall be faithful to you—yes, and beyond."

Eight years had passed on leaden wings to Lucia. She *had* found out her mistake, but pride held firm sway. Only once in the interval had she heard from Rhodes; two years or so after the parting a mutual friend brought her news of his lonely, studious life. The knowledge had reopened the old wounds and caused her so much heart misery that she had voluntarily put from her the chance for further reports by dropping all correspondence with her friend. She had found her vocation, and she steadily pursued it, striving to fill with ambition and work the part of her woman's heart where wifehood and maternity should have flourished.

And now fate had brought her to his very place of abode—unconsciously on her part, for she had not noticed that Stanford was on her route. The delay to this especial train at this especial place, too—was it fate, or was an all wise Providence overruling circumstances for her good? Since she had been led to Rhodes Guilford's home, why not have the battle out with pride here and now?

She arose, and, having the room to herself, began to pace to and fro, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands as she walked. A sudden noise in the street attracted her attention, and she paused by the window. Nothing but a forlorn cur running by, with half a dozen hooting, yelling arabs of the street at its heels. She was resuming her walk, when—merciful Heaven! Surely her eyes had not failed her? Just across the narrow street she saw the sign "Rhodes Guilford, Attorney at Law," and behind it, just inside the open window, the bowed form busily engaged in writing was surely no other than the subject of her thoughts.

Breathlessly she stood gazing, hidden from outside view by the lace draperies of the window, her heart throbbing wildly. It *was* fate! How careworn he looked! Ah, he had suffered, too! With a touch of feminine vanity, she crossed the room to the pier glass, and surveyed with careful scrutiny the image it pre-

sented to her. It was not the fresh, girlish bloom of eighteen she saw, but the maturer face of twenty six; yet there was comeliness, and even beauty, Lucia truthfully declared to herself; and the form was as lithe and as willowy as ever, with an added grace of matured charms.

"To death's door I shall be faithful to you, Lucia—yes, and beyond"—the words rang again in her ears.

With sudden decision she took from her portfolio a card, wrote quickly a line or two, enclosed it in an envelope, which she addressed, and rang for a messenger. While waiting she stole another glance at the busy writer across the way.

"Ah, darling, how happy I shall strive to make you to atone for these wasted years of obstinate pride!" she cried under her breath as she gazed.

What a perfect turnout that was, coming rapidly down the street! Its occupants were a charming woman and a bright faced little boy. "In just such a phaeton as that will I drive down to bring my husband home," dreamed Lucia.

The horses paused directly opposite, and the little man jumped out and disappeared within the building. In a moment Lucia saw the man she had been watching drop his pen and grasp his son in his arms, while she heard the childish treble pipe out, "Oh, papa! Me an' mamma 's comed for you early, 'cause it's my birfday, an' you promised—"

But the rest of the sentence was lost to Lucia, who dropped into a chair, pale and trembling—so pale that the maid who had at that moment answered her summons looked curiously at her, as she asked, "Are you sick, miss? What did you want of me?"

"Just a glass of water, please," answered Lucia feebly, unable at once to recover herself, and seizing the first subterfuge that presented itself to her mind. But as the maid's form disappeared down the corridor, she rose with sudden energy, and tearing the envelope and its contents into minute fragments, she thrust them behind the grate, where lingered a few embers. As she watched them blaze up for a moment, then blacken and turn to ashes, so within her heart the last fragments of her girlish romance were consumed, and died away—never to return.

As Rhodes Guilford drove leisurely to his home that day, something in the appearance of a swiftly walking woman, just turning down a side street that led towards the railway station, sent his thoughts roaming backward through the years.

"Reminded me of Lucia Kane, somehow," he said to himself. "Wonder what's become of her! What a fool I made of myself over that girl—thought my heart was broken and all that sort of rubbish, when she shipped me. Glad Belle never knew about it!"

And with a glance of satisfied proprietorship at the woman beside him, he drove on.

Della Higgins.

LITERARY CHAT

"THE UNDER SIDE OF THINGS."

A feeling of genuine regret at finishing a latter day novel is a decidedly rare sensation, but this is just what one experiences when the last page of Miss Lilian Bell's new book is turned. "What a treat it is," as Charles Dickens said of Tennyson, "to come across a fellow who can write!"

"The Under Side of Things" is Miss Bell's third book, and in every way it is better than its predecessors—a verdict of which only those who have read "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid" and "A Little Sister to the Wilderness" can fully appreciate the value. It pretends to be nothing more than a love story, and, appearing during the summer, might inadvertently be classed among the products of the "silly season." When once it is dipped into, the difference is apparent. The characters are alive. Considering how short her literary career has been, Miss Bell displays a mastery of novel making that is nothing short of phenomenal. Her analysis of character has a shrewdness about it which reminds one of Mrs. Craigie at her best, except that the "Hobbes acidity" is lacking, its place being filled by a keen, good humored raillery that puts the reader on a footing of *cameraderie* with the author at once.

"The Under Side of Things" opens with a description of a woman's nose. When this has continued for a page or two you know precisely what the woman herself is like, and you hate her. There is nothing left to be said. When once Miss Bell has described that nose, its owner is assigned to her proper shelf, and all that she does thereafter is inevitable. And again, there is Mrs. Verry, everything about whom "was so intense that it almost made you wink." One knows what to expect from her immediately, and is not disappointed.

It is this knack of completely analyzing a person or a situation or a sensation in a phrase or two that makes Miss Bell's work so novel and so attractive, and which calls forth a repetition of Dickens' words and a feeling that to both the author and the book they are aptly fitted. Not only does she know how to write, the priceless quality of the right word in the right place, and the "worth while" of searching for and finding the precise adjective to express her thought; but her attitude toward men and things is so frank and confident that the reader from the first regards her as a "good fellow," and is sorry when she is done with her story.

At the tender but none the less ambitious age of seven, Miss Bell embarked upon the sea of literature with an effort entitled "Be Kind to the Poor; a Story for the Young"—a name calculated not so much to adorn a tale as to point a moral. "I can still remember,"

she says, "the anguish I suffered at seeing my father wipe away tears of unholy mirth at each repetition of that subtitle. But as I accidentally overheard a certain well known literary man, who was visiting us, discussing it with my mother, I then and there determined to write books. That's all, except that I have been attended with fatal good luck." Those of us who know how small a factor in success "luck" is, and how potent are ability and hard work, will perhaps take the last words with a grain of salt. There is no fear of Miss Bell's future. She has been weighed in the balance and found worthy.

It is not unlikely that at some near date New Yorkers will have an opportunity of hearing Miss Bell's stories from her own lips, as she is planning for a series of readings in the East. In Chicago her public appearances have been remarkably successful, and if it is true, as she herself says, that she reads better than she writes, there will be no lack of lovers of fiction ready and willing to hear her. Certainly, if "The Under Side of Things" is not only a sample of what she can do but a promise of what she will continue to do, there are laurel wreaths waiting for Miss Lilian Bell. It is refreshing to find a novel that is both clever and natural in these slipshod and affected times. Spontaneity and wit do not commonly dwell together in unity, any more than beauty and genius, or a title and a fat purse. In the dreary waste of latter day American fiction, "what a treat it is to come across a fellow who can write!"

LOVE MAKING IN GENERAL AND "THE BROKEN RING" IN PARTICULAR.

When Mr. Anthony Hope evolved "The Prisoner of Zenda," he probably had no idea that in so doing he was founding a school of fiction; but the result of his work has demonstrated that such was the case. It has happened that this first and best of "princess stories" has been followed by many others, and the curious thing is that several of them have been exceedingly well done. With but two exceptions—Richard Harding Davis' "The Princess Aline" and Robert McDonald's "A Princess and a Woman"—the latest of the series is the best, always saving Mr. Hawkins' book. Miss Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, author of "The Broken Ring," is, no doubt, quite ready to acknowledge that her *Princess Lenore* would never have existed if it had not been for the *Princess Flavia*, and, to be frank, there is no reason to be ashamed of it; for, imitation or no imitation, *Lenore* is an entirely delightful personage, and, except for being a princess, an entirely original one.

Aside from the adventurous element—which is capital—in "The Broken Ring," Miss Tomp-

kins' story commands attention as illustrating a new development in fiction which has comparatively recently come to pass—the refining of the love scene. Among the novels of the past eighteen months one has been preëminent for the exquisite fidelity of the love making between hero and heroine. We refer to Mr. Mitchell's "Amos Judd," in which the half serious, half jesting conversations of the *fiancés* were done with an absolute command that attracted the notice of every reader. It is difficult to describe the quality of such work, except by saying that one feels its fidelity to life instinctively. Mr. Mitchell has the knack of saying affectionate things just as the average healthy young American, to whom love and life are innocent of tragedy, would say them. Take also that delicious bit from "A Princess and a Woman," where the young officer wins his royal wife:

As the blood went over her face she ceased to be a princess in Howlett's mind; she became all at once the woman he must protect, the woman he loved, the woman who trusted him, who loved him. The appeal in her eyes overmastered him. He put the taper on the pedestal where the saint had stood, and held out his arms to her. She went into them like a child.

And compare with this the masterly conclusion of "The Princess Aline," where Mr. Davis tells a whole life and love story in a phrase or two. There is something in such passages that goes straight down into one's heart; and there are equally good ones in "The Broken Ring." Entirely disregarding the romantic happenings which befall *Captain Delorme* and his royal prisoner—and these alone will sell the book—the conversations between the two characters show Miss Tompkins to be an author of high degree. The character of *Lenore* owes much, perhaps, to the fact that a woman is its creator. As Miss Lillian Bell has said of one of her own characters, this princess is "different."

"The Broken Ring" is a clean cut, brisk, and deliciously natural story, with a wholesome, honest man for its hero and a beautiful and naïve girl for its heroine, and its author is to be heartily congratulated on her work. We have already spoken in this department of Miss Tompkins and her sister—the latter being Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, whose clever short stories are well known to the readers of this magazine. These are two young American writers who are worth watching.

HENRY JAMES' STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

There was a time when a new book by Henry James was an international event. He and Mr. Howells were the founders of a school. *Life* caricatured them once by showing their characters on a slowly moving treadmill, going—very quietly and sedately—nowhere at all. But after all, even though Mr. James is not so much in the public eye as of yore, the subtle delicacy of his books remains, and they will be brilliant literature when half the popular trash of today is forgotten.

In his new book, "Embarrassments," he has collected four stories. Truth compels the most loyal of his admirers to acknowledge that there is absolutely nothing interesting in their *motif*. The characters are admirably drawn, and the author's perfect style gives to his page a charm that is as elusive and delightful as a personal trick of speech. If Mr. James only had the plain, unvarnished tale given him, he would make of it a work of genius. The pity is that he devotes so much time and so much talent to a trivial, weak, exasperating theme. During the last year or two he has been associating with the *Yellow Book* menagerie, and putting his stories alongside its monstrosities. We can only deplore the evil communications which, as our copy books used to tell us, corrupt good manners.

THE PROVINCE OF A CRITIC.

Richard Le Gallienne has lately published a collection of "Retrospective Reviews," and prefaced it with an assortment of observations which every critic, young or old, would do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. They are positive, very positive, and at first one is inclined to resent them; but due reflection develops a conviction that except in one or two instances Mr. Le Gallienne knows what he is talking about, and that if more critics were to adopt his creed it might be well for the gentle art of rending literature in twain.

A critic is a man whom God created to praise greater men than himself, but who, by a curious blindness, has never been able to find them.

The first thing for a critic to do is to be thankful that there is anything to criticise.

A necessary gift for the critic of poetry is the love of it.

The world is great, and strong, and beautiful; so must be the words. The world is little, and weak, and ugly—but so must never be the words.

You may point out the spots on the sun, or you may foul with mud the silver face of the moon, but they will each go on shining for all that.

A gentleman is always a gentleman—even when he writes anonymous criticism.

So far, so good. These are statements not particularly original, perhaps, but nevertheless forcefully put; and their acceptance by reviewers would perceptibly hasten the advent of the literary millennium. But, as Mr. Kipling would say, "we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest," and Mr. Le Gallienne is in error when he remarks that "criticism is the art of praise" and that "praise is more important than judgment." A critic is no critic at all if he forswears discrimination and devotes himself to eulogy. He ceases at once to be a critic, and becomes a press agent or a literary "boomer." Judgment is infinitely more important than praise, and every right minded writer would far prefer to be justly estimated than undeservedly lauded. Criticism, to be worthy of the name, *must* discriminate, as surely as a housekeeper must select the choic-

est vegetables for her use, instead of being satisfied with all because they are raised by some one more skilled in agriculture than herself. It is impartiality that is the crying need in the criticism of the day—the will to give credit to even an obscure writer where credit is due, the courage to disparage even a popular idol where disparagement is deserved.

It is indubitably true that "a gentleman is always a gentleman—even when he writes anonymous criticism." There are ways and ways of judging adversely, and one may utterly condemn a novel and yet retain one's self respect; and what shall we say to Mr. Le Gallienne's definition that

A critic is one who makes odious comparisons and invidious distinctions. He is a writer of prey, the shark that gobbles up young writers, or the wasp that stings to pathetic irritation the old ones; and generally he is the cur that snaps or snarls at the heels of success. He is the goal keeper of literature, the guardian of its vested interests, and it is his business to keep young genius as long as possible from its birthright.

Is this quite fair to Matthew Arnold, Lowell, Lang, Stevenson, and a whole host of others—nay, even to Le Gallienne himself, whose "Retrospective Reviews" are distinguished by fairness and courtesy throughout? There may be so called "critics" of this type, but they are beneath notice, and not to be reckoned among the craftsmen of a truly noble profession.

SWINBURNE, FIRST OF LIVING POETS.

Those who are familiar with the earlier ballads and poems of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne and who take up his latest work, "The Tale of Balen," will immediately be sensible of a strong contrast. There has been much discussion of late regarding what Quiller-Couch has called Mr. Swinburne's "later manner"—the abstract manner, that is, of "Astrophel," which "Q" further explained by the following words:

His must seem to us a godlike voice singing in the void. For, fit or unfit as we may be to grasp the elusive substance of his strains, all must confess the voice of the singer to be divine.

Godlike or not, Mr. Swinburne's voice is one that always commands attention. He invariably has something to say, and he possesses preëminently the ability to say it melodiously. His vocabulary and his apparently instinctive use of harmonious words have always been the despair of his imitators and the admiration of his readers. The extraordinary fire and passion of his earliest work, the wonderfully musical expression of his later thoughts, and the singular grace and simplicity of "The Tale of Balen," are all proofs that in Swinburne we probably have the living poet, the head and front of his clan.

So far as "Balen" is concerned, it would seem that both the first and the later manners have been discarded for a latest style quite foreign to all that has gone before. This is a

narrative poem, distinguished, considering its author, principally for its directness. Mr. Swinburne has a story of Arthurian days to tell, and he proceeds to tell it without any abstruse flights of fancy. It is not a return to the ballad style, and still less is it akin to the "later manner," which, despite its beauty, was so difficult to follow. As an example of the contrast between this verbal labyrinth and "Balen," take the following:

The dark, dumb godhead, innate in the fair
world's life,
Imbues the rapture of dawn and of noon
with dread,
Infects the peace of the star shod night with
strife,
Informs with terror the sorrow that guards
the dead.

No service of bended knee or of humbled
head
May soothe or subdue the God who has change
to wife;
And life with death is as morning with
evening wed.

Contrast this with the ringing meter of Mr. Swinburne's new poem:

Swift from his place leapt Balen, smote
The liar across his face, and wrote
His wrath in blood upon the bloat
Brute cheek that challenged shame for note
How vile a king born knave may be.
Forth sprang their swords, and Balen slew
The knave ere well one witness drew
Of all that round them stood, or knew
What sight was there to see.

Here is no rhetorical meandering about, but a swift, decisive, almost bald style, which, coming from such an apostle of what may be termed tropical poetry, is decidedly a surprise. The verse is as brisk and spirited as Scott's. But in this new departure Mr. Swinburne has lost nothing of his power. His peculiarly happy expression gleams forth again and again. In the opening stanzas of the seven divisions of the poem he allows free rein to imagination, and his old time word pageantry is seen for a moment before the narrative is resumed.

As thought from thought takes wing and flies,
As month on month with sunlit eyes
Tramples and triumphs in its rise,
As wave smites wave to death and dies,
So chance on hurtling chance like steel
Strikes, flashes, and is quenched, ere far
Can whisper hope, or hope can hear,
If sorrow or joy be far or near
For time to hurt or heal.

There are any number of single lines in "The Tale of Balen" that fairly sing themselves:

Mused in many minded mood.
Tender twilight, heavy eyed.
The splendor of her sovereign eyes.
Strong summer, dumb with rapture.
The rapture of the encountering foam
Embraced and breasted of the boy.
Men whose names like stars shall stand.

The poem as a whole is a matchless combination of vigor and melody. We are inclined to say amen to Mr. Quiller-Couch's estimate of its author:

At once in the range and suppleness of his music he is not merely the first of living poets, but incomparable.

A BOOK WITH A "WRONG ENDING."

The most striking peculiarity about "The Sentimental Sex," a new novel by Gertrude Warden, is the palpably false position in which the characters stand toward the reader. The very title is misleading, referring to a man, and not, as would naturally be inferred, to a woman. With Miss Warden's work we have not previously come into contact, and we are not at all certain that our first experience of it has produced a pleasant impression. She has a singular faculty of surrounding distinctly objectionable characters with an atmosphere of cleverness which causes their vices to be but dimly noted, and of unobtrusively satirizing their moral opposites until they appear absolutely offensive.

Take, for example, the two leading personages of "The Sentimental Sex": a man, who is very evidently intended as a personification of rectitude, and a woman, who is quite as evidently open to almost any variety of reproach. There is no attempt made to disguise the situation at first. The story opens with a "poem of passion" by the heroine, *Mrs. Lambert*, beginning

With all my pulses throbbing at the memory
alone

Of your touch,
'Til I seem to feel the burning of your lips upon
my own,

Kissed too much,

which, if it does nothing else, stamps her for just about what she is. *Neil Vansittart*, the man whom she afterwards marries, is described as an honest, straightforward, and peculiarly unromantic gentleman. Miss Warden thereupon proceeds so to distort and misrepresent that before the average reader has read thirty pages his sympathies are all upon the side of the woman who doesn't deserve them, and all his nature is up in arms against the man, whose worst fault is that he is a plain, unadulterated fool. He is large, well meaning, stupid, and immensely in love with her, and she is small, malicious, clever, and immensely in love—with another man. The odds in the woman's favor are too great to be combated. By all the canons of morality and fiction and destiny she deserves to fall mightily, but Miss Warden juggles so deftly and irresponsibly with her subject that in the end the sinner is exalted above the saint, and the reader is half convinced that such is the proper outcome of it all.

Viewed, therefore, from the standpoint of reason, Miss Warden's book presents an entirely false prospect of life. Taken merely at its face value, it is undeniably clever. Miss Warden's handling of epigram is exceedingly

facile, but it has the same ring of insincerity which characterized the "society play," imported from England and popular in this country a year or so ago.

One word of advice to the author of "The Sentimental Sex." She would do well to have her full instead of only her last name stamped upon the backs of her books in future. There is a certain Florence Warden who also writes novels, and the name is a danger signal to those who dread being bored. "The Sentimental Sex" is well worth reading for its dialogue, and its author should take no chances of prejudicing its sale.

SOME WRITERS AT THEIR WORST.

The ability to shock the average reader by supernatural narrative is generally conceded in these days to be an unknown quantity. We have had revolting books, and books humanly horrible, but the ghost story pure and simple is no longer competent to send shivers of delightful fright down the vertebral column of the prosaic novel consumer. Cold, hard experience has done away with the capacity for being what the New England boys call "scart," and the wailing of unearthly voices and the clanking of chains peculiar to "spook stories" have come to resemble farce comedy. Still, we are unable to perceive why, simply because the best fail to alarm, it has been considered necessary to collect the ten worst ghost tales in existence in one volume, and slander the late J. Sheridan Le Fanu by placing his name upon the cover. This result has been obtained by a new and, we think, over zealous book concern. The collection is called "A Stable for Nightmares." It has a yellow cover and four futile illustrations, and belongs to the half way class of books which are neither good enough nor bad enough to be entertaining.

We presume that Mr. Le Fanu was responsible for some of these stories, since his name appears so prominently, but frankly we did not believe it of him. It is apparent also that Mr. Fitz James O'Brien is a contributor, since the eleventh and only good yarn in the book is his "What Was It?" which is inserted without credit, and fearfully handicapped by one of the aforementioned futile illustrations. Of the latter the frontispiece is the *pièce de résistance*. It represents moonlight and a castle, the castle bearing a strong resemblance to the Gothic structures commonly found in drawing room aquaria.

We are sufficiently charitable to concede that the compiler of "A Stable for Nightmares" had some good purpose in mind when he arranged the book. We can hardly believe that it was his intention to show the literary weakness of Mr. Le Fanu and his companion contributors, and he has certainly conferred a great favor upon the latter by omitting to mention their names.

GOOD STORIES OF ADVENTURE IN IRELAND.

Three notable additions to the rapidly growing list of historical romances are "The Silk

of the Kine," by L. McManus, "The Crimson Sign," by S. R. Keightley, and "In the Wake of King James," by Standish O'Grady. Singularly enough, the whole period covered by these novels, published within a few weeks of one another, is less than fifty years, but the last half of the seventeenth century in Ireland was so crowded with daring adventure and romantic episode that the story of its wars and intrigues might well furnish material for a score of books.

The first of the series, if we may regard them as such, is "The Silk of the Kine," a brisk and well told narrative of several episodes of the year 1654, when by order of Parliament the native Irish were driven into the desolate wastes of Connaught, their properties being forfeit to the Protectorate, and the penalty of resistance being death or slavery in the tobacco islands of the West Indies. "The Silk of the Kine" is an exceptionally clean cut and good piece of work, and the two other novels are well up to the same standard, all three being far and away above the average adventure story.

"The Crimson Sign" deals with the siege of Londonderry, and is as absorbing a story as any Mr. Weyman or Mr. Hawkins has done. The central figure, a young Protestant officer of singular ingenuity and daring, passes through a number of the most exciting adventures, and it is by his agency that General Kirke is brought to the aid of the beleaguered city. "In the Wake of King James" shifts the scene to southwestern Ireland, shortly after the battle of Aughrim, and here Mr. O'Grady's hero sees enough of slaughter, treachery, and combat to fill three novels.

The almost simultaneous appearance of this capital trio opens up a new field, and demonstrates that Weyman, Pemberton, Doyle, and Hawkins are not supreme in historical fiction. The demand for pure romance does not seem to diminish. It is true, of course, that there are those who will buy a novel simply because it has been declared immoral by the reviewers, and equally true that there are authors who deliberately and consistently cater to this craving for prurient fiction. Regrettable indeed it is that some of the most brilliant minds in the literary world are found in each class. But until the contrary is indisputably proved, we shall contend that a clean book is the best book, and those who are pleased with it the truest representatives of the public taste. Not the least virtue in the work of McManus, Keightley, and O'Grady is its purity, and for this reason, as much as for their remarkable force and briskness, we give "The Silk of the Kine" and its fellow stories of Irish adventure our heartiest commendation.

THE RESULTS OF A KISS.

The regiment of problem novels is in no need of recruits. Here, for instance, is "Wisdom's Folly," which exhibits all the symptoms in a virulent form—imprudent wife, handsome,

cynical bachelor friend, relentless husband tears, recriminations, separation, penance, reconciliation. The author is A. V. Dutton, and if the market were not so hopelessly overcrowded with this variety of fiction it is possible that his book might make its mark. Under the circumstances, it is likely to be pushed to the wall in the mad rush for new problems.

The imprudent wife is by no means a woman with a past, nor does there seem to be any indication that she is a woman with a future. Her transgression, in the light of other novels dealing with matrimonial perplexities, does not present any tokens of extreme depravity. She simply closes her eyes and allows her cousin by marriage to kiss her. Then she does all that could be expected of a repentant wife when she exclaims, "What have I done?" and departs from him forthwith. Knowing the husband's character, the author is wise not to present a more complicated problem than this for solution. *Cedric Hatherlton* is an entirely unreasonable person, who fails to understand that accidents will happen, even between the best regulated cousins. He hardens his face, gives a harsh, jarring laugh, and says in chilling tones, "Of course I do not, I cannot forgive."

The result of this Draconian verdict is mutual distrust, misery, a separation, and a final "happy ending," during all of which the reader is convinced that a little sane explanation would clear the trouble up in short order. But then if our novel characters were to begin explaining, what would become of our plots? After all, "Wisdom's Folly" has a very fair plot, and its interest is sufficiently well sustained to give it place among books for "summer reading." Poor *Eleanor* is severely punished for her osculatory indiscretion, and the "happy ending" is arrived at by a very circuitous route; but the author has decked the way from her girlhood to the problem with some clever dialogue, and even the misunderstandings and anguish of the later chapters are not devoid of silver linings. Above all we admire Mr. Dutton for withstanding the temptation to bring the husband upon the scene at the moment when the kiss takes place. The familiar and dramatic possibilities of such a situation must be well nigh irresistible.

RHODA BROUGHTON'S FIRST BOOK.

Rhoda Broughton, who is still writing novels at fifty five, lives in a pleasant home in Oxford. Fifty five is hardly old, but Miss Broughton has worn the dignified little cap of English middle age for several years. She was the daughter of a clergyman in North Wales, and she wrote "Cometh Up as a Flower" without taking her family into her confidence. When the book was printed, a copy was sent to her by the publishers, and unhappily was confiscated in the mail by her father. When she meekly asked for a look at it, he reprimanded her for frivolity, and told her that "after looking it over he had decided that it was not a proper book to put into a young girl's hands."

She had to confess her sin of authorship before she could get a sight of the printed result of her work.

ZOLA AS A PLAGIARIST.

Zola says that he has lately been called a "shark," and when he comes to consider the matter seriously, he thinks that he has been complimented.

"I am willing to be a shark," he says; "a shark who swallows his epoch. A great producer, a creator, has no other function than devouring his epoch in order to create it afresh and make life of it."

Everybody has known for a long time that there were pages in "L'Assommoir," and in several of Zola's books, which were taken almost bodily from the works of other men; and now the same charge is brought against "Rome." Its author meets the accusation with "What will you have?" He says he has three sources of information—books, witnesses, and personal observation. Then he calmly gives a list of the books from which he has "cribbed." He says that it is his function to make life out of all the elements he can obtain. It is his function as a romanticist to know everything, and when he approaches a new subject, he has but one duty—to study it, and to acquire the information necessary to deal with it.

M. Zola has too much respect for the information he borrows from other men. It is never half as good as what he sees for himself, for few men have had his gift of sight. When he relies upon facts, he grows dull. It is not for this that his readers have given him his present fame and place.

POKER LITERATURE.

So is the development of Poker one of the chief glories of Columbia, and it is pleasant to know that in the development of the game many of the greatest men in the United States have played an honorable part. Nor has royalty disdained Poker; Albert Edward has been known to take a hand, while King Kalakaua was an incessant player, but it is reported never went over a two dollar limit.

The above quotation from his preface is, it would seem, a fairly accurate indication of the intellectual caliber of the collector and editor of "Poker Stories," a small but unnecessary volume, which may be called literature simply because of its being bound in boards and printed from type—in short, because it is a book. The mental labor involved in preparing such a literary treat is not abnormal. Given a pair of scissors, a file of daily papers, and the ability to discern whether or not a paragraph deals with the subject in hand, and the rest is easy. A collection of mother in law jokes might be made with equal facility, and perhaps to this interesting and profitable task Mr. John F. B. Lillard will next apply himself. As it is, he has put the reading public under obligations to him by attempting no original composition beyond his dedication and his preface. Even in the few hundred words of

the latter there are indications of a fierce and losing contest with the intricacies of the English language. Mr. Lillard may, and probably does, gamble on the green with the ease, grace, and agility of any lambkin, but to him it has not been given to clothe his thoughts in ready and flowing periods. He is a stranger and a pilgrim when he ventures upon the slopes of Parnassus.

Where "Poker Stories" is to find a sale it is beyond our power to guess. Certainly no one but habitual patrons of the jack pot and the straight flush will have the faintest interest in its contents; and to these, if they are men of average intelligence, who read the newspapers, it is probable that every anecdote in the book is as familiar as the alphabet. In the pages of Mr. Lillard's masterly compilation are to be found stories which have gone the rounds of the daily press ever since such a thing as the daily press existed, and others that have been related from generation to generation as "personal experiences"—which is an infallible sign of advanced age. A majority of them are too old and decrepit to be thus utilized. They should be retired from active service and allowed to draw a pension, so that they may die in peace. They are footsore and weary with much traveling, and have earned their honorable discharge. They "have been handed down by tradition until, like proverbs and folk stories and all other gradual evolutions in the unwritten literature of the world, they have acquired a perfection of form and a neatness of wit that not only titillate the ears of the groundlings, but satisfy the severer requirements of the lover of art for art's sake."

The words are Mr. Lillard's own, and show him to have a somewhat unusual conception of what constitutes wit, as well as a rare appreciation of what constitutes literature. There *are* good poker stories. We do not attempt to deny it; but where, oh, where are they to be found in the book that bears their name? The introductions to the anecdotes have, it must be acknowledged, an unmistakable flavor of "art for art's sake":

"Hurricane George" Floyd, the man who never wears rubbers, used to run ahead of Nat Goodwin and the Bostonians.

He was no jay after all, as they soon found out.

Poor Patsy Doody used to tell a story about a skin game he got into once unawares.

Such is "the unwritten literature of the world," now first collected for the information of posterity by Mr. John F. B. Lillard. We sincerely trust that it may not only titillate but instruct all who are fortunate enough to possess "Poker Stories," but we fear, we greatly fear, that it will be unappreciated. Mr. Lillard may take consolation, however, in the thought that it is the fate of great men to be misunderstood. He is, at all events, strong in the courage of his convictions, spelling poker with an upper case P in his preface, and announcing in his dedication that he feels he really ought to give these valuable stories to

the world. Courage, to be sure, covers a multitude of sins.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER'S DAUGHTER.

When a Japanese play was produced at Daly's, in New York, long months ago, the public said some good things about it, and made another fling or two at Mr. Daly's company for not being as young as it used to be; but not one spectator in ten realized that he was listening to the words of the famous daughter of a famous father, whose work most of us know.

Judith Gautier, daughter of Théophile Gautier, and formerly the wife of Catulle Mendès, was one of the first of those who studied Japan and saw the poetry of that land and people. The best translator her father ever had, Lafcadio Hearn, is the latest man of letters to delve into the mine of Japanese life, and he probably would never have started in that direction had it not been for the wave of "Japanism" which Mme. Gautier did so much to roll onward.

She says that while the Anglo Saxon sees the drollery and the grotesque side of the Oriental, to her he is infinitely sad. Foreign souls arouse her curiosity, her interest, and she has always made friends among the Orientals from her childhood. She is a singular looking woman, who much resembles her father, with his splendid strong face and figure. She lives very modestly in Paris, and entertains the remnants of those gatherings of literary men who clustered about Théophile Gautier, but the new people also find their way to her. Our own John Sargent has painted her in Japanese dress.

J. GORDON COOGLER, POET LAUREATE.

It is with no little confidence that we submit to an appreciative public the name of Mr. J. Gordon Coogler, the Sweet Singer of South Carolina, as a candidate for the position of American poet laureate. That the United States have never yet been able to boast an officially recognized national bard has seemed to us a matter for regret. The time seems ripe for the conferring of such an honor, and we know of no one upon whom it can more justly be bestowed than upon Mr. Coogler. As yet but little is known of this poet, who is wasting his sweetness upon the desert air, but it will be unnecessary to do more than direct attention to his work to secure for him the reputation which he deserves.

His latest volume of poems is four inches wide by five and three quarters inches long and one quarter inch thick; it is bound in blue paper, and printed by the author; and we are informed by the introduction that it is the fourth of a series, completing more than four hundred compositions. We shall never cease to reproach ourselves for not having become familiar with Mr. Coogler's work before. His poems are of the lyrical order and display a marked ability in the matter of rhyme, tempered with a pleasing pessimism. As he says in his preface, "My style and my sentiments

are my own, purely original. I have borrowed no words intentionally from any author." One has only to read these verses to be convinced that this claim is absolutely accurate. The laureate thus addresses his critics:

Challenge me to fight on the upon field,
And hurl at my head the fiery dart,
Rather than belittle the gentle muse
That ushers from this lonely heart.

It must indeed be a captious reviewer who cannot frankly admire the charming simplicity and pastoral beauty of Mr. Coogler's poetry. Witness what may be done in the way of rhyming if one has only the divine afflatus, and witness also the peculiar pathos of the thought:

From early youth to the frost of age
Man's days have been a mixture
Of all that constitutes in life
A dark and gloomy picture.

Good as this is, however, it is not in philosophical quatrains that the poet reaches his highest level, but rather in lyrics that deal with the tender passion. In the poem entitled "To Miss Mattie Sue" we have a use of the verb "do" which commands immediate attention:

As the summer sunbeams
Peep o'er the distant hills
On some sweet and lonely brook,
So my weary, longing eyes,
Warm with the dew of love,
To thee alone doth look.

On thy rosebud cheeks,
Girlhood's sweetest smiles
In brightest hope doth beam.

And here is a combination of grammar, morality, and melody equally noticeable:

On thy fair finger, lovely maiden,
Let there no jewel ever be
If character be put at stake
For the diamond ring he givest thee.

Further extracts are perhaps unnecessary. We consider that those we have made are abundantly sufficient to support J. Gordon Coogler's candidacy for the title of American laureate. There have been native poets deserving of recognition. Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell—all these did fair work, but "they have passed from our midst." Where are we to look for one who shall celebrate American love, morals, and patriotism? There is but one answer to the question. J. Gordon Coogler, of Columbia, South Carolina, is alone worthy of being crowned with wreaths of bay. What his future is to be is best expressed in his own words (never borrowed "intentionally from any author"):

On ev'ry hill top, far and near,
He'll sing that sinful hearts might hear
His sweet refrain;
All men will bow before his face,
Whose winning smiles and perfect grace,
Will dispel all pain!

LATEST FADS

CUP COLLECTIONS.

It was not necessary to assist at the coronation of the Czar to have one of those enameled Russian cups to decorate your trophy shelf, nor is it necessary to own a yacht to have a replica of the greatest prizes given. The only necessary exchange is money.

In other days a man's sideboard showed precisely what sports he indulged in, and how successful he had been. An array of cups was a stamp of excellence in some department of manly activity. The heavy silver, even if inartistic and badly engraved, could make the nerves of sons tingle as they told of the prowess of their fathers. A man who was given to sport would no more have put a purchased cup on his sideboard than he would have cheated in a game. Nowadays, however, these cherished tokens have taken on a somewhat different aspect. The cup shelf has become a woman's fad.

You may find an array in some houses that at first glance seems to proclaim a family of stalwart men who had brains and brawn above their fellows. You come closer, and you find that they are either replicas of famous trophies, or were won at progressive euchre or tiddledywinks.

THE BUTTON CRAZE.

We had occasion in our August number to mention the fad of collecting campaign buttons. The manufacturers of these chaste ornaments have embraced the opportunity of the present political excitement, and have so flooded the markets with their delectable productions that the button fad has flourished as never before. Not content with emblems of monetary principles, the faddish public has seized with enthusiasm upon buttons representing, or supposed to represent, all sorts and conditions of mundane affairs. In New York, at least, fifty per cent of the men one meets upon the highway bear in their coat lapels small disks embellished with strange designs. It is somewhat startling to meet a friend, and, stopping him, to find the words "Talk quick" or "This is my busy day" staring one in the face. The situation becomes still more alarming when the legend runs "If you love me—wink!"

The average American takes a peculiar pleasure in decorating his manly chest with variegated badges. He is supremely happy when fate makes him a political delegate, or a freemason, or a member of a floor committee, and thus allows him to wear something made of gold or ribbon over his exultant heart. What with our secret societies, our national guard, and our various religious and semi-religious organizations, there is hardly a man

so utterly outcast that he cannot boast some insigne of this description; but wherever such a one exists, he can find solace in the button fad.

This way to personal adornment is open to all. Political bias furnishes a sufficient excuse, and even if one takes no interest in Presidential possibilities there are badges galore that serve to herald views on other things. An enterprising bicycle firm has brought forth an exceedingly artistic silk button bearing the words "I ride the — wheel." This is given free to customers, who, in return for the delicate attention, advertise the donor's goods, and so furnish a striking example of the celebrated doctrine of reciprocity.

After all, how very like children we are, with our little toys and trinkets! Vanity, vanity, saith the preacher!

PROFESSORS, OLD AND NEW.

One of the "Essays of Elia" is called "The Old and the New Schoolmaster." It is an amusing comparison between "those fine old pedagogues, believing that all learning was contained in the language which they taught, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless," and "the modern schoolmaster" who "is expected to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, etc., botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis*."

Now one should hesitate a long time before he ventures to cavil at anything of Elia's. But it is a pity that the subject of Lamb's pleasantry is not the Professor instead of the Schoolmaster. The contrast would have been similar, but so much greater. The modern schoolmaster does have to be up in "chemistry, pneumatics, etc., *cum multis aliis*." But the "*multis aliis*" can scarcely include the cutting of corns; and there are dozens of "professors of chiropody." It does not include the scientific manipulation of the razor; yet our "tonsorial professors" set out their neatly painted poles in almost every block. The new schoolmaster assuredly blacks no boots but his own; but there are a vast number of "professors" of the Italian school who come from sunny Naples to make our shoe leather resplendent.

Indeed, that "*cum multis aliis*," when applied to the new professor, becomes really colossal in its amplitude. The learning re-

quired of the man is simply startling. He must indeed "drink deep the Pierian spring." Chemistry and pneumatics? Nonsense! He must be able to entertain a crowd at a summer resort with legerdemain and card tricks. At the circus he must be able to turn handsprings on the back of a race horse, to train mice to pull chariots and elephants to waltz. "He puts his head in the lion's mouth and keeps it there a while, and when he takes it out again he greets you with a smile." He gives banjo lessons at fifty cents an hour. He teaches "ladies and gents" to waltz. He goes up in a balloon and comes down with a parachute. He swallows swords, fire, and glass, and walks on the tight rope and the ceiling with equal indifference. At Coney Island he tells your fortune and mixes your lemonade. He will rid your cellar of rats, or box you ten rounds for a purse of one hundred dollars and side bets. He examines your cranial protuberances and manicures your nails. He teaches anything in the world except Greek and mathematics.

Can Charles Lamb produce a schoolmaster who can do even one of all these things? We can show "professors" in such numbers that they would have to be counted like Xerxes' army. And no wonder; the title has virtually become a fad. It is true, and all "professors" fully realize it, that when John Jones comes to town he plays to empty houses, while Professor Alfieri Barbarino puts camp chairs in the aisles.

A DUBIOUS DECORATION.

A sad token of the utter degeneracy of our modern maidens, as well as of the corrupted morals of our youths, is to be found in the poker chip fad.

No longer will the *billet doux* tied with faded ribbon, the silver heart, or the spray of pressed and withered blossoms, appeal to the feminine mind. The little disk of ivory has done away with all that. The heart's pride and eye's delight of the *fin de siècle* damsel is a collection that is as unique as it is useless. Not every chip is by any means eligible for admission to my lady's favor. The conditions are as rigid, the rules as strict, as those which grace the bylaws of the Colonial Dames. From each small circle must hang a tale of alternate hopes and fears, expectations, woe, victory or defeat; and the more intricate and exciting the tale, the higher place does the souvenir hold in the owner's estimation. Only chips that have "really and truly" represented money value will she have, and she demands a certificate with each one to the effect that it has seen hard fighting. It must also bear the donor's autograph. The pierced heart is a symbol quite out of date, and it looks as if Cupid would have to turn gambler in order to win a smile or glance from his true love's eyes.

Incidentally, we may caution the donors of these little trophies to be careful upon whom they bestow them. Placed in untrustworthy

hands, they might be turned to sinister ends. Jealousy or treachery—alas that such qualities should exist, but they do exist—might twist them into silent witnesses of midnight revels and giddy hours spent with "the boys." They might be used to break the heart of some trusting fair one, to call down the paternal wrath upon some callow pate, and to set maternal tears flowing in copious but unavailing streams.

THE RESTORATION OF THE OPAL.

Now and again there are signs that superstition is on the wane. The opal, long tabooed because of its supposed unlucky qualities, is reported by the dealers in gems to be once more selling well; and with this information comes what purports to be the true story how so beautiful a stone first suffered ostracism. It seems that a Belgian jeweler, finding a great demand for opals in Brussels, sent one of his salesmen to London to purchase a supply. On arriving there, the emissary found to his chagrin that the object of his quest was the most popular gem in the English capital, and that its price was proportionately large. Forthwith he conceived the story that opals brought bad luck, and circulated it diligently, with the surprising result that the much sought stones came to be sedulously avoided, and that their price rapidly declined. In the course of two months opals were selling in London for about a third of the amount previously asked for them, and the astute Belgian promptly bought up all that were to be had. Before the superstition he had started had time to reach the continent, he had delivered the jewels to his chief, and the firm had placed them upon the market and reaped a mammoth profit on the transaction.

The belief in the ill starred fortunes of an opal's owner grew greatly and brought forth fruit a hundred fold. For twenty years past the stone has been well nigh unsalable, in spite of its beauty. Now some one has unearthed, or more probably invented, the story of the Belgian speculator, and the pendulum of popular sentiment has begun to swing in the opposite direction.

It remains for us to lament that we did not take advantage of the superstition and lay in some hundreds of opals at "sacrifice prices." Now we might be selling them at a profit of one hundred per cent! Such a fad has its speculative side, and might well tempt the commercial gambler were it not for the utter impossibility of foreseeing the vagaries of the popular taste.

A TIMELY WARNING.

It would seem that the next thing to expect is Congreve and Wycherly on drawing room tables. We have had the swearing girl, the slangy girl, and the smoking girl, but it was reserved for today to give us the girl who tells stories "with a point."

About the time of the "Heavenly Twins" nonsense, girls in society began talking about

everything under the sun, and some of the things under the moon, but they looked grave and half scared while they did it. They reminded a listener of the little girl of an earlier generation who, having heard of hair oil, smeared her elfin locks with the deservedly popular product of the cod's liver.

"Didn't it make you sick?" her mother asked as she washed it off.

"Yes," the culprit sobbed, "but I thought it was fashionable to smell that way."

The story telling girl starts in with a reckless air, and a general atmosphere of knowing what she is about. She is not discussing any system of philosophy or any of the social questions; she is exercising her wit or her sense of humor. She is not impelled by any desire to set right the problems of her time; she simply seeks the tickling of her fancy. There is no denying the fact that sometimes her stories are clever and original; but as long as they come from between rosy lips and under bright eyes, we are justified in expecting them to be full of the purity of maidenhood, and alas, they do not always carry out our expectations.

We hope and believe that these symptoms are merely temporary, and that they only need be pointed out in order to be discountenanced and done away. We should not like to think that modern society was going back to the days of Charles the Second, or to that earlier fairy tale time when the bewitched princess opened her lovely mouth, and snakes and toads fell out.

SEEING NEW YORK.

It has often been said that the friends one sees least frequently are those who live next door, and that parishioners who live nearest to the church are always late in arriving. Upon the same principle, it is a fact that any one who has been abroad is more familiar with the "sights" of London or Paris than with those of his native city. Familiarity breeds contempt, while distance lends interest as well as enchantment. We never thoroughly know the ins and outs of our own town until it becomes necessary to pilot a pilgrim and a stranger.

With the sole exceptions of Paris and Cairo, New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, and from the point of view of today the one best worth seeing. Here are domiciled representatives of all races, divided into "quarters" like wild animals duly classified in a zoölogical garden; here are products from every corner of the globe, and strange customs but little modified by transplanting. Any article made in the world can be found in New York, if one knows where to go and has the money to pay for it. And in addition there are a myriad points of historical interest to be found, bricked about and hidden by factories, office buildings, and the mammoth apartment houses of the new régime.

An appreciation of these facts has led to the formation of a novel club, which rejoices in the

name of the "Stay at Home Travelers," and which has started a fad for learning to know New York before seeking novelty in other lands. The "travelers" are young bachelors with plenty of almighty dollars and nothing in particular to do, and they are much pleased with their new hobby. The warm nights of summer have found them dining at some small bohemian restaurant—for when Mr. Ford says that there is no Bohemia in America, it only goes to prove that even Jove will nod now and again. The meal finished, a tour of the Bowery or a visit to the Chinese theater is in order. And what the "Travelers" do systematically, other inquisitive people do as enthusiastically, if less regularly. Mott Street has seen many of these society dinners, and the goddess on Bedloe's Island, the Poe Cottage, or the purileus around "the Bend," have had a novel sensation in beholding men of the Four Hundred among their visitors. One learns much nowadays by following the prevailing fad. Sometimes there are broken heads as a result of over enthusiastic foraging for new experiences, but we must take some risks in life, particularly if we desire to eat with chopsticks and learn "how the other half lives."

THE SYMBOLISM OF PERFUMERY.

The language of flowers, dear to the hearts of our romantically inclined forebears, cannot for a moment compete, in interest and importance, with the lately invented language of perfumes. By this not only may courtships be conducted in a secret and romantic way, but character may be read as infallibly as by the art of palmistry. So much, at least, the devotees of the perfume fad claim for their hobby. It appears that one's favorite perfume is not a matter of whim, but the outcome of destiny's machinations. We do not prefer violet extract simply by accident, but because our dispositions are modest, and we can no more help buying the perfume symbolic of modesty than we can help dying when the appointed day comes round. Such is the theory that some ingenious mind has evolved. It may be true, and again it may not: but one of the advantages of the fad is that it is not necessarily founded upon verity.

Consider, too, how charmingly romantic a courtship must needs be that is carried on by means of perfumes! Handkerchiefs become message bearers, and a row of scent bottles holds a whole vocabulary of vows and endearing names. Under the very noses of stern and disapproving parents the perfume faddist may woo his lady love, for in such a case of what use are noses unless they are reinforced by the gift of interpretation? Who is to discover that when Phyllis flirts her handkerchief before Corydon she is saying, "I will meet you at the garden gate at twelve." There are infinite possibilities in the idea, and it has all the fascination of invisible ink or cipher correspondence.

Neither is there the slightest excuse for being deceived in the characters of one's

friends. "Follow your nose," says the old proverb, and latter day faddism supplies it with a new significance. Beware of the woman that uses musk; she is extravagant, shallow, and heartless. Avoid also the girl with a circum-ambient aroma of heliotrope; she is jealous, revengeful, and unforgiving. But when you shall chance upon the maiden who affects violet, or orris, grapple her to your soul with hooks of steel, for she is a pearl of great price, modest, affectionate, and faithful.

All in all, this is the most important discovery since Ignatius Donnelly found out that Bacon wrote Shakspeare, and Darius Green invented his flying machine.

CONCERNING CAMEOS.

The miniature fad's hold upon society has been materially weakened by a newly arisen craze for cameos. The singularly beautiful creations of the Italian cameo cutters were immensely popular twenty or thirty years ago, but they have long been strangers to fashion's jewel casket. Lately some one has "discovered" them, and once more they are coming into vogue, with a new claim, moreover, upon popularity. The cameos which our mothers have stowed away as souvenirs of girlhood are for the most part heads of Minerva, Mercury, or Apollo, but the latter day- cameo seeks recognition on the score of being a family portrait. It is this, probably, that has elevated it to the dignity of a contemporary fad. We have had oil, pastel, water color, miniature portraits, marble busts, and a thousand varieties of photographs, but counterfeit presentments of this kind are distinctly new, extremely attractive, and, it may be added, delightfully expensive.

The work is done either from a photograph or directly from life, and the results obtained in some instances have been remarkably fetching. In cameos, as in portraits, of course, the beauty depends primarily upon the original. Capricious fate has seen fit to bestow upon many inoffensive people faces which even a cameo cutter cannot make attractive. It is the better part of these to shun the fad. A plain featured person's portrait in cameo is an accurate imitation of the soap babies with which the novelty shops have made us familiar, or the "mobile countenance" of the rubber head gaping hideously in the hands of a street fakir.

The ideal cameo head is the classic Greek type, with regular profile. Strength of feature is a quality that suits this medium, and many of the most effective portraits we have seen have been reproductions of the bearded physiognomies of men.

Set in gold or pearls, and worn as a chatelaine or a belt buckle, the cameo portrait is as stunning as it is unique. Some of them have developed additional beauty when framed in black and hung where it is possible for the light to shine through them.

It is quite probable that the craze for portrait cameos may accomplish a revival of the

cameo proper. Everything is revived sooner or later. We have resurrected our Delft and our old fashioned furniture, our colonial china, our daguerreotypes and our fobs. Presently we shall be burrowing for our cameos, which a year or so ago were denounced as monstrosities. After all, fashion revolves in a very small orbit.

BAREFOOT CRANKS.

When the "cure" craze attacks the human brain, it is utterly impossible to determine where it is to stop. Some weeks ago the daily papers published a letter from one of the devotees of the barefoot craze, asking that he and his friends should be permitted to walk without shoes or stockings upon the grass of the public parks at the hours when the dew lies thereon. The unprejudiced outsider can hardly realize that such a performance can, even by the wildest imagination, be considered beneficial to the health, yet this is not all. Last winter a familiar figure in Central Park was a man who regaled himself daily with a barefoot stroll in the snow. Crowds of delighted spectators used to assemble to watch this unique act, but the eccentric pedestrian was by no means disconcerted by surveillance, and cheerfully grasped the opportunity of imparting his views on hygiene to the onlookers in what the reporters would call "a few well chosen sentences."

Now the momentous question has arisen, shall we or shall we not allow our public lawns to be invaded by a host of barefoot faddists? It is all very well to give them *carte blanche* so far as snow drifts are concerned. We have snow enough and to spare; but urban dew is scarce and valuable, and we think it should be allowed to remain where it belongs rather than to be absorbed through the pedal extremities of the Kneipp believers. How about mud? We have heard that it is extremely salutary, and every city has an unlimited supply. Why not let these enthusiasts parade through our argillaceous thoroughfares, and leave the dew in peace?

We believe that all men were created free and equal, and that all have equal rights. We have observed with pleasure that a protest has been submitted against watering the streets in summer because bicycle wheels slip on the wet asphalt, and against clearing away snow and slush in winter because one ninth of one per cent of the population possess sleighs and want to use them. The eternal principle of human brotherhood demands that those of us who do not ride wheels or own sleighs should submit to dust and wet shoes in order that certain classes of privileged people should enjoy themselves. And if such rights are to be accorded to rubber tires and steel runners, why neglect the barefoot walkers?

All that now remains is to have Fifth Avenue evenly sodded and sprinkled three times a day with artificial dew. Then the devotees of the barefoot fad can walk to and from their offices in sweet content of mind.

ETCHINGS

CONCLUSIONS.

THERE are bipeds in society whose souls are still on all fours.

We fear what we do not understand, and we hate it because it may be stronger than we.

A man is more than the sum of his attributes.
Hardness is unprincipled sternness.

It is only the innocent that can make no plausible defense.

It should be borne in mind that ten people together are ten times as stupid as one person.

He who says of anything human "This is final," has still the heart of youth within him.

Evidence may convict, but evidence alone does not convince.

We blame our neighbor for not practising virtues of whose very existence he is perhaps quite unconscious—a state of things which might be remedied by a few object lessons on our part, given without intimation of their being part of an educational process.

After all our boasting, there has been but one true cosmopolitan—the man of Galilee.

Lois Neal.

GOLDEN ROD.

A BEGGAR prince, a royal vagabond,
Gladdening the roadsides with his presence gay;

A rebel from Queen Summer's gentle rule,
He cheers usurping Autumn on his way.

Arthur Ketchum.

IN THE LANE.

I MET her in the autumn tinted lane—
A spot embowered by oak trees gnarled and hoary;

The west wind cooed a gentle, sad refrain
As I bent low to tell my tender story.

The splendor of the sky, the tinted trees,
The brown burnt grasses, and the hillsides sober,
Even the ripple of that vagrant breeze,
Filled up the measure of supreme October.

I saw the birds belated on their way
Facing the southern haunts they dreamed of winning;
Windrows of leaves were heaped in high array,
And some in groups were downward idly spinning.

Soft ran the runnel on its pebbled course,
Without a note to jar the calm quiescence;
The spring pulse it once felt had lost its force
As life at last parts with its effervescence.

Sweet faced Medora, on a moss rocked seat,
The youthfulest was amidst things gay and sober;

It seemed as if some fairy's antic feat
Had May invoked to match the still October.

And so, while nature held its passing breath,
Amidst rich garniture of gloom and glory,
We voiced the troth that has no end till death,
The sweet, familiar, old time, endless story.

Joel Benton.

THE NEW BIRTH.

ABOVE the roar of the city's mart
And the groans of a sin sick world,
Where man fights man, and man fights God,
'Neath the flag of hate unfurled,

Comes the glad, clear cry of a heart new purged,
All earthly dross above;
The triumphant shout of a soul new born—
New born in the kingdom of love.

Anthony Wilson.

MY LADY'S GOWN.

My lady's gown is gray and soft;
So like her eyes
That from its silken folds there comes
A hint of Paradise.
I hold it close against my heart—
My lady's gown!

The while she hummed a little song
I saw her lay
This bit of lace around her throat;
Dear eyes of gray.
So serious in fashioning
My lady's gown.

My lady's gown is folded now;
The knot of blue
Upon her breast is passing sweet
With lavender and rue;
It brings me dreams of bygone days;
My lady's gown.

Today I see the little gown
With brimming eyes,
For out beneath the grass grown hill
My lady lies;
And with despairing sobs, I kiss
My lady's gown.

Myrtle Reed.

THE HOUSE IS STILL.

THE house is still. I never knew
How deep was silence's voice before;
From room to room her words come in,
And echo back from floor to floor.
When all the house was filled with sound
Of song and word and laugh and shout,
I listened careless of them all,
And never singled any out.

But now, ah me !—the house is still,
 And now the din has died away ;
 One voice, one step, come back to me,
 And haunt the silence of the day.
 If but that voice upon the air,
 If but that step upon the sill !
 Ah, love ! I heard not mine own heart
 Nor thine—until the house was still.
J. D. Penniman.

THE NANCY'S PRIDE.

On the long slow heave of a lazy sea,
 To the flap of an idle sail,
 The Nancy's Pride went out on the tide ;
 And the skipper stood by the rail.

All down, all down by the sleepy town,
 With the hollyhocks a-row
 In the little poppy gardens,
 The sea had her in tow.

They let her slip by the breathing rip,
 Where the bell is never still,
 And over the sounding harbor bar,
 And under the harbor hill.

She melted into the dreaming noon,
 Out of the drowsy land,
 In sight of a flag of goldy hair,
 To the kiss of a girlish hand.

For the lass who hailed the lad who sailed,
 Was—who but his April bride ?
 And of all the fleet of Grand Latite,
 Her pride was the Nancy's Pride.

So the little vessel faded down
 With her creaking boom a-swing,
 Till a wind from the deep came up with a creep,
 And caught her wing and wing.

She made for the lost horizon line,
 Where the clouds a-castled lay,
 While the boil and seethe of the open sea
 Hung on her frothing way.

She lifted her hull like a breasting gull
 Where the rolling valleys be,
 And dipped where the shining porpoises
 Cut plowshares through the sea.

A fading sail on the far sea line,
 About the turn of the tide,
 As she made for the Banks on her maiden
 cruise,
 Was the last of the Nancy's Pride.

Today a boy with goldy hair,
 In a garden of Grand Latite,
 From his mother's knee looks out to sea
 For the coming of the fleet.

They all may home on a sleepy tide,
 To the flap of an idle sail ;
 But it's never again the Nancy's Pride
 That answers a human hail.

They all may home on a sleepy tide
 To the sag of an idle sheet ;
 But it's never again the Nancy's Pride
 That draws men down the street.

On the Banks tonight a fearsome sight
 The fishermen behold,
 Keeping the ghost watch in the moon
 When the small hours are cold.

When the light wind veers, and the white fog
 clears,
 They see by the after rail
 An unknown schooner creeping up
 With mildewed spar and sail.

Her crew lean forth by the rotting shrouds,
 With the Judgment in their face ;
 And to their mates' " God save you !"
 Have never a word of grace.

Then into the gray they sheer away,
 On the awful polar tide ;
 And the sailors know they have seen the
 wraith
 Of the missing Nancy's Pride.

Bliss Carman.

A MEMORY.

WHEN I kissed you on the stair,
 The perfume
 Of the roses in your hair,
 Drifted swooning on the air
 Through the gloom ;
 And your sighs, and your eyes,
 Soft as any doves,
 Whispered you were nearest,
 Told me you were dearest,
 Of my loves !

When I kissed you on the stair,
 On my heart
 Lay a heavy weight of care,
 For I knew that then and there
 We must part ;
 Far away, are you gay,
 And do you forget ?
 While the witching memory lingers,
 Of your cool, caressing fingers,
 With me yet.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

GOOD BY.

GOOD by, my love ; though multitudes of years
 And miles and faces come between us twain,
 Though I should never hear your voice again,
 Still are you mine, mine, mine ! Not by my
 tears—
 You never made them flow ; nor by my fears,
 For I was fearless born ; but by the rain
 Of joys that turned to seas of sunny grain
 This heart that showed aforetime slender
 spears.

Now on my clouded day of life shall come
 No loss. The streams of gold that poured
 from suns
 Unseen have turned to gold this harvest
 heart ;
 I am all sunlight colored, and the sum
 Of bygone happiness that through me runs
 Will make you mine forever, though apart.
Ethelwyn Wetherald.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

A CENTENARY AND AN EPIDEMIC.

THERE was celebrated recently in an English village the centenary of one of the most beneficent discoveries science has ever made. It is a hundred years since Jenner announced the result of his patient experiments with vaccination as a preventive of smallpox—an announcement which gained for an obscure country doctor a place in history, and heralded the conquest of a disease that had been mankind's most dreaded scourge.

It was a remarkable coincidence that at the time of this centennial, the mysterious hand of fate or Providence should have brought about, in the same English county, a striking proof of the value of Jenner's discovery, and a fearful rebuke to the recalcitrant minority who have protested against compulsory vaccination. These objectors, in England, have taken the high ground of personal liberty, and have declared that the government has no right to prevent them from spreading disease among their neighbors if they choose to do so. Like sundry other quirks and quibbles, the question has appeared in politics here and there, notably in the old city of Gloucester, where the municipal authorities had for some years declined to enforce the precautionary regulations. This year, as a result, they had to face a violent outbreak of the disease. In a population of forty thousand there were four or five thousand cases, and the percentage of deaths was high. Meanwhile other English towns, where vaccination is universal, remained practically exempt, as usual. It is pleasing to learn that the Gloucester anti vaccinationists have recanted almost en masse, and have flocked to the local doctors to be inoculated with Jenner's serum.

Every accepted doctrine has its foes. It is the very fact that Jenner's invention has proved so effectual, and has almost banished smallpox from the civilized world, that gives its detractors courage to lift up their voices against it. If object lessons like the Gloucester epidemic were more frequent, their protests would be few and far between.

NEWSPAPER SCIENCE.

WE are rapidly reaching a point where it will be almost impossible to impress the public with a new discovery. It would be so already, if nature did not possess wonders of which the finite and hampered mind of man cannot conceive. The sensational newspapers, in their eagerness for something new and striking, are feeding the minds of the people upon a diet that makes the plain truth seem flat and stale. A boy who goes to school finds little pleasure in the study of natural philosophy, however beautiful the experiments that may be set before him. To him they sound stupid and old fashioned. He is

not incited to improve in some small degree upon the results of the principles he learns. The Sunday newspapers have taught him that such marvels as have already been achieved are far beyond the wildest dreams of his own fancy. If he could perchance do some small thing, it would not bring him fame, he imagines; it would be belittled by the tremendous stories that have been copied far and wide, and insisted upon as facts. Nikola Tesla, experimenting and making his machines as a school boy, had not been taught by a Sunday newspaper that his work had all been better done before.

But the worst results of these ridiculous tales is in the effect upon the scientific men who realize their fallacy. Professor Koch in Germany was one of the most bitter sufferers, although every man of science is his brother in this affliction. He discovered a possible destroyer of tuberculosis germs, and with a generous hand gave out to his fellow experimenters the results of his labors. He was immediately advertised as a wonder worker who could cure consumption. Quacks and charlatans recklessly exploited themselves along the line of his conservative theories, and he was brought into actual disrepute. The next time he finds himself on the border land of a great truth, he will keep it to himself. Scientific men are growing to have a horror of seeing themselves in print. They refuse information which might be invaluable to other experimenters, because they fear to be themselves set up as claiming impossibilities. "Newspaper scientist" is a term of reproach among them now.

ON ORATORY.

THE secret of stirring the emotions of a crowd is as little understood as are the mysterious impulses that stampede cattle. Sometimes we see the most finished orator arise to speak upon a subject which in itself should be a passport to the instant favor and attention of his hearers, and yet the message passes away unheeded. At another time a mediocre speaker will strike the right note, and a great multitude will vibrate to it. We know that when an army crosses a bridge the ranks break step, that the vibration may not destroy a structure which could bear many times the weight of the marching men. It is something the same way with crowds. They fall under the spell of a sort of rhythm.

The orator must be an actor who knows how to tune himself and his sentences to the middle notes which all men possess in common, and then, once gaining his listeners, to lead them on to any point he chooses. When he can combine this ability with wisdom and statesmanship he becomes a great man, but he often gains reputation through reciting the

ideas of other people. In many cases the first channel through which an idea is sent fails as a medium for reaching the people. When it is revived and trumpeted forth by a more forceful or more fortunate orator, it has all the effect of originality.

That oratory depends in a measure upon the mental condition of the listeners has been proven over and over again. A congregation of many minds, all thinking upon the same subject, has been the foundation of strange experiments. The "children's crusade," which destroyed the flower of France in the middle ages, was one of these waves of feeling, incomprehensible to those they control, which arise from this same human source. We are reminded of such historical instances by the events of the past few months in our own country. A man has been nominated for the greatest office in America by a convention brought to a high pitch of enthusiasm by a speech which had, in substance, been delivered before to a cold audience. The other day, at a Maine camp meeting, staid, sensible people were so excited by the speech of a foreign missionary, who told them nothing they did not already know, that they gave away their last pennies, and stripped themselves of jewels, to donate to a cause which had been familiar to them all their lives.

The study of oratory should be regarded as a scientific pursuit. The man who makes public speaking an exact science, and who learns how to run the scale until he strikes the dominant note, may have incalculable power over his fellow men. Without this careful study, eloquence ranks as an intermittent and almost fortuitous gift, like that of the hypnotist.

A BLOT ON MODERN CIVILIZATION.

MAN is an unaccountable creature. To express the same idea in more dignified language, the social philosopher is continually stumbling over facts that refuse to harmonize with his best constructed theories. Why, for instance, amid the improved conditions of modern life, with all our material progress and prosperity, with the spread of education, with the development of industry, with the diminution of crimes of violence, should suicide apparently be on the increase?

In Great Britain, where an official record has been carefully kept, the number of suicides has for years been growing, slowly but steadily. Last year the figures were 2,764, against 2,472 in 1894. In America, self murder is less common—a fact that may be regarded as testifying that opportunity is more abundant, and despair less frequent, in the great young republic than in the mother country. A report which may or may not be entirely accurate, gives 8,226 as the total for the six years from 1882 to 1887. In many of the European countries, on the other hand, the rate exceeds that of England, running from twice as much in France and Prussia, to four times as much in Saxony and Denmark. It is significant, too,

that the figures reach their highest point in the great cities, where modern conditions are most fully developed. The worst showing is made by Berlin, Paris, and Dresden, whose suicides are from 36 to 51 in each 100,000 inhabitants.

There are theorists who conditionally approve self destruction, and who should logically be pleased, rather than disquieted, by its prevalence. Their view, however, is countenanced by few, and is condemned as a paradox by the vast majority. Explanations for the frequency of suicide can of course be found. It may be compared with the increase of insanity, and set down as a symptom of degeneracy, of neurosis, or of some other newly identified modern ailment. But most people will wonder why, when life is continually made more worth living, so many should, in spite of man's instinctive horror of extinction, be determined to abandon it?

A WARNING TO THE PUBLIC.

FROM letters recently received we learn that swindlers have been at work in Illinois, Colorado, and some other States, representing themselves as agents for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and taking money which of course never reaches this office. Sometimes they offer the magazine at a reduced rate, sometimes they promise pictures as premiums to subscribers; and unfortunately they seem to have deceived a good many people.

MUNSEY'S never offers premiums. In giving a year's subscription to this magazine for a dollar, we make an offer that does not need to be bolstered up with chromos. We employ no canvassers. Every month we print a notice warning the public against subscribing through agents not personally known to the subscriber. Any one who is victimized has only himself to blame. At the same time, it causes us no little regret and annoyance to hear of the frauds practised by unscrupulous men trading upon the popularity of MUNSEY'S, and we should be pleased to learn that the swindlers have been arrested and punished.

SOME time ago a story called "Sara Crewe's Little Game" was sent us, in manuscript, by a correspondent who signed himself or herself "Grace Stuart Reid, 310 North Carolina Avenue, Washington, D. C." We liked the story well enough to accept and publish it, and it appeared in our last number. It was printed and issued when we discovered that it was practically a copy of a story by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, published in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1895.

This incident—an incident against which no editor can be entirely safe, for no editor can be familiar with the whole field of contemporary literature—puts us in the position of owing an apology to our readers, to the Messrs. Harper, and to Miss Briscoe. That apology we hereby tender most frankly.

It puts Grace Stuart Reid in a position on which extended comment is unnecessary.

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"Chrysanthemums."

From the painting by Elman Semenovskiy.